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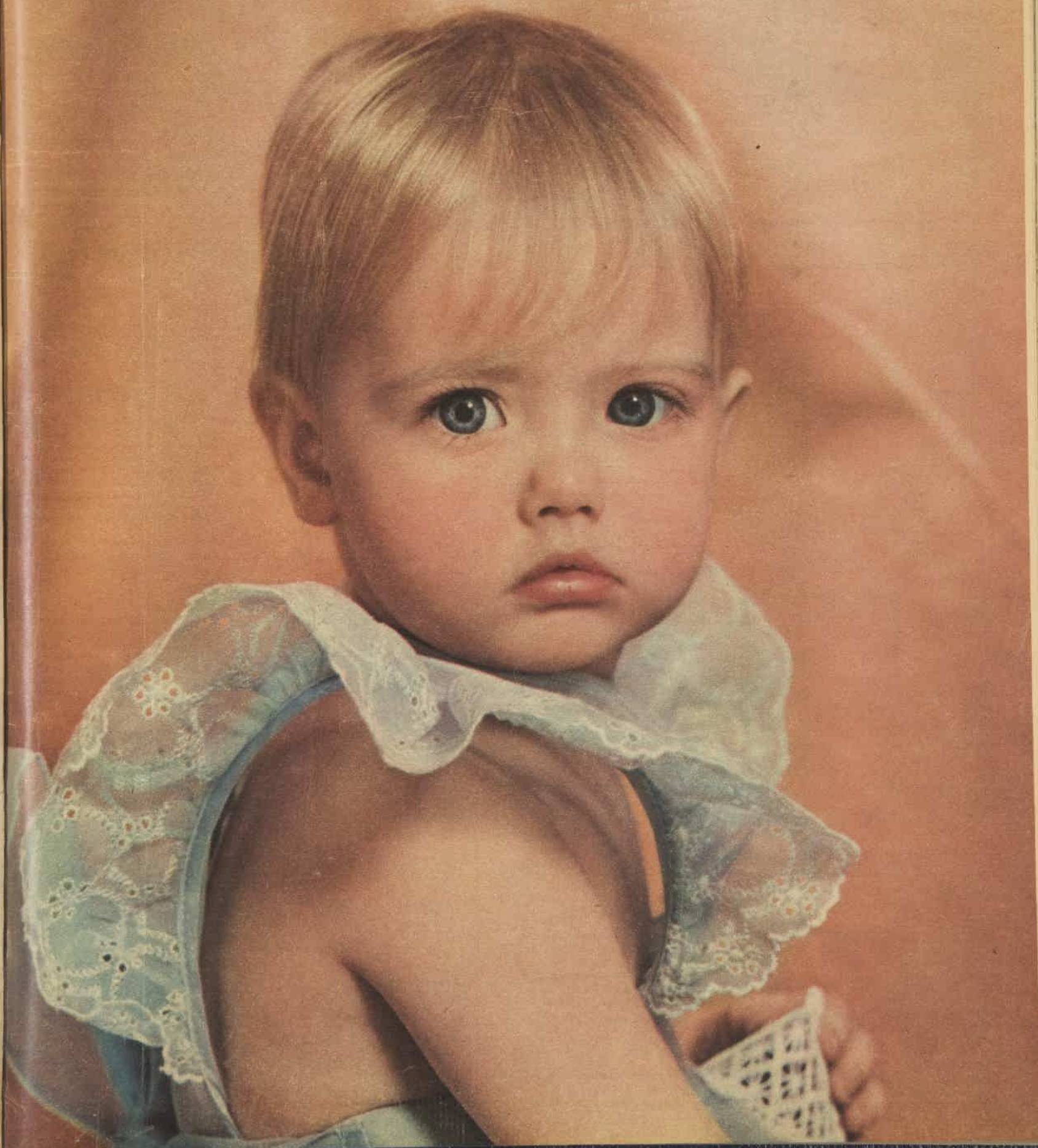
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August 17, 1955

PRICE



# WOMEN'S WEEKLY





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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 17, 1955

Vol. 23, No.

### DON'T MEND THIS CURTAIN

TEN years ago with the surrender of the Japanese in the Pacific the world celebrated the end of World War II.

On August 15, 1945—V.P. Day—people celebrated in their offices, homes, and in the streets. On that day they thought they had a right to rejoice.

Hadn't the long, miserable years of warfare ended? Wouldn't husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons be home soon? Couldn't everyone begin to learn how to live normally again?

*Wasn't peace here at last?*

However, in a short space of time the realisation came that the signing of the peace treaties didn't automatically bring peace.

A new kind of war started—an insidious, fear-inspiring, mental warfare. And it wasn't long before it was given a name—the cold war.

Tension grew and was strengthened by the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. The average householder became afraid to read the headlines in his daily newspapers.

*The people of all nations were on a gigantic see-saw, swinging up and down between war and peace.*

However, overnight this year the tension eased with the meeting of the Big Four at Geneva.

For the first time in years a rent appeared in the Iron Curtain—a rent that everyone hopes will never be mended.

*This hope was strengthened by a comment made by the Russian Premier, Mr. Bulganin, after the conference:*

"Much remains to be done, but what we achieved at Geneva opens a new era in relations between the four powers."

Perhaps on this Victory Day it will be safe to rejoice without cynicism. A warm peace may be in sight.

### THE IDEAL MAN

● Entries in our Ideal Husband and Father Contest close on August 17. Each must be accompanied by the completed entry form published on July 13 and the eight coupons on which are printed 32 characteristics from which competitors must choose 12 they think most desirable.

### Our cover:

● A Leo Aarons' child-study of a little miss dressed for a hot day. Aarons' other delightful studies of children have proved most popular with our readers. A New York photographer, he does not employ trained child models; he selects his subjects in parks, or in the streets, and then obtains parents' permission to take pictures.

### Next week:

● Color pictures show a cruise of South Sea Islands, which enchanted children and adult passengers who made the trip on Sir Gordon Taylor in his Bermuda flying-boat, Frigate Bird III. With him were his wife, daughters, and other schoolgirls. Sir Gordon intends to repeat the tour, making regular day cruises to show Australians the Pacific Frigate Bird III takes 25 passengers.

● Evening-gowns star in Mary Horden Paris Notes, illustrated by Doris Johnston, giving up-to-the-minute trends in high fashion.

● In Australia the word poppies has come practically synonymous with Iceland poppies, which make winter gardens gay, many parts of the country. Keen gardeners will welcome an article in our next issue drawing attention to the claims of other blooming poppy family which flower in the spring and summer. They are Glaucium, oriental, shirley, double french, and Flaming poppies.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

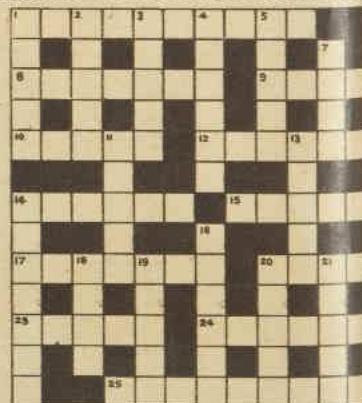
#### ACROSS

- Broken code with a fixed allowance of food as a badge of honor (10).
- They are not eyesless yet they cannot see (7).
- Master of the King's Music who composed The Dream of Gerontius (5).
- Senior tree (5).
- A turned spa in dis-jointed cells glides away (7).
- No ball in this country (6).
- A booklet and I start to make a coil (6).
- Red spas (Anagr. 7).
- Let me make a mineral (8).
- A range of hills bordered by down (5).
- Draw after in a rent (7).
- Possessive sign (10).

Solution will be published next week.

MORTARBOARD  
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R A D I A N T R O T O R  
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A E B L W  
N O B E L R I G G E R S  
U E E O E L P  
A L L E G R O B R A V E  
L O A C R M N  
W E L S H R A B B I T

Solution to last week's crossword.



#### DOWN

- Often followed by attendance (5).
- Summary of belief mostly growing in water (8).
- Governor who will keep you on the straight path (5).
- Let turn a donkey inside as a pendant ornament (6).
- The end especially for a Greek scribe (5).
- It opens in the sun being equal value with a sun (7).
- Jaques knew seven of them (4).
- Cream brightened in ease (4).
- What you pay includes the food of the Par East (5).
- Maintains a quadruped troubled rest (7).
- Property in general, including donkeys including two (8).
- Shit and be carried in a parcel (4).
- All of a pile (5).
- Nothing missing from a meeting this instrument (5).
- Freight-vessel or a bobo (5).
- Thrust or a long rope (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



# SHE SPOILED EVERYTHING

By HAL BORDEN



Angrily Mark watched Pat's expert play with the rod, which ended in her hooking a magnificent fish.

**F**IGHTING for firm footing on the moss-covered rocks of the swift stream, Mark Carey sliced his net under the objecting trout, removed the fly from the dark lip, and slid the speckled beauty into his fern-lined fishing-bag.

He smiled broadly, clambered up the bank, and looked around him. He was tall and broad-shouldered, quite good-looking, and single, and from the looks of him, wearing hip boots, old shirt, and his battered felt hat garlanded with hand-tied flies, no one would suspect that he was humor cartoonist for an outdoor magazine.

He looked around him. Low-hanging boughs from tall pines made a needled halo of the clearing. He leaned against a scaly boulder and took an audible whiff of the resin-scented air.

That's when he spied the log cabin deep back in the evergreens. The peeled logs were well weathered and blended perfectly with the backdrop of trees to the point of near-invisibility.

He squinted for a sharper look, and decided that the word "ramshackle" best suited the cabin's description. He walked over and stood amidst knee-deep juniper bushes to look inside.

Then he checked the timbers. They proved straight and sturdy. On tiptoe he peered inside. There was an open-front fireplace, a drop-leaf table, and an overstuffed chair that the squirrels had appropriated. The latter fact meant abandonment.

Right then Mark knew he had to acquire the place so he could do his cartooning in peace. It would mean that well-meaning associates couldn't talk him into illustrating gags of ancient vintage that they swore were their own creations.

He'd been burned again last month when in a moment of deadline pressure he'd drawn up the one about "the tree surgeon who was out

on a limb." The fan mail had become suddenly very heavy, and very unflattering, and the editor had suggested a fishing trip.

"The change might clear away the cobwebs," had been his exact prescription. Mark flinched now at recalling it.

He hoped the isolated cabin near his favorite trout stream was the way to avoid pulling any more boners.

It seemed like it took him hours to find the owner, Darius Malrooney. But after a session of haggling with the logger that finally ended by the light of a smoky lantern, he was allowed to pay too much for it and consummate the deal with a knuckle-crushing handshake.

"It's all yours," logger Malrooney boomed, and grinned. Mark immediately felt the dubious thrill of being a man of property.

During the ride back to his city apartment, Mark consoled himself with the thought of privacy, and trout by the bushel.

The week following was a form of organized, self-imposed torture. Mark doubled his output of cartoons to build his stockpile, worked around the clock on several occasions, and lost three pounds. He knew, however, that the sacrifice had to be made if he wanted to fish.

He broke away early on the weekend and headed for the cabin with his station wagon bulging with tools and the bare essentials for roughing it.

He nosed the car up the old logging road, and was whistling gaily from the sheer joy of being alive and alone. But the song of the open road hit a clinker when he drove into the clearing. His clearing.

His eyes widened in disbelief at the unexpected sight that greeted him. Within spitting distance of his own cabin there stood a freshly uncrated, compact, prefabricated one. It was ultra-ultra in design right down to the pink chintz curtains, and the atmosphere

reeked with freshly applied varnish. Anger propelled him to the porch of the prefab, where he banged heavily on the door. Under the knocker he saw the words: "Pat Lives Here," scoffed at it, and banged harder.

Pat the intruder, he thought. Pat the encroacher was more like it. Well, Pat was in for something that didn't come crated. It resembled mayhem.

Mark swallowed his opening oath when the door opened. He was prepared to do battle with anyone up to seven feet tall, but though this party was only about five-eight he reneged.

Mark Carey took secret pride in a bachelor's repertoire of beautiful women, but standing before him was the most gorgeous girl he had ever seen.

Her chestnut hair was shiny, short, and windblown, and her eyes as blue as a rainbow

trout, but there the piscatorial comparison ended, for her smile was not fishy in the least. "I want to speak to Pat," he finally managed.

The smile held. "Then go ahead," she told him. "I'm Pat."

"As in Patricia?"

She nodded, and Mark had to think hard to recall why he was there. For reassurance he tapped the side planking of the prefab.

"Of all the space in the world," he began. "In this very State alone. Why did you have to build right next to my property?"

"Any law against it?"

"Well, no," he stammered. "But I bought my cabin to get away from people. To be alone—to—to—"

He found himself watching the pink flush

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**CADBURY'S**  
**DRINKING CHOCOLATE**  
MADE IN AN INSTANT

# FLIGHT FROM SUSPENSE

An exciting short story

By J. TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

JOY REYNOLDS flew to Barcelona, not to save time, because goodness knows she had plenty of that, but because she liked flying. She and Arthur—Sir Arthur now—had met, fallen in love, and had been almost married in the air.

They had found each other while working in an air circus in the early 'thirties; she had just got her B licence, he had already made a name with a record-breaking flight to the Cape. They were stunting around England with a Tiger Moth, a Blackburn Bluebird, and a Rapide for giving flips at five shillings a time.

Now a fair, attractive woman of forty-three, she reflected rather sadly on those mad days as they cruised at a casual 300 miles an hour over the French landscape. In those days flying was fun, all the records were there to be broken, and Arthur had broken most of them. And between times they had thrilled Saturday-afternoon crowds with wing-walking, stunting, parachuting, and terrifying power dives at 150 miles an hour.

It had all been very sub-sonic compared with modern flying achievements, but the excitement had been incomparably greater. And the greatest excitement of all, for her, had been Arthur.

Now it was all over. The times had changed, flying had changed, and it seemed that Arthur had changed, too. He still flew his own plane, but only on business trips. As the Pyrenees folded behind them, far below, she smiled wryly. This, presumably, was another business trip; Arthur was already in Barcelona with his confidential secretary.

She knew that the managing director of an aircraft company had to make business trips, had to have a confidential secretary. But why did it have to be a twice-married, streamlined, dark brown bomb-shell like Hesta Fawcett?

Joy was making this impulsive trip because she had no reason to suspect her husband of infidelity. At least, no more reason than one meeting with Hesta at a company dinner and a few remarks Arthur had made afterwards.

"She's efficient, y'know," Arthur had said as they drove home. It was the kind of unprompted, defensive remark that husbands make about pretty secretaries. "No matter what sort of flap we're in, she always gets through."

Joy didn't mind that. If anyone needed an efficient assistant, Arthur did. It was in what he muttered next that Joy saw the red light.

"One of those high-wing jobs," he had said.

Arthur had been in love with an old monoplane named Dame Clara in 1935. Joy knew that if Arthur had found a woman who recaptured for him something of the spirit of Dame Clara, then he was as good as lost already. And she had seen that Dame Clara light in his eyes a good many times since then whenever Hesta Fawcett's name was mentioned.

That was all. Business trips had increased over the past six months and usually they were to sunny places. Arthur had stopped delegating the firm's foreign negotiations.

"Time I took a more personal hand in things," he had explained.

She had not asked him for explanations. It had sounded a little glib. Even suggestive, though she was ashamed of the thought.

Barcelona, the bay, the unbelievably blue sea wheeled under the port wing. She did not know herself just what she hoped to achieve from this undignified intrusion into Arthur's affairs, with or without an "e." She was certain in her mind that this, of all the trips, was phony.

Spanish currency was tight; Franco was dealing almost exclusively with the U.S. Arthur had told her that himself. And wasn't there a big deal pending with some South American country? The executives were expected in London any day. He had told her that, too.

Joy had just one thing clear in her mind. This trip, seeing Arthur and Hesta together, would resolve the situation one way or the other. She felt that she was not flying to Arthur in order to save her marriage, but to wave it a swift goodbye. To stop the agony.

She realised that it was probably just what Hesta wanted, for when it came to a war of nerves, Hesta had the advantage. Joy believed in marriage, Hesta believed in marriages.

When Joy arrived at the hotel Arthur and his secretary were just leaving. She had imagined finding them in all sorts of cosy situations, but seeing them now looking like nothing so much as an executive in a hurry with his secretary smoothing his path, Joy felt momentary relief—and a certain amount of shame. They might have been coming out of the main office at the works.

Arthur's surprise was almost comical and there was no embarrassment that Joy could detect. At fifty Arthur still had an open, honest face, if a bit over-chinned and crumpled on the brow.

"What on earth brought you—"  
"Fog," Joy said promptly. It was true, though purely mental.

"Hope it doesn't delay us," Arthur said, anxiously. "Got a cable. Those Bolivians have arrived—conference tomorrow. You know Hesta, of course—Lady Reynolds—"

The two women acknowledged each other with empty smiles, the antagonism mutual and polite. Hesta Fawcett looked thirty and lovely and maliciously self-possessed.

"Was it very bad—the fog, I mean?" Hesta asked.

"Bad enough," Joy said, evenly. "I couldn't stand any more of it."

Hesta smiled. "It's been wonderful here—hasn't it, Sir Arthur?"

"Yes, I s'pose so—" He looked at Joy. "You'll come back with us now?"

"Is there room?" Joy said.

"G'lord, yes," Arthur said.

He seemed oblivious to all the undercurrents passing between the two women. Knowing him, every shade of expression and tone of his voice, Joy wondered if he were genuinely unaware.

"Across the coast is safest," he said, "over the mountains is quickest."

"The coast—" Hesta said.

"The mountains—" Joy began, a shade sooner.

Arthur deliberated. A blond Spanish porter stood holding two large cases, the taxi was outside in the bright sunlight. Arthur said:

"We could send this stuff air-freight, I suppose—lessen the load. We shall want all the height we can get, and three up's as much as she'll carry."

Hesta said: "I must take my cases, Sir Arthur—I shall need my clothes if we're going to entertain these—"

"Yes, yes, all right," Arthur said. "We shall be all right."

Joy knew that expression only too well. He had used it enough in the old days to dismiss the fact that he was taking an irresponsible risk. He had used it when they had debated whether they could really afford to get married. His luck had held so far...

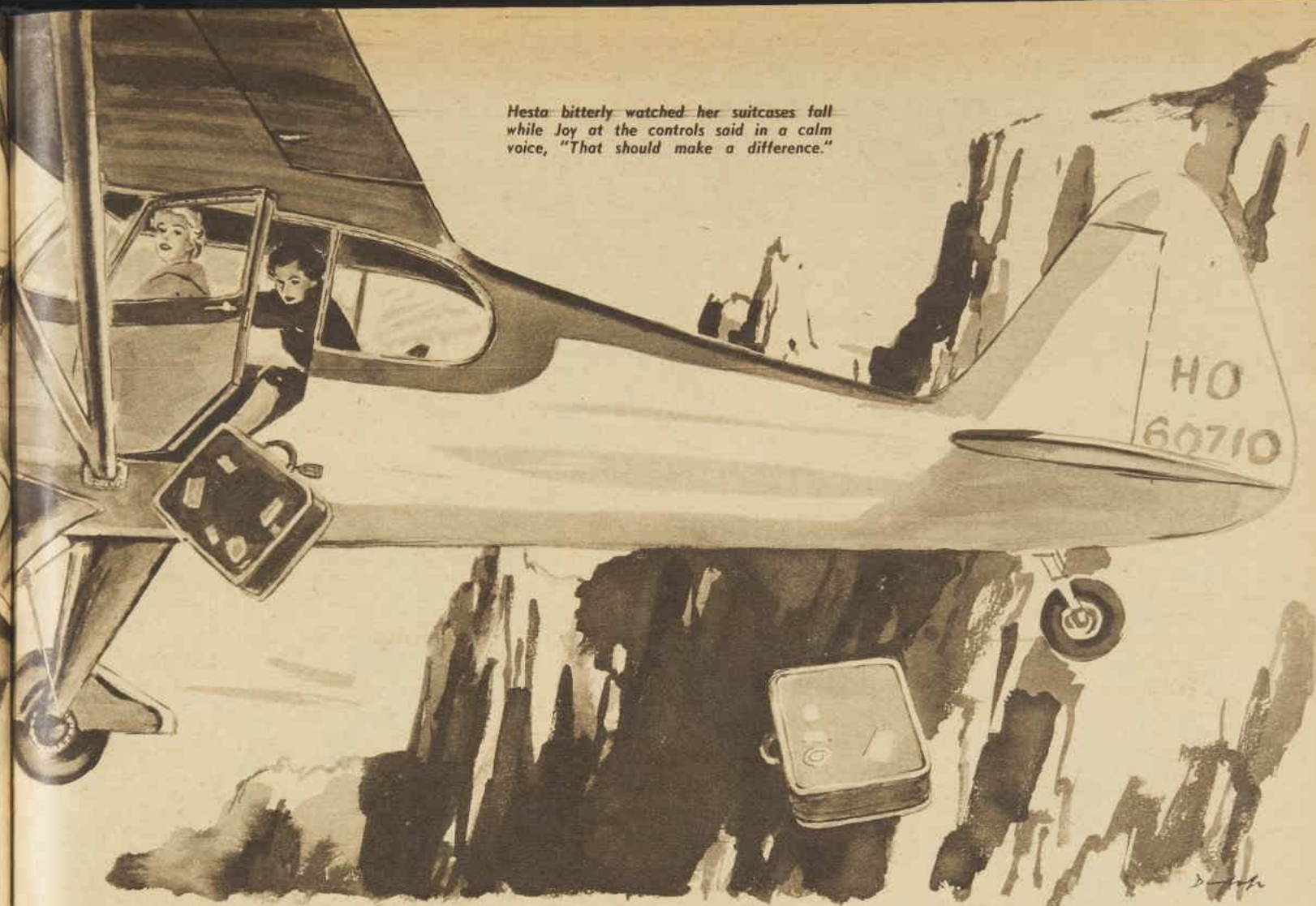
Arthur's luck gave out when they were flying high above the Pyrenees—though not as high as he could have wished. The craft was a low-wing cabin plane built to carry two people and about 80lb. in luggage. In fact, the plane, built by Arthur's own company, was overloaded. This it might have stood if the engine had not started to lose revs.

"What's the matter, Arthur?" Joy was sitting in a small bucket seat staggered behind Arthur's control seat; Hesta was sitting on a small bunk at the back, where the luggage was normally stowed.

Arthur juggled the throttle, checked his instruments. "Can't see anything. Seems to be starved of petrol, though there's plenty on register. Must be a partial blockage."

Hesta grabbed Joy's arm. The plane was gradually descending towards the peaks below, although the throttle was fully out. "What's he mean? What's wrong?" There was more than a trace of panic in her voice.





Hesta bitterly watched her suitcases fall while Joy at the controls said in a calm voice, "That should make a difference."

Joy turned round. "A bit of a blockage in the petrol feed—he'll clear it."  
"Hold tight, then," Arthur said. "I'm going to cut the juice off and kill the motor—we'll lose a few hundred feet. When I put it on again it may clear itself."

It didn't. The little plane plummeted down with only the sound of the wind rushing past. Hesta, clinging to the back of Joy's seat, petrified, silent, saw Arthur switch on again. The engine caught, roared, then faltered again as the plane levelled out.

Arthur turned to Joy, his expression grim. "No luck. Can't risk it again—we've lost too much height already."

Joy nodded, racking her brains.  
Hesta said: "Can't we turn back? We don't have to climb above that range—"

Arthur grunted. "Look behind you and see..."

Only then did their predicament become ominously clear. Not only was there a range of mountains ahead of them, but they had flown in over a high plateau and dropped down into a rocky valley. They were now tinged by high ground, the plateau behind, jagged mountain peaks all around them. And they were still losing altitude.

Hesta returned her gaze to Arthur.  
"What can we do?"

Arthur made no reply, for they were suddenly confronted with what seemed like a sheer face of rock. He put the aircraft into a tight bank and began a wide circle of the rugged valley. The throttle was wide open, but, starved of fuel, the engine was only just maintaining level flight.

Joy, concentrating on the problem, suddenly noticed Hesta's two large cases stacked under the rear bunk. She herself had brought only a small weekend case. Arthur had sent his luggage by air-freight from Barcelona.

Joy said: "How much weight do we have to lose in order to make height, Arthur?"

Arthur shrugged. "Hundred pounds at least—"

Hesta had noticed Joy's glance at her cases, and the fear in her face changed to anger. "You can't throw my cases out!"

Joy referred the protest to her husband simply by looking at him for a decision. Arthur looked from Joy's face to Hesta's and delayed judgment.

"I don't think it would be enough," he said.

"Of course it wouldn't!" Hesta said.

"They're only clothes, and practically all I have."

Joy couldn't hide her disgust. "I don't see that they'll be much use to you after we hit—"

"Oh!" Hesta took the callous prediction the way Joy had intended she should. Her face crumpled into tears.

"There's one chance," Arthur said. "One of us will have to jump—"

"Jump?" Hesta echoed.

"Parachute," Arthur said. "Whoever goes stands a slight chance of a safe landing."

Joy said: "Whoever stays stands a slight chance of getting over those mountains—"

"I can't jump!" Hesta cried. Then, quickly, "And you can't, Arthur—you'll have to fly the plane. If there'd been just the two of us we should never have got into this trouble!"

Her voice scraped into hysteria and Joy forgave her the use of her husband's first name—but not the implication that she had no place with her own husband.

"No, you can't jump," Joy said, "but I can—"

"Hold tight!" Arthur exclaimed. He banked steeply to avoid the jagged terraces below the plateau, and zoomed back towards the middle of the valley, where the ground fell away thousands of feet, giving them more air room.

Arthur said: "Whoever's heaviest must jump—it will make the risk worth while and give the plane the best chance of getting clear."

"Where's the chute?" Joy said, calmly.

Arthur didn't look at her. "In the locker under your seat, Joy."

Hesta watched Joy grope under the seat and drag out the parachute and harness. Her expression calmed a little as Joy began manoeuvring her arms into the straps, but it was a calm which vanished into horror as Arthur said, quietly:

"O.K., Joy—come and take over."

Hesta screamed. "No! Arthur, no! You can't leave me to die—"

Any protest which Joy had been about to make remained unsaid. She lay down the parachute and moved into the control seat as Arthur shifted out. Joy realised that it was near-suicide for Arthur, but it was the only way. Although running at reduced power, the engine was fairly steady. With 200lb. less weight aboard it should rise.

Joy got the feel of the aircraft as Arthur put on the parachute. They both seemed unaware of Hesta, who sat watching them, her face white as chalk. As she turned the plane from the mountains back into the valley Joy thought, for a funny sort of moment, that they might have been back with the air circus, working together again, the years between all fallen away.

"Right?" Arthur said. His hand was on the door-catch.

Hesta came to life again. "Don't let him go! Don't you see—he wants to get rid of you as well! He's planned this!"

Arthur's face, as he looked at his secretary, had the same kind of expression which might have been there had one of the wings just dropped off.

Hesta said: "I'm coming with you!"

Arthur said: "There's only one parachute—you can have it if you like."

It was obvious that Hesta didn't like.

Turning to Joy, Arthur said: "Take the eastern range if you can get her up and make the first landing you see—I shall want a search-party."

Joy turned in her seat and for a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Arthur opened the door. And he stepped into space without hesitation.

Joy banked the plane round so that she could watch him fall. Although the height from the floor of the valley was sufficient to give the chute time to open, there were many intervening peaks.

She gave a silent prayer of thanks as she saw the streak of silk suddenly blossom. Then it was lost in the blue shadows which

already shrouded the lower slopes of the mountains.

The effect of Arthur's jump was instantly felt. Holding the control column as far back as she dare without risking a stall, Joy held the plane on a slow climb into the wind.

She hardly dare imagine what was happening to Arthur. A man of his weight could be dashed to death in making a parachute descent on that kind of terrain, a mere rocky pocket in the mountains, all chasms and peaks, with no grass or shrubs to break his fall.

"We shall make it, shan't we? We're going to be all right?"

Hesta's anxious voice cut across her thoughts and angered her. Whatever she had been to Arthur she wasn't worrying very much about him now.

"I don't know," Joy said. "You'd better get that door shut—it doesn't help."

"I couldn't!"

Glancing over her shoulder, Joy saw Hesta straining as far away from the open door as she could, her eyes fixed in fascination on the precipitous scenery framed far below them.

Joy experienced a sudden itch of irritation against the woman. She could see that the crest of the lowest mountain peak in the eastern range would soon fall below them, but purposely she put the nose of the craft down again and started to turn away.

"Why're we going back?" Hesta exclaimed. "I thought we could get over—"

"We'd hit the top," Joy said. "We've got to lose a bit more weight—"

"How?"

"Your cases," Joy said. She could not easily forget that Hesta had valued her precious clothes beyond Arthur's life or her own.

"Never!" Hesta said, flatly.

"Very well," Joy said. She banked around once more towards the peak. "We'll take the risk of hitting it..."

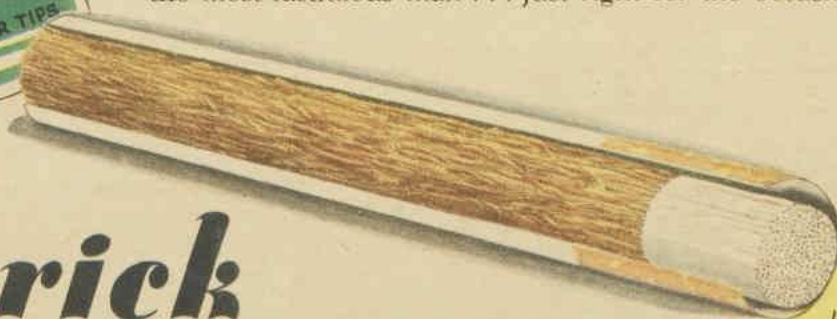
Joy, the suspicion of a smile around her mouth, held the nose of the aircraft level with the peak as they flew up to it. With less

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**Good taste.** Garrick brings you smoking perfection ...all the flavour of mild, rich tobacco through the cooling filter...correct for the lips of a lovely lady...satisfying for the most fastidious man...just right for the occasion.



# Garrick

## Miracle FILTER - TIP CIGARETTES

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# THE HERO

Teenager short story  
By **BERYL ROGERS**  
16-year-old Victorian

**C**ARRIED away by the words that flowed from her pencil, Marcia wrote:

*White to the lips, Virginia sprang back.*

*"Don't come near me!" she cried with a strangled sob. "I hate you! I never want to see you again!"*

*"Is that your homework, dear?" Marcia sighed. "Oh, mother, I'm writing."*

*Mrs. Roberts smiled feebly.*

*"But, Marcia, you really must do some studying. Your last results."*

*"Oh, exams!" cried Marcia, waving a hand in the air. "What chance do they give for self-expression? I am creating." She bent over the exercise book again.*

*"But—don't you create rather a lot, dear? Your father can't afford to keep you at school if you simply waste your time. I think you had better tell Ken that you can't go out tonight. He'll understand."*

*Marcia gestured dramatically.*

*"Disappoint Ken? Mother, you don't know how sensitive he is. He isn't like other boys. He has a deep, inborn love of beauty—a spiritual outlook—"*

*Inspired, she wrote:*

*Roderick did not try to justify himself, but her words made him groan. Never had she looked more beautiful than now, with her long bright tresses loose on her shoulders and her great dark eyes full of tears.*

*The scorn in her voice was like a whip-lash, but because of his promise to the brother he was shielding he could not declare his love.*

*"Nonsense, Marcia. It won't hurt Ken to miss one night—or he can take someone else. It's for your own good."*

*But there would never be anyone else, never. All his life he would remember the roses she had worn in her hair, the tender curve of her lips, the effortless grace of her movements.*

*"Goodbye, Virginia," he said very quietly, but there was agony in his eyes. "Goodbye . . . and forget me."*

*Then the door closed behind her and he was left alone . . .*

*"What, working?" Mr. Roberts walked in and stared at his daughter. "Why don't you comb your hair? It looks awful."*

*Marcia's long, bright tresses were loose on her shoulders. She glared.*

*"I was just saying," her mother said treacherously, "that she ought to stay at home and study tonight, instead of going to the pictures with Ken."*

*"A good idea," Mr. Roberts agreed. "Hear that, Marcia?"*

*Marcia gave a shuddering sigh.*

*"Very well, Father," she said. "And—it is quite all right. Don't think of me, working all day, and now all night. Nor of Ken, alone in a dark theatre—"*

*"The theatre is always full on Saturdays."*

*"He depends on me," continued Marcia, ignoring him. "I don't know why. It's something more than adolescent infatuation, as if we were both old beyond our years. Ours is a union of souls . . ."*

*Mr. Roberts clasped his hands, raised his eyes to the ceiling and cried in ringing tones fraught with deep emotion:*

*"Marcia, I cannot do it. Go—go with Kenneth, but spare a thought for the greying head of your old father as he bends over his income tax."*

*Suddenly his voice changed. "And if your results don't improve, young lady, you won't go out again this year!"*

*"I'll improve, darling! Truly!" cooed Marcia.*

*Then she returned to Roderick, and wrote on and on and on. And time slipped away.*

*He was dying. They both knew it, and if the life-blood ebbed from his wound, it ebbed, too, from her heart. She knelt beside him, waiting for the end.*

*Suddenly a terrible paroxysm made him writhe. His face contorted as he strove to conceal his suffering from her, but though he uttered no sound, she knew.*

*"Oh, my darling," she whispered. "Roderick! The pain—is it worse?"*

*The ghost of his old smile played about his lips.*

*"No," he gasped. "Just—just a stab in my side. It—it is nothing."*

*"I am trying to remember, my dear," said Mr. Roberts, gazing across the room at his wife, "whether we had a union of souls at sixteen."*

*Marcia's indignant pencil wrote on:*

*"Let them jeer. Let them all jeer, but our love will last beyond the grave." Virginia's tears clung like dew to her lashes . . .*

*"I doubt it," Mrs. Roberts was damning socks.*

*"Marcia," Mrs. Roberts begged, "how did you achieve this great adult love?"*

*"You wouldn't understand," replied Marcia, with dignity. "It is something hard to explain. Perhaps one day," she added graciously, "we will tell our story to the world."*

*Both her parents looked alarmed.*

*"Better let me censor it first," suggested Mr. Roberts uneasily.*

*Another spasm shook him, but his smile—the reckless smile she knew so well—did not falter. The blood . . .*

*"Telephone!" called Mrs. Roberts. "It's for you, Marcia."*

*. . . made a pool around his body.*

*Time slipped away as Marcia wrote on and on, absorbed in the romance she was creating.*

*Her face strangely serene, Virginia rose.*

*"Just wait until the fog clears," her husband said. "Marcia! Could you return to us?"*

*With slow, unsteady steps Marcia moved towards the phone. Her face was strangely serene . . .*

*"Hallo?"*

*"Marcia?" The answering voice was oddly familiar. "Ken here. I'd do a coad in my heb."*

*"What?" Marcia felt chilled.*

*Sniffs sounded, then the voice, slightly clearer:*

*"A cold—in my heb. Mum's made me go to bed, so I won't be seeing you tonight. Wait a minute—here she is."*

*Ken's mother, Mrs. Bartlett, spoke cheerily.*

*"Oh, hallo, Marcia. I'm sorry to spoil your evening, but this boy of mine has a really bad cold. I've put him to bed with hot lemon drinks and a hot-water bottle—I suppose you could hear how stuffy his head is."*

*"Yes," said Marcia as if in a dream. "Yes. Thank you."*

*"Hey," exclaimed her father, as she flung herself into a chair and burst into tears. "Don't be so disappointed, pet. You can go out with him next week."*

*"Go out! Go out with him!" Marcia dashed the tears from her eyes and reached for her pencil. "I'm never going out with him again. Hot lemon drinks! Hot-water bottle! A-a-a 'coad in de heb! Oh!"*

*Roderick sucked in his breath, his mouth tightening.*

*"It's goodbye, Virginia."*

*She leant over and kissed him. "Goodbye, my love. My dearest love."*

*He lay very still in the pool of blood, but his lips were still twisted in a smile.*

(Copyright)





# MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Beginning a powerful and dramatic serial

BY MARCIA DAVENPORT

I NEVER knew the Holt brothers, which seems strange because within a few weeks of their deaths I felt that nobody else could have known them so well. I never saw Seymour Holt at all. What I saw of Randall Holt was as gruesome a sight as a man could meet in a lifetime.

Like the rest of the world I first knew of the Holt brothers through the newspapers, which made them a sensation. Scarcely anybody has forgotten how Seymour Holt was found dead in that derelict house crammed from cellar to roof with one hundred and seventy tons of hoarded rubbish; and how, after twenty-two days' search by the police, Randall Holt's body was found buried in one of his own booby-traps in the same room where Seymour died.

Day after day the story ran on the front pages of the New York newspapers, and I followed it in their European editions, which reached me by air in Milano. The "Corriere" of course reported it, too; their very able American correspondent made the most of a drama sure to grip Italian imaginations. So one heard the thing discussed everywhere.

I was winding up eighteen months on exchange service from our bank, while the Credito Setten-trionale had sent my opposite number to my place in our Foreign Department in New York. It was a good arrangement. I learned more than I could have done in any other way and I had a delightful time besides.

Gianfranco Pozzi and I had just returned from lunch when I was pitched head first into the sensation over the Holt brothers. We had been reading the New York papers and I can still see Gianfranco's face, pop-eyed with amazement, while I read aloud and translated.

So it seemed the more incredible a quarter of an hour later that the dead hand of Seymour Holt should reach across the Atlantic to touch myself, of all unconcerned people, in a Milanese bank.

Commendatore Nerini, one of the senior officers, called me to his desk and handed me a letter, saying, "Here is an extraordinary thing, Veechely. Look at this." His English was pretty good, carefully spoken, and heavily accented. I always felt apologetic for the trouble I caused those good-natured Italians with a name like Wycherly.

The letter was from Bowen Dugdale, the head of our Trust Department, and had been written four days before — two days after the body of Seymour Holt was found. It informed us that Seymour Holt had been a client of our bank, which, together with Holt's lawyer, was named executor of his will. The will, wrote Dugdale, contained a provisional bequest which would necessitate the obtaining of immediate, certified information.

Seymour Holt had stipulated that if one Renata Tosi, last heard of in San Bernardo di Bellagio, could furnish incontrovertible proof of the identity of the father of her son, known as Sebastiano Gandolfi, the said Renata Tosi was bequeathed a life income from the bulk of Seymour Holt's estate, with the principal to go outright to Sebastiano Gandolfi after the death of the said Renata Tosi. If Renata Tosi should predecease Seymour Holt, Sebastiano Gandolfi must himself furnish proof of the identity of his father in order to inherit the legacy.

I stopped reading and looked at Commendatore Nerini. He was staring at me with an expression which struck me, surprisingly, as shocked. "Fantastic," I said.

"Fantastic. Even without the sensation of 'ow this 'olt died and what manner of man he was. But, for this affair to create scandal here —" His face became a question-mark.

"But, Commendatore," I said, "why? Some obscure woman, an illegitimate son . . . it happens anywhere . . . every day . . ."

"But preferably not to a distinguished man."

"Oh," I laid the papers on the desk and thought for a moment. Names unless they are widely known in one's own country do not mean much when one is a stranger elsewhere. But almost at once I began to realise why Nerini seemed so concerned. "You think," I asked him, "that this could be Professor Gandolfi? The —"

"The scholar," he agreed. "The physicist. The Council Minister. One of the most respected men in Italy, in Europe. A patriot —"

"The Nobel Prize," I murmured, as the details fell into place in my mind. "But why do you think it must be he?"

"He comes from that Comune, he has one of those names by which half the peasants in the district call themselves, and he is the only Gandolfi known to the world. How can it be any other?"

"But —" I picked up the letter again. It was unnecessary to point out that the great man's name was apparently not Gandolfi at all.

"Exactly," agreed Nerini. "And you may be the one who has the very awkward task of informing him or of asking him to admit the fact if he knows it already."

There did not seem to be any way that I could refuse. Bowen Dugdale had asked that I be sent to obtain the information since I was so soon anyway to return to New York, where the findings would have to be filed before Seymour Holt's estate could be administered.

Dugdale had added, "We cannot make inquiries through Seymour Holt's brother Randall, because Randall Holt has not been seen since before Seymour Holt's body was found. Randall Holt closed his checking account with us in 1913 and our bank has had no dealings with him since. Unless he is proved to be dead there is not much we can do in that quarter now."

I suppose Nerini, watching me read all this, must have seen that I was not too sure of my ability to get the information for Dugdale. But we agreed that I had to try, and I said, "I only hope my Italian is good enough."

"It is good enough. Of course I can send somebody with you if you like, but —"

"I see."

"First you must find the woman if she is alive, and, whatever she may say, she will be more reluctant to say it to two men than to one. And if she is dead —"

"I hope not."

"I too. You will go tomorrow?"

The mission was a failure. I had to return almost empty-handed to Milano from my strange and frustrating day in a remote mountain village high above the Lake of Como and cable my report to Bowen Dugdale. Next day he rang me up on the transatlantic telephone.

"Better catch the first plane over, Dick," he said. "They've reamed tons of stuff out of that house and I've been through enough of it to find the woman's name all over the place."

"Are they still chucking the junk out of the window?" I asked.

"No, that's been stopped. You come back here and help sort it out and then take the tangible proofs back to Italy and try to force the issue with them. That's the only way to do it."

So I left at once for New York. The plane landed in the early afternoon and, having almost no luggage, I was out of Customs and into a taxi in less than half an hour.

Leaving the airport I took a sudden decision and told the cab driver to go to the address in Chelsea of the Holt brothers' house. As we turned into the block, he said, "Say, mister, ain't this here number we're heading for that house full o' junk where the fella was found dead?"

"Maybe," I said. But before we could creep within several hundred yards of the place, I saw the crowd gathered in the street. "I might as well get out here," I said.

Carrying my small travelling bag I walked slowly along the pavement. The house was in one of those famous Chelsea terrace rows, set far back from the sidewalks behind spacious front yards almost half a block deep.

There must have been three hundred people in the crowd standing on the sidewalk and spilling over into the street. They were largely silent and I could see that many of them had been there much of the time since this dreadful scene had become the centre of public attention; this was the ninth day since the discovery of Seymour Holt's body. The onlookers were apparently the drab and raddled people of the neighborhood.

I had read that a mob of more than a thousand had watched on the day when the police had dumped all that rubbish out of the window, but when that was stopped the spectators had obviously thinned out to this assemblage of regulars. They were not allowed inside the front yard, which was cordoned off by the police and guarded by two officers who were looking thoroughly bored.

I saw more policemen on the high front stoop, whose sandstone steps appeared to be sagging crazily, and other men inside the house. The front door stood open. I stopped for a time on the kerbstone craning to see past the people.

Nothing could ever again look so ominous to me as the tall bleak facade of that rotting house. One could see all over it the marks of long cumulative decay. Chunks of the streaked brown sandstone cornice and the ornate window-facings had broken off, leaving rude gaps in the design uniform with the whole row, which had been the pride of some forgotten architect of the fifties.

The neighboring houses were in no better repair, but there was an eloquent difference between them and the desolate home of the Holts. The other houses had all been broken up into warrens inhabited by turbulent, drifting slum-dwellers. The Holt house there in the middle of all this was a sepulchre, uniform and lifeless from the cellar windows to the roof.

I made my way through the crowd and explained my errand to the first guard of police, so that I was quickly passed along from one group to the next until I was standing at the entrance doorway.

I have thought hard how to describe the smell which was the first, the constant, and the inescapable impression of that house. Merely by thinking about it now I can feel the nausea moving up my gullet. The smell of death and rot and vileness was even fouler, because the place was a solid impacted block of massed paper and trash, pierced only by those terrifying tunnels.

Never in thirty-five years at the least had a window been opened. In fact the only unobstructed window in the entire house was the one at the second floor rear, near which Seymour Holt had sat, paralysed and blind, until he died there.

That was the window which the police broke open after receiving a mysterious telephone call suggesting that they investigate the Holt house; the window to which they set the fireman's ladder that was their first means of access and their only way of carrying out the body of Seymour Holt. Every other window was solidly

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*"I will have your answer," Grandma said in her most awful voice as Seymour, desperately frightened but strangely triumphant, stared at her in defiant silence.*





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



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USE WITH ANY  
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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for  
the best letter of the  
week as well as 10/6  
for every letter pub-  
lished on this page.

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ONE wonders what has happened to the great Australian hospitality since the gentle habit of calling seems to have gone out in country towns.

Newcomers to a town are numerous owing to transfers in banks and the public service, but there is little attempt by the older, permanent residents to brighten the lives of people coming as strangers to their towns.

True, old residents do welcome them into the town's different organisations and are friendly enough in an impersonal way at meetings, but how many issue an invitation to their home? It is left for the newcomer to take the plunge and invite another lonely new resident to her home.

In a small community it is often detrimental to the small, hard core of old residents also, as they sometimes must miss the opportunity of friendship with people of wider outlook and interests which go to improve and make happier the social life of a little town.

It is all too easy in a small society to settle into a narrow, sterile, and selfish life. If we have so little thought for our own countrymen, then heaven help the family from another land. Yet we blame them if they band together in national groups out of sheer loneliness.

£1/1/- to "Friendly Soul" (name supplied), Cowra, N.S.W.

I THINK it is time girls and women employed in offices objected to the free use of their christian names. How often it is suggested by the boss that he would like to call Miss Brown "Cynthia" but no mention of his christian name is made. In my experience I have found that when a little formality is maintained office relationships are more satisfactory.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Keck, East Brighton, Vic.

OUR parents and our grandparents enjoyed all manner of functions without the accompaniment of intoxicating liquor. Today, nothing is complete without it according to my observations, whether it be a christening party, picnic, house-warming, garage-opening, etc. A party or dance is flat until the drink starts flowing. Are we so sophisticated and jaded now that we need this stimulus of false enjoyment?

10/6 to "Isain" (name supplied), Mt. Isa, Qld.

AMONG the many days set aside for various celebrations, I wish there was one designated as "Returning Day," on which one might expect to retrieve borrowed books, string bags, umbrellas, and miscellaneous items such as cups of sugar, an onion, or even your kitchen utensils which indifferent friends and neighbors forget to return. It causes embarrassment to ask for the return of such things, so one goes on being annoyed till finally one does not feel like obliging at all.

10/6 to (Mrs.) D. W. Anderson, Essendon, Vic.

BLOOD GROUPING should be compulsory in Australia. Babies could be typed at birth and a small card given to the mother. The blood group could be recorded on its clinic card and later recorded on its school register. All official forms and documents such as taxation returns and pension forms should carry the blood group of the person concerned. Think what a saving in life and time this would mean in one year in Australia. I am sure every doctor and hospital would welcome such a scheme.

10/6 to "Blood Donor" (name supplied), Wivenhoe, Tas.

### Australian cookery

MRS. E. UPSTILL (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/7/55) makes a very pertinent defence of Australian cooking with her comment on the richness and spiciness of European cooking held up to Australians as a shining example of the culinary art. The physique of the average native-born Australian, even if it is not as good as we like to say and advertise, is certainly superior to the average European physique. Europeans generally are markedly fat and shapeless except when young. Dietitians are unanimous in eliminating rich, highly flavored foods from reducing diets, and medical science has proved that overweight people are many times more prone to certain illnesses than those of normal weight. With the present-day high standard of food preservation, the original need for drawing out the flavors of rotting foods no longer exists.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Owens, McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

### Children's grammar

I DISAGREE with "Better English" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/7/55), who says "eight out of ten Australians cannot speak the Queen's English." The first thing I noticed when I arrived in Australia from England was the speech of Australians. Even the children used good grammar, much better than my own children educated in England. They have improved greatly since they have been here. So have I, thanks to Australians.

10/6 to "A Pommie" (name supplied), Griffith, N.S.W.

## Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WE have five sons, aged 10, 8, 6, 4, and not quite 2, so both my husband and I have a full-time job. Hubby is really good and helps me, but all last season he insisted on going alone to the football. One Saturday I dressed the boys in their best and told them they had my permission to go with their father if he would take them. They asked him nicely and off they all went.

The little chap wanted to go, too, but instead he had a sleep. I read a little and did some sewing. All too soon the boys and Dad were home, hungry and tired. Hubby looked a wreck, but he said nothing.

The next Saturday he said, "I think you should come to the football too, dear; an outing would do you and baby good."

I understand my man; I have been married to him nearly 14 years and can read him like a book. He could not watch the football and the boys at the same time.

Now we have no family problem of who minds the children on Saturday. My husband goes to the football and I do, too, with all the boys. I enjoy the afternoon's outing and always go now. In fact, I am getting to be a football crank myself and am longing to see my boys playing, so the whole family has another common interest.

£1/1/- to "Dragged In" (name supplied), Maitland, N.S.W.



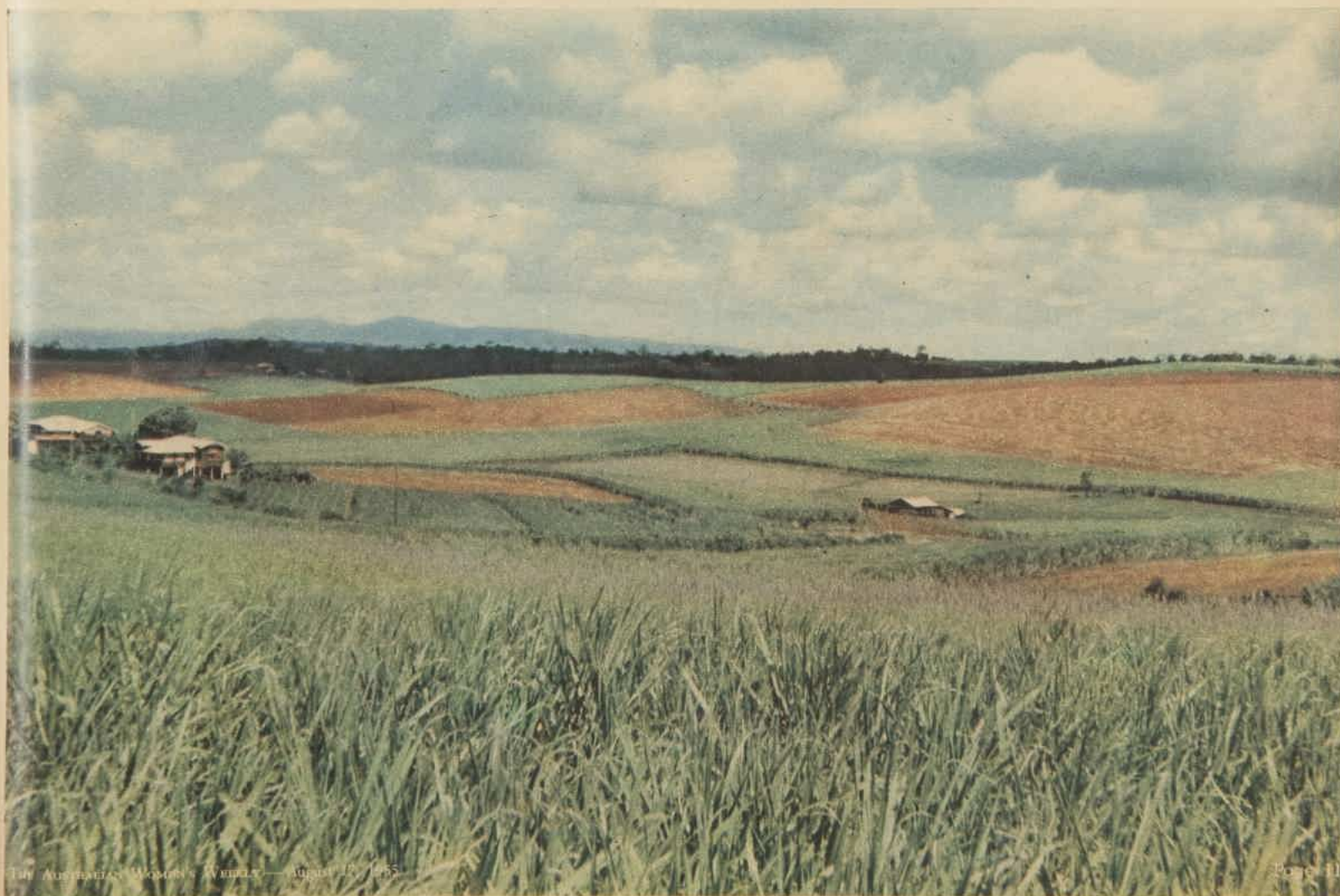


DARWIN HARBOR, Northern Territory (above), was named after the naturalist Charles Darwin, who, in 1839, visited Australian waters in H.M.S. Beagle. In February, 1942, Darwin was bombed by Japanese planes. Picture by Mrs. B. Grund, Magill, S.A.

## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

See page 53 for details of the "Beautiful Australia" gift book.

CANEFIELDS near Childers, Queensland (below). Such fields extend along the coast, covering a total area of approximately 220,000 acres. Sugar produced from the cane is one of the State's valuable exports. Picture by Barry Virtue, Lismore, N.S.W.





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# We're on the Redex trail again



A ROADWORKER, above, drew a quick directional map with his spade for Helen Frizell when our team missed the turn off to Wee Jasper on the Mt. Franklin road. At right, the Holden negotiates the first open creek crossing as the team left the good road at Canberra to go to Wee Jasper.



Once again The Australian Women's Weekly is entering an all-woman team in the round-Australia 10,500-mile Redex trial scheduled to start on August 21. The team is driving a turquoise-blue and white Holden business sedan which has been supplied by Stack & Co. Pty. Ltd. Our team is headed by staff reporter Helen Frizell, as captain-navigator, Enid Nunn, driver-mechanic, and staff reporter Betty Best, driver.

WE have been given starting number three, and will be third away from Parramatta Park, in Sydney, where the trial starts.

Last year Nan Broughton, driver, with Enid Nunn and Helen Frizell, made up The Australian Women's Weekly team—the only all-woman team to complete the course. This year, with the trial running for over three weeks, Nan has been unable to leave her work, and Betty Best has joined the team.

For weeks past Betty has been hearing from the others about road hazards—about creek beds, jump-ups, the bulldust menace, claypans, bogs, and kangaroos. Putting theory into practice, the team has surveyed the trial stretch from Sydney to Melbourne, which it will cover on the last lap of the journey.

Here is the account of the trial trip, written jointly by Helen and Betty:

As Stack's are still fitting up the Holden, AU5021, which we will use on the Redex trial, we were lent another Holden for our survey. We got away from Sydney at night, driving up the highway to Goulburn.

Already we were working to

schedule, the drivers swapping over every two hours. Helen peering over strip-maps with a torch and Enid and Betty accustomed themselves to the feeling of the car.

Until Canberra, of course, it was simple.

The six-cylinder, 21-horsepower Holden purred up the bitumen highway as far as Canberra. Near the Cotter Dam we left the beaten track, turning on to a dirt road which led us between State pine forests, and towards the Wee Jasper Road.

## Twists, turns

THE organisers of the trial have chosen the testing track well. It ducks in and out of the gum trees, there are water-filled creek crossings, fallen logs, and all the twists, turns, bumps, and ruts needed to test any car and any driver's ability.

The creek crossings make us think of things that could happen on the trial, like stopping in midstream.

On the real trial, though, we will have a snorkel tube to fit on the exhaust, and an "apron" across the front of the radiator to prevent watering-up of the engine.

The road from Wee Jasper to Tumut runs through every curve on the compass. Sometimes it skirts the hillside. At others it plunges downhill through the bush into valley clearings where willows line the river banks.

There is plenty of practice in cornering, and also plenty of practice in trying to maintain an average speed.

Helen says that navigation should be easier this year, as secret controls have been eliminated.

We spent the night at a Tumut hotel, set the alarm clock for 4.30 a.m., and started by five for Melbourne.

The rain was coming down, and the windscreen wipers wagging, as the Holden headed towards the apple-growing centre of Batlow. For miles before reaching the town we could see a pink glow lighting the sky, and on arrival found that several shops were ablaze and the streets alive with firemen and pyjamaed onlookers.

On then to Tumbarumba, the mists rising with the dawn. After that town, so deserted first thing on a Sunday morning, we ran down to the Victorian border.

By then we had accustomed ourselves to day and night driving, to seeing the car not as a mere vehicle but as a living place.

The workshop is the front seat, where the driver's eyes are constantly on the speedo and on the oil and petrol gauges. The maps and notebooks are in the glovebox with the torches. The back holds luggage and food, and the boot the tools, the winch, and a spare wheel.

We practised routines for



MELBOURNE AT LAST. Our all-woman team, from left, Betty Best, Helen Frizell, and Enid Nunn, finish, in Collins Street, Melbourne, the first half of their shakedown trip. The girls were elated when they chopped three hours off the mapped-out time schedule.

quick tyre changing and maintenance drill.

After the 2000-foot climb to Woodlands, Enid was at the wheel for the stickiest patch of the trip. A steep, winding road up the mountainside with a sheer drop on the right, unprotected by a safety fence, got muddier each mile.

"She's making her own track," Enid warned us, hanging on to the wheel with determined hands. "She doesn't feel like going where I point her."

We had broken through thick white cloud by this time and the mud on the road was nearly a foot thick, about the consistency of chocolate blanc-mange. "This may develop

into a chain job," said Enid, and the rest of us looked out of the windows at the prospect without any relish. Just as the chains seemed inevitable we sailed through on to a harder surface, and, with a sigh of relief, Helen broke out the cigarettes.

## Road surprises

FROM Tolmie Junction on, the road was full of surprises, but most of them pleasant.

Railway crossings every few miles kept driver Betty and navigator Helen busy, and brought our average speed down. Even so, we did much better on time than we had expected to do.

We hit Melbourne three hours ahead of schedule.

We all feel grateful for the chance to adapt ourselves to driving a Holden. The one we took, lent to us by Stack's, had been the pride and joy of Mr. Jack Clarke, who, with Mr. Pike, the service manager, has been fitting up our Redex Holden.

Looking back on our survey, we've all had a good laugh at the comment of a woman who stood by when we picked up strip-maps for the trip. She tried to persuade us not to try it, and, when we explained that we had to, she shook her head sadly: "You must be as mad as those people who go in the Redex trial," she said. We didn't tell her we were.





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LL07P



# All eyes on Margaret



AT A ROYAL garden party in Buckingham Palace grounds Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother chat to some of the Queen's 7000 guests, who included many Australians.

## While in Brussels Townsend is alone

As Princess Margaret leaves London for Balmoral for her 25th birthday celebrations her face radiates the happiness of a lovely young woman who has come to terms with life.

WITH her birthday now only days away, the glamorous, fun-loving Princess is more than ever the darling of Britain.

Now if she is seen dancing at 4 a.m. there is no criticism, only wonder.

For at midday she is 200 miles away carrying out one of her official duties.

Back in London that evening she is again on the job as the official guest at theatre, ball, or charity reception.

The "new Margaret," as the Press calls her, emerged on her Caribbean tour early this year.

When she returned, the nation found she had grown up.

By  
**ANNE MATHESON,**  
of our London staff

And now she is giving herself to shouldering some of her sister Queen's Elizabeth's official burdens as eagerly and wholeheartedly as she has swung back into her gay and absorbing social life.

As Britain applauds the new Margaret, more and more eyes turn towards Brussels, where Group-Captain Peter Townsend lives in social seclusion.

In the 19 months since Peter left his post as Court equerry to become a humble attaché to the British Embassy in Brussels, the spotlight has blazed on the door of his flat with Royal pitilessness.

When his friendship with Margaret began to assume the proportions of a national crisis, Group-Captain Townsend asked to be posted abroad.

Because Townsend is divorced, the Princess' marriage speculations centred increasingly on this her 25th birthday.

For from August 21 Margaret may sever every tie which binds her to Royal tradition and duty and marry without the Queen's consent or the Church's blessing.

On Margaret's return from the West Indies marriage speculation rekindled again, and rose to fever heat when, in Brussels, 40-year-old Peter Townsend broke his 19-month silence.

Like a man suddenly released from some invisible ties he began giving Press interviews.

Some were pointed, like "The word cannot come from me" and "You will appreciate

A RADIANT Margaret at Royal Ascot shows her delight as the Queen's horse romps home in front. At left is the Queen's trainer, Jeremy Tree.

it must come from other people."

And after each interview he would shut the door of his flat against the biting Brussels cold and return to his loneliness—looked after only by a "Mrs. Mop" who leaves at 5.

Today Britain would deny Margaret nothing.

Now all eyes are turning to Scotland, where the Royal Family is assembling for the birthday celebrations.

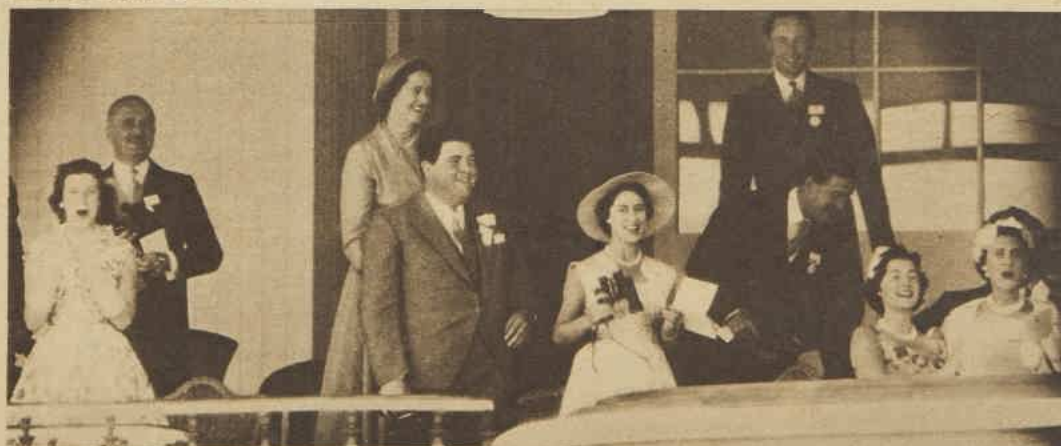
And in spite of the privacy within ancient Balmoral, outside the spotlight will be on Margaret night and day for any hint of her plans.

For now she has to choose whether her responsibility is to her heart or to her position.

● Color pictures of Princess Margaret on pages 16 and 17.



THE EXPRESSIONS of a Princess. At Ascot Margaret is at first a bit anxious . . . then hopeful for the chances of the Queen's colt comes home a clear winner, moving through the field . . . then delighted as it



THEY'RE OFF! In the Royal Box at Ascot, Princess Margaret is surrounded by members of two Royal Families as she watches the start of the race won by the Queen's colt. From left to right are: Princess Alexandra, Princess Margaret, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, and the Duchess of Kent. These photographs by George Varjas, of Reflex Press, London.



A WORRIED Townsend thinks about a reporter's query in one of his many early morning Press interviews outside his luxury Brussels flat.



# MILLIONS WISH HER A HAPPY BIRTHDAY



**NEW HAIR-DO.** Since her Caribbean tour, Princess Margaret has changed her hair-do half a dozen times. With her brown hair cut short in this style she visited the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Her latest is the "Imperial."



**PRINCESS MARGARET** is a patron of the theatre and films. Left, she is seen arriving at the Empire Theatre for the premiere of "The Dam Busters," by Australian Paul Brickhill.

**AMBASSADOR** for her country, Princess Margaret photographed at Barbados (above) during her Caribbean tour. Fond of music, the Princess was interested in the Calypso songs.



On August 21 the world will wish Princess Margaret "Many Happy Returns." On this date Princess Margaret will celebrate her 25th birthday and will be free, if she so desires, to renounce her Royal privilege and title. She may then announce her intention of marrying a commoner. During the past year Princess Margaret has taken an increasing share of the burden of public duties from her elder sister, Queen Elizabeth.



**ROYAL TOUR.** During her West Indies tour, Princess Margaret (above) inspected a new Health Centre at Speightstown. Right: Princess Margaret flashed a smile to photographers when she specially posed on the stairs of Government House, Trinidad. The Princess is wearing the sash of the Royal Victorian Order with her beautiful evening gown.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955 Page 17





# An exciting new taste

Crisp, munchy  
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One of England's favourite confections

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BUTCH



"DO I have to keep an eye on them still? They're getting awfully mushy."

MOTHER



"NOW mind you strip your bed properly and air it well . . . but if you don't, remember to take the hot-water bag out."

## Worth Reporting

TO meet German-born London milliner Otto Lucas, now visiting Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, and Adelaide with a collection of his new hats, we had our hair done and then approached the great man carrying an unobtrusive black beret.

We got the idea, one way and another, that to amount to anything with Mr. Lucas you've got to be chic.

"Sweetie," he said to a saleswoman in the department store where his hats were showing, "what was the name of that chic blond woman who came in this morning?"

"Mrs. Michael Read," said the saleslady.

"Very, very chic," approved Mr. Lucas. "If you want the London chic women, I'll give them to you. The Duchess of Kent and Vivien Leigh."

"Film-star Gene Tierney is a dream of chic," he said. "She has background, beauty, and can speak languages. And that's something for one of those babies out in Hollywood."

While discussing another American chic woman, Mrs. Byron Foy ("fabulous chic"), we suggested that we might have seen her photograph advertising face-cream.

"Never, never, never," said Mr. Lucas. "That baby already has all the money in the world. In 'Harper's Bazaar' or 'Vogue,' certainly. But face-cream—never!"

"Marlene Dietrich? She is chic beyond human conception!"

At that point the rigors of the day caught up with the speaker. "Sweetie," he said to the store Press liaison girl, "can you get me out of that thing tomorrow night? I can't do it. Say I'm sick."

He rallied to say that he approved of our women very much.

"But your men—very, very unchic. I think I shall have to do something about it."

A FRIEND of ours went to the first night of "The Sleeping Prince" at the new Elizabethan Theatre (the old Majestic) at Newtown, N.S.W.

As her taxi drew up outside the theatre, a man rushed out from the crowd of bystanders and opened the car door for her.

She thanked him, and he replied gravely: "We Newtown folk have got to look after you visitors."

### Art for the price of whisky

SCULPTOR Lyndon Dadsell's exhibition at the Bissetta Gallery, Sydney, is an unusual one. Picture number 13 is offered for sale—not for money but in exchange for a case of Scotch whisky.

Thirty large colored drawings—possible blueprints for future pieces of sculpture—are on view, inspired by such diverse subjects as a hot-house and an operating theatre.

None of the exhibits is named.

"I don't believe in names," the artist told us. "A drawing is a drawing, not an object."

WE have a letter from two South African readers of The Australian Women's Weekly asking for old copies from 1947 onwards, particularly those featuring pictures of Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Jean Simmons, and Stewart Granger.

If any readers would like to send on their old copies, the address is Misses Lorna and Marjorie Crosier, 46 du Plooy St., Potchefstroom, Transvaal, South Africa.

### Australian ballet on wheels

TWO Australian ballets are included in the repertoire of the Art Council's travelling ballet company now on a 16 weeks' tour of main New South Wales and southern Queensland towns.

The ballets are "The Sentimental Bloke" (from C. J. Dennis' verses) and "Mathinna," derived from a Melbourne radio play about an aboriginal girl who was adopted by the wife of one of the early Governors of Tasmania.

Music for "The Sentimental Bloke" was written by John Tallis and for "Mathinna" by Esther Rofe. Choreography for both ballets is by the company's leading dancer, Laurel Martin.

The company will give special matinees for children throughout its tour. Each matinee will start with a demonstration of ballet steps and ballet training, and end with a performance of "The Nutcracker."

### One-man prison without bars

BEFORE he visited Sydney recently French journalist and world traveller Comte Roland-Philippe Colonna Cecaldi spent seven months in Polynesia.

He stopped off at the island of Nuku Hiva, and was strolling around taking color pictures when he noticed a big, handsome stone mansion standing out among a group of palm-thatched native houses.

A native came along and the Comte asked him: "Who owns that big stone house?"

"No one," the native said, "it's the gaol."

"Are there many prisoners in it?" asked the Comte.

"No," said the native, "I'm the only one."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RUD



# Life is more pleasant with **WINE!**



When you drink wine you relax, because wine gives pleasure to the taste and friendship to the occasion. Whether it be dinner, quiet evenings at home, or when friends drop in, wine is always a happy thought. Yet wine is no luxury—at least, not here in Australia. No other country produces such good wine so bountifully! Because we are so richly endowed, you can serve a glass of wine for only a few pence—and know that it will be thoroughly appreciated. Wine is always right, the drink of moderation, the nice thing to do.

## There's a **WINE** for every taste...every occasion

(The "right" way with wine is the way you like it but these are the ways most people match their wine to the occasion.)

### APPETISER WINES

Before dinner, after a day's work, or when friends drop in, there's no more gratifying drink than **SHERRY**—sweet, semi-sweet or "dry"—to give you a gentle lift and whet your appetite. Most people enjoy a Sherry with biscuits and cheese—a perfect offering even to the most discriminating visitor.



### DESSERT WINES

Rich, mellow dessert wines like **PORT**, **MUSCAT**, **FRONTIGNAC**, **MADEIRA** and **TOKAY** are right for almost any occasion—with dessert, after dinner or just before bed. Delicious with fruits, nuts or cake, they are just as nice by themselves, quickly and easily served, and always thoroughly satisfying.



### WHITE TABLE WINES

**SAUTERNES**, **HOCK**, **CHABLIS**—you don't have to acquire a taste for white wines. They range from semi-sweet (Sauternes) to "dry" (Hock, Riesling, Chablis) and are ideal to drink with fish, chicken or egg dishes. White wines are pleasant at all times, but give a special touch of glamour to meals.



### SPARKLING WINES

Bubbling **CHAMPAGNE** (or Sparkling Hock, Moselle or Burgundy) adds zest when you want to achieve that lavish effect without going to heavy expense. Equally good before, during or after meals, glamorous sparkling wines enliven parties and enrich special occasions. Keep a bottle always on hand for the next time you have something to celebrate.



### RED TABLE WINES

Delightful **CLARET** or **BURGUNDY** goes wonderfully well with steaks or roasts, in fact with practically any meat. Dining at home or dining out, more and more people are discovering the pleasure of drinking red wine—and realising that it costs only a few pence a glass.



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SPECIAL FURNITURE, as well as TV sets, will appear in many Australian homes when television is introduced in about a year's time. This suite, which divides into five units, has been specially designed by a Melbourne firm for TV viewing. The viewers here are three of the firm's employees (from left), Jan Sutton, Beryl Pepper, and Pat Sanderson.

## Television is nearly here

Television, so long awaited, is at last only months away. In about a year from now many suburban sitting-rooms will have a new focus—the TV set, which so many would-be viewers are now saving for.

By  
**HELEN FRIZELL,**  
staff reporter

**A**LREADY plans are well ahead for TV Day. Engineers, cameramen, technicians, builders, make-up experts, actors, actresses, directors, sponsors, and multitudinous other planners for TV have been working for months on their preparations.

Dozens of families who intend to be TV viewers are also preparing for the great day when they'll be able to pull the chairs round in a semi-circle, switch on the standard lamp, and sit back and wait for Father to twiddle the dials of the new £175 set.

A couple of months before programmes begin, hire-purchase buying will be available for TV sets, over which the three N.S.W. television stations will operate next year.

When these stations begin, across each glass screen (17 in. horizontal by 12½ in. deep)

will move newsreels, plays, sporting events, cookery and interior-decoration demonstrations, puppet shows, figures of the famous, and faces of announcers.

Father will have to move only four dials to see any of these items on the 625-line screen.

First he will decide what programme he wants to watch and turn the dial to that. In the Sydney

area he will have three choices—the A.B.C. station on channel two, Television Corporation Limited on channel nine, and another commercial station on channel seven.

The first dial Father uses, therefore, is the channel selector switch.

The next he turns is for regulating sound and volume.

The third adjusts the quality of the picture, and the fourth controls the brightness or darkness of the screen.

To help him get the picture in focus, stations will send out a test picture ten minutes before the programme begins. The test picture will bear the station's call sign, name, and channel.

Beyond buying the set, tuning in, sitting back and watching there is little left for the family to do. Viewers will no doubt forget the behind-scenes activity now in full swing.

One of the busiest men in Sydney at the moment is Mr. John Briton, chief engineer of Television Corporation Limited.

Just back from intensive study overseas in America, the Continent, and Britain, Mr. Briton is planning the television studio and transmitter which will rise at Willoughby, N.S.W.

The transmitting aerial, 820 feet in height, will be twice as high above sea level as the Sydney Harbor Bridge arch. Because the Willoughby area is an excellent site, viewers as far west as the Blue Mountains, as far south as Waterfall, and north beyond the Hawkesbury River will be able to receive good, clear pictures on their sets.

Assisting Mr. Briton is Mr. M. R. Hardi, a studio equipment expert from Philips' parent company in Holland.

Mr. Briton says, "Television Corporation is recruiting staff for both the engineering and the programme sides. Some are coming from abroad, but the majority will be Australians who have spent time overseas studying television."

"It is exciting to be in at the start of a television station, and to be building it up, and planning for the future."

Television, popular for years overseas, will influence

habits of life even more than radio has done.

For old people, the bed-ridden, and those in hospital television will probably mean most because of what it can do to banish boredom and monotony.

In Australia the viewing time for children will probably end at soon after six, when the young ones go to bed. There will be a lapse of time before the teenagers' session comes on. The adults' main viewing time will occur later in the evening.

Many Australians who have never seen television think that it must be viewed in a pitch-dark room. This is quite wrong, for the screen may be watched by lamplight, or even in daylight, provided no direct glare falls upon the screen.

Those who have the space will probably plan a special TV room in their house. One room was displayed at a recent N.S.W. Furniture Guild Exhibition.

It featured a comfortable, softly padded two-part sofa of semi-circular design which

could seat six to eight viewers. A contemporary tweed upholstered sofa, which was placed in a dress-circle position for viewing.

Lamps, a coffee table, and a black-and-grey-striped tub-type chair added to the room.

Watching television and planning it for your home need some care, but as long as the set is angled for best viewing and placed in indirect light the result will be good.

In a few months' time these sets will be appearing on the market, available for buying on time-payment. But, however you pay, directly or taking your time, TV is undoubtedly the entertainment with a future—a future worth watching.



REHEARSAL for a TV show at Melbourne Technical College, where TV technicians are being trained. A full course in TV engineering takes five years to complete.



# Our £2000 Art Award



ATTENDANT at the National Art Gallery in Sydney stacks one of the paintings submitted for The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955, in a court at the Gallery.

• The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition will be officially opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, at the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, in Sydney, on Friday, August 19. The name of the winning painter or painters will be announced in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, dated August 24.



ARTIST Harold Thornton has difficulty getting his huge canvas through the door of the National Art Gallery.

## Record number of paintings entered for Prize

MORE than 500 entries have been received for The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955.

They were sent from all Australian States, and from New Zealand, France, U.S.A., England, Canada, China, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Malta, Italy, South Africa, Pakistan, India, and the Philippines.

Our £2000 Portrait Prize—the biggest in the world—has attracted more entries than any similar competition conducted in Australia.

The final total is nearly three times the number submitted for the Archibald Portrait Prize.

Practically every well-known painter in Australia has sent in an entry, and the response from amateur painters has been overwhelming.

As one member of Sydney's art community put it:

"Practically everyone who can hold a paint brush has submitted a portrait.

"The regulars who send in to the Archibald Prize have really exerted themselves this time."

The result should be one of the most outstanding and stimulating exhibitions ever seen in Australia.

Paintings in heavy wooden crates, aluminium boxes, and carefully wrapped parcels began arriving at the National Art Gallery in Sydney early in the week chosen for sending in entries.

### Overseas entries

Heavy trucks pulled up outside the Gallery from early morning until late in the evening with paintings sent from other States by land, air, and sea.

Overseas entries, which had to be cleared by Customs, arrived daily at Kingsford Smith Airport, Sydney.

As each painting was received at the Gallery, it was numbered and catalogued and stacked so that every individual canvas could be seen by the judging panel.

On Saturday, July 30—the



LEFT. Sydney painter Dora Toovey (right) is helped by the sitter for her portrait in delivering her Prize entry.

closing date for entries—more than 130 paintings were received in less than two hours.

A number of Melbourne and N.S.W. country painters made a last-minute dash to the Gallery by car, and arrived with minutes to spare.

An hour before the Gallery was due to open Sydney painter Mary Edwell-Burke set up her canvas at the back of the building to add finishing touches.

Archibald Prize winner William Dobell had a hectic morning securing a frame for his entry. He had ordered one to be made, but when he arrived in Sydney to collect it on Saturday he found that it was too large.

He arrived back at the Gallery breathless, but with the frame.

A number of other painters, including many New Australians, arrived at the Gallery only to be reminded that they had not filled in the necessary statutory declaration.

Bewildered by the words "justice of the peace," it took some time for our staff and artist Dora Toovey, who came to the rescue, to explain what had to be done.

They then banded together and set up self-appointed search parties to find a justice of the peace in the vicinity of the Gallery. They

finally tracked them down at railway and police stations, chemists' shops, and at an undertaker's.

Friends, relatives, and neighbors were on hand to help artists get their paintings to the Gallery on time.

One woman arrived with a canvas from a next-door neighbor.

"I do so hope she wins a prize," she said to a member of The Australian Women's Weekly staff on duty. "The woman who painted this is an old-age pensioner and an invalid."

"I'm praying so hard for her to win,"

Some competitors had a last-minute attack of nerves,

and decided not to enter their canvases.

However, friends persuaded them "to give it a go. What can you lose?"

Scores of competitors said they had been "working flat-out for weeks and gone without sleep" to get their paintings finished.

They looked exhausted as they handed in their canvases, some of them wet—literally dripping wet.

Artist James Cook, of Sydney, who has been ill for some time, arrived on the deadline. One of the gallery attendants carried in his canvas for him.



MESSENGER BOYS help a carrier to take some of the Portrait Prize entries into the Gallery. More than 60 canvases arrived from overseas countries, including France.

In many cases the sitters for the portraits helped the artists to carry outside paintings to the Gallery.

Sydney artist Douglas Dundas was helped by his sitter—his wife.

This week the judges of the competition—the six directors of the National Art Galleries in the six Australian States—will decide the winning entry or entries.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prizemoney, i.e., £2000.

The judges will also decide which of the paintings are to be hung for interstate exhibition.

We regret that owing to lack of space and transport difficulties it will not be possible to hang all of the entries.

After the judges' decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney from August 19 to September 18.

They will then be exhibited in Canberra and other Australian capital cities.



SYDNEY PAINTER William Dobell gets some smiling help when he arrives at the Gallery with his entries. Most well-known Australian artists have entered the competition.





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*Right*

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*Right*

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*Butterick Pattern 7366*



*Left*

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**Left**  
**TOBRALCO**  
the celebrated TOOTAL cotton, makes perky play clothes. Choose it in bright red for this trim little-boy play-suit. It's so easy to wash, so hard to wear out.

Vogue Pattern 8576



**Left**  
**BROCATIS**  
The crisp, new cotton with the lattice weave makes a light-hearted extra skirt in a vivid print. Fashioned for much hard wear and washing, it always looks fresh and blithe because it's crease-resistant.

Vogue Pattern 8576



**Left**  
**ROBIA**  
makes this utterly feminine party dress with its yards and yards of frothy skirt. This beloved cotton voile wears and washes so well and it's crease-resistant.

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**Left**  
**LYSTAV**  
the most famous of all rayons, is perfect for this sleekly sophisticated dress. Choose it in plain blue and team it with the flowered jacket. It's crease-resistant, washable and wonderfully hard-wearing.

Vogue Pattern S.4596

## **Right** **TOOTRESS**

the exciting new rayon, with the tiny woven flecks, makes this slim sleeveless dress with a Chinese-inspired jacket. Its elegance is crease-resistant, hard-wearing, washable

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# His first baton was a twig



MUSICIAN JOSEF KRIPS, genial 15-stone conductor, who on August 25 begins his Australian tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Adelaide.

There will be a great family reunion when famous conductor Josef Krips arrives in Australia next week for a nine weeks' concert tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. For his first performance he will be the guest in Adelaide of his brother, Henry Krips, resident conductor of the Commission's South Australian Symphony Orchestra.

By BILL STRUTTON  
of our London staff

nothing to eat. I hadn't even a white shirt. Everybody was starving. The broken windows of the houses and the concert halls were filled with brown paper.

"In winter I slept in my two suits and an overcoat. I had to walk three to four hours to and from home every day, and I conducted twenty-eight performances in one month.

"They were the best performances I had in my life, when everybody was suffering but expressing themselves in music.

"There was something grand about those days when music was the great consolation for everything else."

## Viennese charm

HE speaks English with a pronounced Viennese accent, and also with an abundance of Viennese charm—and even, occasionally, a touch of poetry.

When he talks of the conductor's technique he talks of the eyes and the breathing.

"The ice," he says, "and the breezing, they are important wiz a conductor."

He usually hums or half-sings the score while he directs his orchestra.

In Australia, before each

least, I use up two or three in the daytime rehearsing. Then I have to make two or three changes during the concert. Also, I have to take dinner about ten-thirty."

"He can't eat before a performance," Mrs. Krips explained.

"I hear there are spiders in Australia," said Dr. Krips.

"That is so. Red-backed ones where I come from."

"Poisonous?"

"Oh, yes."

"I also hear there are snakes."

"We've mopped up most of the city snakes."

"Ah, yes," said Josef Krips. "But I shan't always be in the city." He smiled, nervous but genial.

Krips may wilt at the thought of spiders and snakes, but musically he is a hero.

The Nazis set him to work in a factory in Austria during the war unloading lorries at a pickle works. That, he says, was nothing to him. What was hard was bringing music back to Vienna.

"I weighed 30lb. less then," he explained. "There was



JOSEF KRIPS with his chic Viennese wife, who is also his business manager and general factotum. Krips describes his wife as "the most important member of the twosome."

concert, there will be only two days' rehearsal with each orchestra. But they will be hard-working days.

"I only hope your musicians at home are half as good as your instrumentalists who have visited Europe," he said.

Since the war Krips has conducted almost every great orchestra in the world—in Paris, Vienna, London, Rome, all across the United States,

even in Russia. He first came to England in 1947.

His favorite among the English orchestras is the London Symphony, which he stayed to conduct for two years.

"Meeting an orchestra like that," he said soulfully, gesturing with his hands, "is like when a man meets the woman of his life. Everything about her is exactly as he dreamed it should be."

THIS is the first Australian visit of the rotund, genial Professor Josef Krips, though a large part of his family has long settled happily in Australia.

He said, sitting back in his London hotel suite, lighting a nine-inch cigar. "My sister, Mrs. Mary Leicht, runs a photo shop with her husband, Walter, in Elizabeth Street, Sydney. In addition, they have two farms at Pennant Hills.

"Mary is one of the few breeders of Arab horses in Australia—she's mad about horses—and she is, I believe, the only one in Australia who runs a 'hotel' for racehorses.

"It seems that racehorses go there for a holiday after a strenuous list of racing engagements. Mary even writes stories about horses, and reads them on the radio.

"My other brother, Karl, lives at Wahroonga, in Sydney, and has an import-export business. His letters tell me how he adores Australia. He has built a house there, and is a very happy man."

Professor Krips laughed at a memory. He sat back, smoothed a hand over his bald pate, and his eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

"It's a long time since I lined them all up and conducted my first musical work," he said.

"I was about five at the time in Vienna. I had just been to a concert. I was so fired with the idea of being a conductor that when I got home I cut a twig off a tree, marshalled the whole family of brothers and sisters, and a couple of servants, and made them sing while I conducted them with the twig.

"If any one of them sang out of tune I hit them with it.

"Henry was lucky. He hadn't been born then. He's 10 years younger than I."

Josef Krips has mellowed since then. He no longer hits erring musicians with his baton. Instead, after the performance, he makes a slow, measured trip to the seat of

the defaulter, reaches in his pocket, and gravely bestows a sixpence on him. He says that with the rest of the orchestra laughing, this is just as effective.

His wife, a chic, pretty Viennese with blond curly hair, is Krips' factotum.

"She is the most important member of the twosome," he said.

"She is my business manager, social secretary, answers all my mail, makes my appointments, fixes my laundry, arranges my engagements, looks after the luggage, tickets, and squeezes in recording sessions."

And, on top of that, the adoring Mrs. Krips brings her husband an apple at every rehearsal. Everybody in the music world has asked her why she does that.

Mrs. Krips smiles. "That's our secret," she says.

She claims that her job as manager is less than 100 per cent. successful.

The reason? She can't get 15-stone Josef to cut down on his cigars. His standing nourishment between rehearsals and recording sessions is a cigar and two cups of black tea, sometimes with a slice of lemon.

## Constant travel

MRS. KRIPS mourns the fact that they are constantly travelling and have little time to rest and relax.

"At one stage," Mrs. Krips told me, "we didn't see our flat in Vienna for five years.

"Josef is now booked up solidly for two years ahead. Last season he conducted no fewer than 91 concerts.

"In his nine weeks in Australia there will be 26 concerts. Then he goes on to the United States, Canada, Vienna, Paris, and London."

Professor Krips moved uneasily in his chair and leaned forward.

"How," he asked me earnestly, "is the laundry situation in Australia?"

"Like it is anywhere else. Why?"

"I have," he announced, puffing at his cigar, "to have five clean shirts a day at

## Special school for special children



FUN AT THE WASHBASIN for pupils of the Fred Birks Activity School at Camperdown, N.S.W. The children are, from left, Keven Jones, 5, Marti Polansky, 6, and Eddie Leycock, 6.

Every schoolday, just before nine a.m., a fleet of taxis pull up outside Sydney's Royal Alexandra Children's Hospital, Camperdown, N.S.W., and 48 children are helped out on their way to school.

THEY are the pupils of the Fred Birks Activity School, just behind the Children's Hospital.

In this small school, one of the lesser known activities of the Department of Education, crippled children, children with speech defects, and spastic children have teaching specially adapted to their needs.

Miss Kathleen Sherwood, headmistress of the school, is a small, energetic woman who is very enthusiastic about her work.

"Our curriculum is the same as in other schools—with modifications, of course, because all work is individual.

"We have three classes—the Infants, which takes children from five to ten years, according to their standard of work, the Junior, which takes those from nine to eleven, and the Senior, which caters for children from eleven to fifteen.

"If the children are sufficiently advanced in their schoolwork they can do their Intermediate Examinations by correspondence.

But Miss Sherwood is more interested in giving her handicapped pupils a sense of social belonging and fitness than she is in giving them mere academic knowledge.

She finds that small social activities within the school is the ideal way to do this.

"We also see to it that the children go to suitable entertainment, such as the concerts at Sydney Town Hall," she said.

Every Tuesday the girls have a visiting sewing teacher to give them lessons, and on Thursdays the boys who are eligible go to another school for craft work.

"This is particularly good for them, as it gives them outside contact with other boys," explained Miss Sherwood.



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This season Christian Dior has decreed the

# Y LINE

● Dior's collection, shown this month, reversed the trend to the no-hips, no-waist, no-bust line of other designers in favor of a new frilly feminine contour.

**F**OR morning and evening wear the Y-line has a cinch waist, bust pushed right up, straight shoulders, and a high neckline to give that top-heavy shape.

The theme of the earlier collections was complete understatement of line — a long, slender, fluid silhouette.

For afternoon wear Dior turns the "Y" upside down. The midriff is even more defined and fullness released in a full branching skirt.

The straight, long line of day-wear centres the attention on the waist. His frocks feature clever seaming with tailored tight bands more like bandages than belts.

For the evening he swatches the midriff with a cummerbund. Shoulders are straightened, not with padding, but by clever seaming. The effect is accentuated with half-melon sleeves tight around the wrist.

Necklines of dress and jacket are softly tailored, sometimes with velvet collars. But the throat is always wrapped up with a buttoned cravat of material or lace which falls in soft drapes to tuck in on the raised bustline.

Materials are printed satins, returning after a long absence, and printed flat-surfaced velours looking like velvet in many different Persian-inspired designs. This Middle East look is heightened by masses of jewellery in unusual stones—peacock-blue and rich ruby and topaz set in gold filigree worn as deep-sweeping collars. This jewellery is exactly right with the harem skirts and hemlines Dior features for cocktail frocks.

There are pink satin short evening dresses patterned in

peacock feathers with a tunic coat. There are dresses of gold tissue with stem bodices tightly swathed and full brocaded satin skirts.

For day-wear the materials are heavy woollens. Rough-surfaced materials are highlighted with touches of white on anthracite, chrysanthemum-brown, or black.

The Persian influence brings in dull browns marked with gold, and ruby-red embroidered with gold.

In hats Dior features few large, sweeping models, but he shows every phase of turban from Middle East to the Hollywood 1920s in tissue, in rich gold lame, in melusine that softly sweeps the forehead, and even in heavy

By  
**ANNE MATHESON,**  
of our London staff

leather black studs which look perilously like beehives.

Balenciaga's showing was three days after Dior's.

He, too, featured straight lines with very gentle curves. He used hairy-surfaced herringbone tweeds and donegals and firm velvet-surfaced wools for most of his collection. His clothes were never belted, but flowed down the figure with the waist indicated by the gentle curves in front and straight backs.

Collars were rounded and stood well away from the neck, pointed in front.

Most of his models featured flowing fronts and many had a wide panel from the shoulder to give the back a flat look.

Givenchy has patented the new mystery line, which he calls The Shape. It means an entirely new figure, with no pinching or cinching foundations.

Designers interpreted The Shape in luxury fabrics used simply and in jewellery which offset the fine line and even finer detail.

The complete expression of the new line depends very largely on carefully chosen accessories. Hats have been designed to balance the silhouette—large romantic hats at Jacques Fath. Eastern nabobs' turbans worn with slant-eyed make-up at Givenchy, or the solid beaver hat which completes the wintry look at Jacques Heim.

And the Empire Line of Norman Hartnell could occasionally be traced in the Paris collections in the sheaths of satin or lace with ribbon crossing beneath the bust.

This reminiscence of the London showings a week earlier, one of many, showed that The Shape is no mere designers' eccentricity, but a general movement away from the H and A lines of recent seasons.



**THE SHAPE.**  
Front view by  
Madeleine de  
Rauch shows a  
lace skirt — coat  
with mannish cuffs  
and a shaped belt  
holding the  
pleated fullness.  
This covers a  
long, slim dress  
in black satin.

**BELOW:** A rear  
view of The  
Shape, by Given-  
chy. He used straps  
to define the figure,  
crossing in front  
and knotted at the  
back. This model  
is in taffeta with  
straps of cochon-  
pink tufted velvet.

**THE Y-LINE** from  
Christian Dior. It  
features a high  
bustline, swathed  
midriff scooping  
low in the front,  
melon sleeves tight  
at the wrists, Y-  
neckline filled in  
with scarf to match  
skirt. Sketches on  
this page are by a  
staff artist from  
cabled descriptions.



**ABOVE,** enormous puff-  
sleeves dramatised The  
Shape at Jacques Fath.



**ACCESSORIES** highlight three designers' interpretations of  
The Shape. Left: Madeleine de Rauch showed a Garbo  
hat in stitched lame. Centre: Fath complemented the sil-  
houette with bell-shaped sleeves and hats in soft melusine.  
Right: Jacques Heim featured satin bands to emphasise  
his line. This model was in chrysanthemum velvet with the  
bands of bronze satin ending in a bow at the back.









To keep hair young and

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Elly Lukas

— dark, exotic. Her jet black hair adds elegance to her beautiful features. About her hair, Elly, one of Melbourne's leading fashion models, says: "I don't need to spend a lot of time and money on my hair. A weekly shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo is all that's necessary to keep it fresh and clean."

Shampoo each week with

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Elly Lukas follows the golden rule of hair care—she never washes it!

Elly, like so many other beautiful models, always follows the golden rule of hair care . . . she never washes her hair! She *shampoos* it—with "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo.

"Washing" your hair with soap leaves it dull—lifeless. But super-soft "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is made for no other purpose than to clean and *beautify* hair. The gentle formula has been developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. That's why

after your first shampoo you see and feel a thrilling difference in your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out of your hair quickly and completely, leaving it fresher than you've ever known—soft, shining, *clean*.

This weekend do as Elly Lukas does—follow the golden rule of hair care . . . shampoo with "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. You'll love the result.



In 3 sizes—small 2/11, large 4/6. Handy SNIP-PAK—1/- at Chemists and Stores.

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# For Teenagers



**WEARING** the right clothes for the right occasion is an essential part of good manners. It's neither polite nor clever to wear any old thing and hope that your personal charm will compensate for your out-of-key appearance. Here is something for the girls and something for the boys on this important subject.

## FOR THE GIRLS:

**WHO** are you when you're all dressed up? Do you look like you, the individual, with taste and good sense when it comes to buying clothes, or are you a copy of several hundred other girls?

Why wear just what other people wear? You're different from them in looks and personality. Give your individuality a chance to show through. Dress up to it.

If you've left school you're through with school uniforms for life. There's no sense in swapping a serge tunic and blazer for yet another uniform—whether it's a full skirt with three or four petticoats or a tight skirt with a slit in the back seam and jangling earrings.

Wear the clothes that please you—but wear them because they suit you, your age, your personality, your figure—not because all the girls in your set are keen on them.

On the other side of the slate from the "teenager in uniform" is the "juvenile lead."

She's the girl who acts a part. She's probably excited about growing up and wants to do it in one jump instead of in easy stages. She is seen in several easily recognisable disguises.

**The Junior Spy.** This one is really slinky. Her dresses are usually a bit too tight, her jewellery (and there's a lot of it) is startling. She hits the eye, this young Mata Hari, with her exotic make-up and Continental

Express fashions, but she doesn't linger in anyone's mind. Boys in her own age group find her pretty shattering.

**The Fortune Teller.** ("What are the wild waves saying?") Her hair is long and very, very wild. Chances are she has a bad perm. Peasant skirts and rather low-cut, drawstring blouses are her special love. She's fond of hoop earrings and a multiple row of bracelets. She jingles when she walks, and applies make-up enthusiastically.

**The Mannequin.** She haunts the larger cities in hundreds. She wears make-up that a model would wear only in front of the cameras. She wears cut-away shoes to work, and she often looks as though her feet hurt. Her walk is mincing, her clothes are the latest, and she often carries a little square make-up case.

**The Intellectual.** She often wears black velveteen slacks, thong sandals, and a man's shirt. Her hair is usually long and scooped up behind in a pony-tail. She "really doesn't care about clothes" and cultivates a serious-minded look. She wears her uniform at every possible moment.

**The Tomboy.** Baggy suits and skirts, flat-heeled shoes are her favorite wear. Alternative attire is dungaree pants rolled up to mid-calf with a shirt hanging outside them. She is too preoccupied with being "one of the boys" to worry much about make-up.

Well, there you are—gruesome, isn't it?

Boys who take these "juvenile lead" ladies out on a date probably go through agonies of embarrassment through feeling conspicuous. They'd prefer it if you dress as you are—young, pretty, neat, and fresh.

If you feel uncertain of your taste in clothes, go to your parents. Your ideas of fashion may clash with those of your mother, but she will be able to tell you whether or not your outfit is suitable to the occasion.

For the final O.K. go to Dad. After all, it's men you're trying to please.

## FOR THE BOYS:



**SO** you're an all-conquering male and you don't care a hang about clothes. Any old rag will do and the girls can take you as you are or leave you alone.

Well, before long the girls will leave you alone. That's a certainty.

Girls don't ask you to be a Percy Prissyants. But they get tired of casual characters who don't know when to wear what, and who obviously need their mothers to nag them into cleaning their fingernails.

### Male monster

**ARE** you the type who turns up on a date tieless, sloppy-looking in yesterday's sports shirt and your oldest slacks, your socks in accordion-pleats around your ankles?

It's not smart not to care. If Marlon Brando can dress the part of a well-groomed gent, so can you. It's so easy.

Where appearances are concerned, you're lucky. All you have to do is look presentable—hands, nails, and shoes clean, hair tidy, neat suit or sports coat and slacks.

You don't need a big wardrobe, but you need a well-planned one. For your best suit choose a conservative navy, brown, or a good grey flannel.

Make sure the jacket hangs well and gives you plenty of elbow-room, and avoid the kind of "built-in muscles" that make you look like Tarzan's young brother.

Choose carefully a good-looking sports coat which will tone with your sweaters and slacks. Tweed always looks good and seems to be all the rage at the moment.

That takes care of the essentials. Now you can start thinking about the details.

These are important, because girls don't miss a

thing. It's the exception who doesn't register what you're wearing, from the soles of your feet to the crown of your head, with just one up-and-down flick of the eyelashes.

So don't fool yourself that a sun-burst tie will dazzle the customers into not noticing your concertina socks.

### Tasteful type

**ALWAYS** carry two plain white handkerchiefs. If you wear one in your breast pocket it should be inconspicuous instead of hanging out like a flag.

Those fancy matching necktie-handkerchief combinations are strictly for song-and-dance teams. White is always right for handkerchiefs.

Fancy jewellery is not for men. A watch, plain tie-pin, and cuff-links are the maximum you can wear in good taste.

### Careful character

**A FAMOUS** authority on men's fashion once said that a man should take an hour to dress and look as though he took two minutes. In other words, careful informality is the effect to try for. But too careful matching of pattern and colors indicates timidity rather than taste.

Use your imagination when you're dressing for a date, but keep it under control.





# No time out for Ginger

## —vivacious teenage stage-star



Meet Joy ("Ginger") Mitchell . . . the tiny, 15-year-old tomboy who captivated Australian theatre audiences in the popular play, "Time Out For Ginger".

Blue-eyed and brunette, Joy Mitchell, of Nepean Highway, Cheltenham, Victoria, was born in Blackpool, England, and spent a year in New Zealand before coming to Australia in 1952.

Although Joy had only one month's experience on the amateur stage, her natural talent, charm and vitality won her a starring role in "Time Out for Ginger". She was chosen from among 350 other girls who had applied for the job.

### Charm, Vitality

These days there's never a dull moment for "Ginger". She has regular drama lessons, handles all the secretarial work in her father's real estate business — and still manages to enjoy lots of horse-riding.

"My busy days always start with Vegemite on toast for breakfast", says Joy. "I learnt at school that teenagers need certain vitamins every day and I know delicious Vegemite gives them to me."

### Vegemite for Vitality

Vegemite on toast is a delicious way to enjoy the vitamins you need every day because your body can't store them up. These are Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> for healthy nerves, Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> for firm body tissues and Nicotin for clear skin and good digestion. Vegemite is a rich source of these valuable vitamins because it is a pure, concentrated yeast extract — and yeast is the richest known natural source of this precious Vitamin B group.

So, for energy and vitality, enjoy Vegemite every day. Made by Kraft, Vegemite is available everywhere in 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable glasses and the economical 8 and 16-oz. family jar.



# VEGEMITE

## FOR

# Vitality

MADE BY KRAFT KV64



Lucky Mr. Mitchell has a wonderful secretary — his daughter Joy.



After a "shot in the dark" audition Joy won the female lead in the successful Australian version of the Broadway hit, "Time Out For Ginger". Here she is on stage.

## FOR TEENAGERS

# Discs of the month

By BERNARD FLETCHER

Among the best discs of the month is a streamlined trip through the realms of opera — the new soundtrack recording (M.G.M.-02-7508) from the film "Interrupted Melody."

BY now everyone must know that this is the long-delayed story of the life of the Australian soprano Marjorie Lawrence, who, at the height of her fame, was stricken with polio.

She recorded most of the soundtrack herself, and then, after several top-level conferences, it was shelved because it was felt that her voice had lost its former quality.

Eileen Farrell, a singer little known outside a few American musical circles, was then engaged to do the job. Her name, incidentally, does not appear on the record. The anonymous singer goes right through the hoops — as Butterfly ("One Fine Day"), Delilah ("Softly Awakes My Heart"), Musetta ("Bohème"), Leonora ("Trovatore"), Carmen (the Habanera and Seguidilla), Brunnhilde ("Götterdämmerung"), Isolde ("Tristan and Isolde"), and Cherubino ("Figaro").

Finally, apparently just to remind us that Marjorie Lawrence hadn't lost the common touch, we hear Farrell chanting "Over the Rainbow," "The Marines' Hymn," and "Waltzing Matilda."

The odd part about the whole thing is that Eileen Farrell manages to emerge from this "Popera" fruit-salad with distinction, displaying a most unusual range and a voice which has a darker, more sym-

**SOPRANO**  
Eileen Farrell, who scores a hit in the long-playing soundtrack of the Marjorie Lawrence film biography, "Interrupted Melody."



pathetic quality than the prima donna ever had.

ON her most recent LP, recorded at the Cafe de Paris, Marlene Dietrich pays a sentimental tribute to her friend the late Richard Tauber, who was at his peak as a tenor in the early 1930s.

The company which issued his enormously popular 78-r.p.m. discs around that period has now collected eight of his most typical recordings for transfer to a 10-inch LP, called "Great Tauber Songs" (PMBO.1006).

The news will be received joyfully by those who used to



"Why . . . Roger! I was just sitting here hoping you would call."

have a Tauber crush, but, since his was a voice which I always found unappealing on account of its "oiliness," I am slightly less than enthusiastic. Furthermore, today I find his accent irritating.

Nevertheless, for Tauber addicts this disc will no doubt afford an excursion into the

Nostalgia Department. Composer Lehar dominates the record, since the artist sings his "Serenade" from "Frasquita," "O Maiden, My Maiden" and "Wayside Rose" ("Frederica"). "Girls Were Made To Love And Kiss" ("Paganini"), "Waltz Song" ("Merry Widow"), "You Are My Heart's Delight" and "Wolgalied" ("The Czarevitch"). The two remaining bands are given to Schubert's "Serenade" and "Vienna, City of My Dreams."

JUDGING by the overwhelming number of Irving Berlin LP's these days, that astute wizard of show business won't be short of a ready dollar for some centuries to come.

The latest (330SX.7508) concentrates on his waltzes, and twelve of the best known are played on the organ by Jesse Crawford. The maestro takes most of them in somnambulist tempo, so don't get the idea that this platter is one for dancing. It's definitely in the mood-music category.

In half a dozen of the melodies Crawford teams with harpist Ann Stockton, who reminds us what a beautiful instrument the harp can be. Among the numbers you'll hear are "Remember," "Always," "Marie," "All Alone," and "The Girl That I Marry."

The disc can be recommended only to those who like their music played in the light of the "honeymoon."

## Stocking savers

Here are a few handy hints about your nylons . . . how to make them last longer, look better, and wear well.

- Always wash them carefully before wearing, and wear them on the right side. Wearing stockings on the wrong side upsets the tension of the fibres.
- When you first put them on, suspender them loosely while you're getting dressed. This gives the nylon time to stretch and fit your leg. Then, just before going out, adjust them to the desired tension.
- To help keep your stocking seams straight, fasten your back suspenders first.
- A trick that professional models use for keeping their seams straight is to smear a straight line of petroleum jelly up the back of their legs with a finger-tip.
- If you have several odd stockings of various shades, pressure-cook them for ten minutes and you'll find they'll all have become the same shade. You can do this without a

pressure-cooker — just put the stockings in a saucepan, cover them with cold water, boil for ten minutes, and allow the stockings to lie in the water until it is cold.

- Remove rings and bracelets before putting on your stockings.
- When you're buying a new pair of nylons, think carefully about color. Light flesh tones look good with dark-colored clothes, but darker-toned stockings clash badly with light-colored clothes.
- Think, too, about your leg-length. Stockings which are too long for you will sag and wrinkle around your ankles. Too-short stockings will pull on your suspenders, and are uncomfortable.





## Candy Hardy Frock Service TORSO LINE

● Long-torso frock designed for summer days, exclusive to us, in three color combinations.

**F**ASHION'S newest look for teenagers is achieved here in printed calypso cotton, styled with a down-dipped waistline, lean, curved torso, and full skirt.

The dress is moderately priced, is obtainable ready to wear as illustrated (right), and can also be purchased cut out ready to sew.

The cotton is easy to wash and hard to crush. Do not starch it, but press with a moderately warm iron.

The color choice includes pale blue, dark blue, white, and black; pastel green, deep green, and black; pale pink, deep pink, white, and black.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 95/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 96/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 75/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 76/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.



### TO ORDER

● Orders should be addressed to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney; Tasmania and New Zealand orders to the same address. To speed the order, please make a second color choice.

## New idea for shower teas

**H**ERE'S an idea for a shower, suggested by the "Woman's Home Companion."

Ask each guest to bring a basket trimmed with a posy and filled with items needed for one household job. (Different-shaped baskets are also useful later.) If you suggest the categories of gifts each guest should supply, you'll avoid duplications. Here are some suggestions:

### Shoeshine

Make up a basket with an array of black, brown, and white shoe polish, sponge and brushes, small squares cut from a worn bath-towel (good polish applicators). Shoe-laces and spot remover are thoughtful additions.

### Very polished

Fill this basket with glass polish for kitchen equipment, mirrors, and windows, cream or paste polish for furniture and woodwork, and silver polish.

### First-aid

These make life more carefree: ready-made dressings, adhesive tape, gauze pads and rolls, an inexpensive pair of scissors

to cut them, absorbent cotton, rubbing alcohol, and a burn ointment. Best of all is a worry-saving first-aid book.

### Stitch-in-time

Give nimble fingers a basket filled with a tape-measure, hanks of mending cotton and wool, a package of pins, bodkin, darning egg, needles in various sizes. Rolls of elastic and tape for lingerie straps and for mending are handy—so are black and white buttons for the new groom's suits and shirts.

### Keep-it-up

This basket should include hammer, pliers, screwdriver, thumb-tacks, nails, coat and picture hooks, tap washers, a 12-inch ruler, and a carpenter's rule. New fuses and light-bulbs, a flashlight with spare batteries are fine for emergencies

when the lights go out. And who can do without string, cellulose tape, or household cement?

### Wash-day

For this one, packages of blue and starch, boxes of soap flakes and detergents, clothespins and an apron with pockets to hold them help make Monday an easier day for the new bride.



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The season changes—so does fashion. Now you are planning your new wardrobe, remember that only a well-groomed figure can set off those elegant new styles.

There is a lovely Gossard foundation for every figure, creating a smooth, moulded line with the lightest possible touch.

2053. High-fashion corsetette, in firm honeycomb elastic with downstretch satin elastic front and back and 'Narroline' side panels. Embroidered Nylon marquisette bra. A diamond-shaped reinforcement hugs the waistline at back for a sleeker line. For average figures in bust sizes 33 to 40. White. £6/18/- ea.



2005. Comfort and control is the theme of this Gossard Lastex and Leno elastic garment. For the Heavier Figure and not a single bone. Embroidered Nylon Marquisette bust section and padded adjustable shoulder straps. 33-40. White and Nude. £8/5/- ea.

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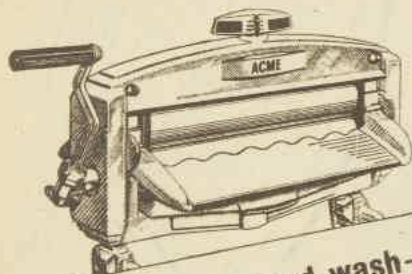
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# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● New in teenage fashions for spring is a one-piece frock with a longer, slimmer body line and restrained skirt fullness — all this plus a crisp white accent to meet the first sunny day.

IN my mail bag there have been a great many requests from readers for a spring frock to make from a pattern, so I have chosen for them the design illustrated at right.

Here is a typical letter and my reply:

"I AM in my late teens and budget-conscious as well as fashion-conscious—the former from necessity. My problem is a style for a frock I can make myself, and is not too exaggerated. I want it ready for spring, so would like to get under way with the making. I have a 34in. bust measurement."

I do hope you will like the design I have chosen in answer to your query. I think it is one of the prettiest silhouettes in current fashions. Readers can obtain a paper pattern which includes an easy-to-follow step-by-step instruction chart. See lines under sketch for further details, and how to order.

"MY problem is an idea for a beige wool coat. The material is fairly fine quality wool. As I am having the coat made rather late for winter wear, I will require a style suitable for early spring."

A Paris-inspired coat, narrowed and neat, would be a perfect design for pre-spring wear, and, furthermore, it would carry over fashionably into autumn. Have the coat made with a rounded, natural shoulder-line, narrow, set-in sleeves, and the sides slashed from low-placed pockets. By the way, you have chosen a fashionable spring color. All pale sandy shades are chic in Paris.

"I HAVE in my possession enough charcoal wool jersey for a soft spring suit, and would like an idea for the design. I want it rather plain with perhaps a touch of color. I take an S.S.W. fitting."

I suggest a two-piece jersey suit with an easy, slim-line



D.S.148.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast pleated edging. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

jacket smoothly fitted and designed with set-in, narrow sleeves, and the front fastened with a zipper. Have the neck-line of the jacket rounded and finished with a roll collar with Ascot tie-ends. A flash of color could be introduced in

the lining of the Ascot tie. Deep apricot looks well with charcoal-grey. Have the skirt narrow, and wrapped at the back for ease in walking.

"MUST the new slightly waisted longer jacket be worn with a narrow skirt? I would also like to know what colored blouse I could wear with a deep chocolate-brown suit."

The skirt need not necessarily be narrow. An easy-fitted jacket in an adaptation of the A-line can be worn over a box-pleated skirt. I

suggest a blouse in apricot or a brown-and-white print to complement your chocolate-brown suit.

"COULD you tell me if separates are suitable for town wear? I live outside a large country town and generally visit this centre on Saturday. The outfit will be for warm weather. I am aged 18 years and have not much cash for clothes."

Certainly have an outfit of separates. For casual daytime wear there is nothing smarter. For example, you could have a sleeveless striped blouse and a flared skirt in a plain color, plus a slim skirt in matching stripes. Pastel colors are new for stripes. Lilac and white, yellow and white, pink and white are all worth considering. It is really a matter of what suits your own coloring.



## Oily Skin? ashamed of it?

Then do something about it now! Use this special new de-oiling treatment recommended by skin doctors.

Every night and morning, after washing your face—smooth a lavish coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over face. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off dead skin flakes. Excess oil is gone. Tiny glands can function normally. Leave cream on one minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls report . . . "My skin looks so clean now!" "No more oily look!" PV38



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safest for all silver

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SILVER POLISH

## When Kidneys Work Too Often

Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Headache, Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Interrupted Sleep, Cries under the Eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to overworked kidneys and bladder troubles. The very first dose of Cystex, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work overhauling these troubles in 2 weeks. Quickly kills germs causing trouble. 2 Cents out of poisonous acids. 3 Strengthening and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

## Beauty in Brief: Care of the fingertips

By Carolyn Earle

Queries on the best method of handling nail-lacquer crop up from time to time. If you have a problem this may be the solution.

- When applying nail-polish do the most difficult hand first which is usually the right. Allow about 10 minutes between coats.
- Always shake the bottle before applying nail-lacquer, then tip it endways for a few seconds. This prevents air-bubbles caused by shaking.
- In order to get the true color of nail-lacquer, two coats must be applied.
- A fresh layer of colorless lacquer added daily gives added protection to the polish, and also helps to maintain lustre.
- Polish will not chip along the tip of the nail if you carry the base and top coats over, under, and around the tip.
- Nail-polish must not be thinned with polish-remover. This breaks down the ingredients of the polish. Use solvent intended for this purpose.
- When cold weather increases nail breakage, a light once-over every day with an emery board, plus plenty of lubricating cream around the fingernails each night, helps counter the condition.





TEENAGE Anne Mansfield, who conquered a terrible disability to become belle of the ball when she made her debut in Bundaberg.

BRUSHING her hair with a hairbrush gripped in her toes, Anne prepares for a dance. Anne has no arms, but years of using her feet in place of hands have given her astonishingly supple legs, feet, and ankles.

## Normal life for a handicapped girl

By ISLA BROOK

If you feel life has treated you harshly—that your luck's not good or you've never had a chance—consider the case of Anne Mansfield and take heart.

ANNE MANSFIELD is 17. She's the pretty, intelligent, and much-loved youngest child of a family of seven. With her parents and one brother, Pat, she lives in a comfortable home in Bundaberg, Queensland.

In many ways Anne is like thousands of other pretty girls belonging to prosperous and indulgent families. But Anne has two rare differences from most other pretty girls. One is her courage. The other is her handicap.

Anne has no arms. She was born without them. All her life dozens of little things, even such trifles as picking up a pin or slapping a mosquito, haven't been easy and everyday for Anne.

That doesn't mean she can't do them. She can. By using her feet.

And that's where courage comes in—Anne's courage and the courage of her family, particularly of her mother, Mrs. E. Mansfield.

When Anne was born on February 12, 1938, Mrs. Mansfield already had six children—three boys and three girls, all healthy and normal. For the first few days after her youngest baby was born, Mrs. Mansfield will tell you, the shock of finding she had no arms was almost unbearable.

Then Mrs. Mansfield, a deeply religious woman, faced reality. She decided that the baby must grow up as much as possible like any other child. She would never be regarded as an invalid.



WASHING-UP while her mother, Mrs. E. Mansfield, watches. Anne sits on a tall stool. Every week she writes letters with a pen held between her toes to her two brothers and three sisters, who live away from Bundaberg.

"Anne herself was our greatest help in this," Mrs. Mansfield says. "Even as a tiny child she started helping herself. As soon as she could sit up, which she did at the same age as other babies, she started picking things up with her toes."

After a splendid school career, in which she passed with well-above-average results in all her examinations, Anne is now at home helping her mother and enjoying the plentiful social life of Bundaberg.

In June she made her debut

at the town's annual Catholic ball wearing a beautiful nylon organza frock made for her by her mother and a neighbor.

Since her debut she has been busy with parties and dances. Like most other girls at home helping mother, Anne has many chores in the house.

Washing-up, sweeping, dusting, arranging the flowers are all part of her daily tasks. For all of them she uses her toes as her fingers.

Writing regular letters to her two brothers and three sisters who are away from home is another regular occupation.

Though she has a typewriter and can use it efficiently, mostly she writes with a pen, sitting on a chair and resting the paper on a small, portable desk she has had from babyhood.

This desk and a tall bar stool are the only special aids Anne has.

From her stool she does the washing-up and the ironing effortlessly and expertly. She also uses it when she's cooking, an art her mother is now teaching her.

But, remarkable as she is in all the things she can do, what impressed me most about Anne Mansfield was not the variety of her accomplishments. It was her outlook. There's no self-pity in Anne's clear eyes, no hint that she feels life has treated her harshly.

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Within seconds of fluttering from the packet, these new, gossamer-fine Lux flakes dissolve completely . . . your gay hand-knits, delicate sheers, silks and nylons will all last longer, face a lovelier future with a regular dip in creamy Lux suds. Dishes, too, gleam and glisten in jet-time with faster-dissolving Lux. And your hands will thank you prettily, too, because Lux is so safe.

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U.418.WW122q

## PRETTY WAYS WITH POSIES



LONG HAIR, whether it's fair or dark, deserves a romantic treatment for night-time. Wear it swept up, decorated with a posy of field flowers and pale leaves (left), or with a single white rose and a headband of glossy rose leaves (right).



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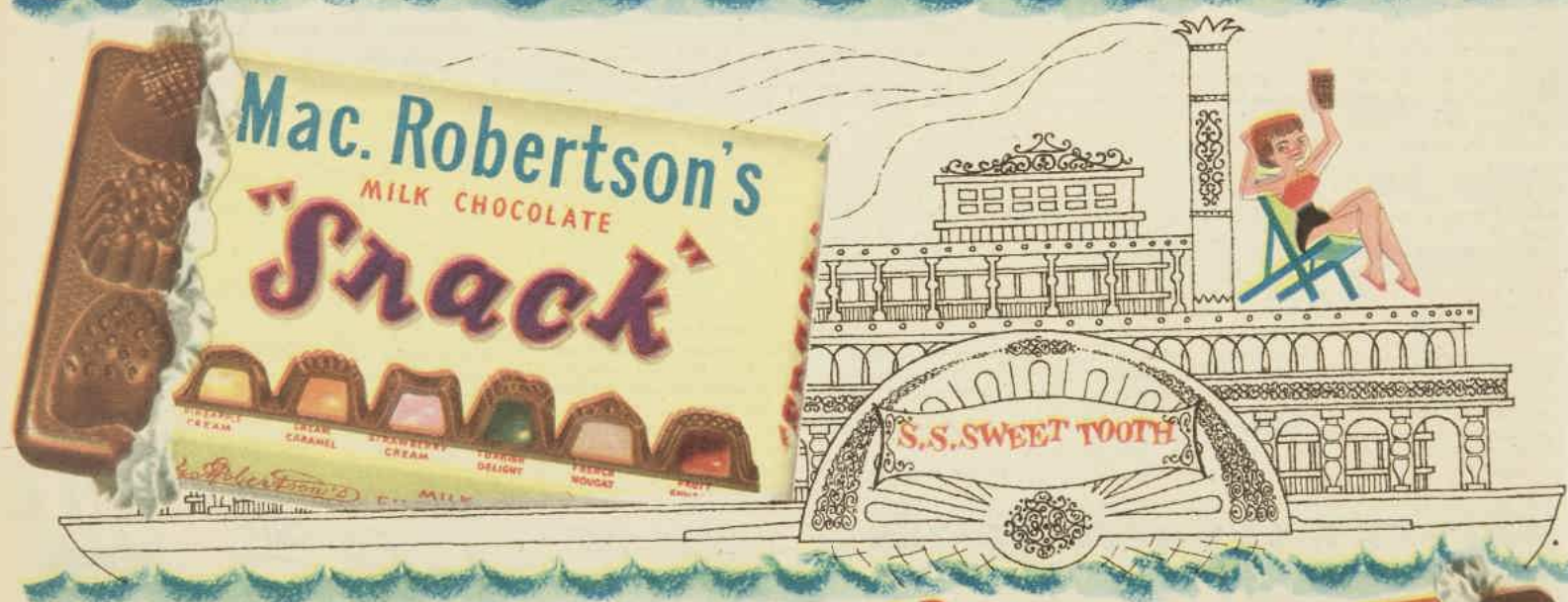
WHAT CAN I COOK  
THEM TODAY?

No more worrying for new ideas and recipes—just cut out the cookery feature that appears every week in The Australian Women's Weekly and you'll soon have a brand-new cookery book!



**TAKE YOURSELF  
ON A  
PLEASURE TRIP  
TODAY...**

Sail into your local  
confectioner's for a  
Mac.Robertson favourite



Like Milk Chocolate? — Then go full steam ahead for Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate — "it tastes milkiest of all". In the new ¼-lb. block — or in the handy 1/- roll-pack called "Niblets".

Maybe you'd like a treat for your "sweet tooth" — then take aboard Mac. Robertson's new "Snack", with 6 different, delicious centres.

And how about some cargo for the folks back home while you're there — get them that coconut and cherry favourite — "Cherry Ripe". It's coated with "Old Gold" chocolate.





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Wax instead of ordinary face cream.  
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TEENAGE SECTION

# Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

One thing that many girls lose sight of when they're beginning to have dates is that boy-friends are primarily friends, so the same ordinary rules of courtesy apply as to girl-friends.

**H**ERE, for instance, is a girl who is so perplexed about a date that she's making a difficulty about the simple ordinary question as to who should answer the door when a boy-friend calls.

She writes:

"WOULD you please advise me when you could ask your boy-friend home to tea? I have been out with a boy once and will be going out of an afternoon with him and most likely in the evening, and as I live ten miles away he has to let me go home and have tea and then come back. This seems terrible to me and yet I don't seem to know him properly yet to ask him in to tea. Also when you have a date and your boy-friend comes to take you out, are you supposed to bring him in when he knocks or is your mother or father supposed to answer the door?"

Mary, Tasmania.

Your second question first: Anyone can answer the door—you or your parents. There's no special rule in the case of boy-friends.

For the first question: Most girls wait until they know a boy better before they ask him to a meal. But yours are special circumstances because of the distance.

If you are definitely going out with him in the evening as well as in the afternoon, suggest to him that he stay at your place for tea.

Do it this way: Get in touch with him beforehand and point out to him that he'll spend half the time travelling

if he has to call for you twice, and ask him would he like to stop at your place for tea.

This is perfectly proper and he'll probably welcome the suggestion. Only a very vain and silly boy would read anything more than friendliness and consideration into the invitation.

Don't ever forget, too, that men like their comfort and hate to be inconvenienced.

(I presume that your mother has okayed the arrangement and won't mind laying the extra place for tea.)

**H**ERE'S another girl who forgets that the boy she's interested in is a human being:

"I AM a girl of 18 who knows a boy of 21 fairly well, but find I'm really



"When he answers, tell him you're me and ask him what he thinks of you; and after he tells you, tell him you're really you and ask him what he thinks of me."

tongue-tied when it comes to speaking to him, so that neither of us can start off a conversation. As I'd really like to make an impression on him would you please mind helping me?"

Anxious, Parramatta.

How do you talk to any-

one? Try to get the conver-  
sation going in the same way  
as you try with anyone else.

Concentrate on his interests if you like. Get him started on his pet subject. If it's football, ask him if he saw any of the visiting teams. If it's his job, ask him what hours he works and if it's a difficult job. Specific questions like these help to get someone started.

Be prepared also, if he starts talking, to try to make some answer more than "yes" or "no" to any remark he makes.

Perhaps, at this very moment, he's complaining to a friend that he likes you very much but that he finds you terribly hard to talk to.

"I AM wondering what is the correct age to start wearing powder and lipstick, etc. Also, should you wear nylons before you start wearing make-up?"

R., Victoria.

This depends on how old you look. Some girls are early developers and are quite grown-up at 14. Others seem children still.

Generally, most girls of 15 are wearing a little lipstick and powder for parties.

I think that nylons, too, should be for parties only before you leave school. They certainly shouldn't be worn before 14.

I may be a bit old-world in my opinions, so check with your mother about your case.

One thing I'm positive about. Nylons and make-up look as unsuitable with a school uniform as a felt hat with a ballerina.

## OUR TEENAGE WRITERS

**L**AST month no teen-  
ager's short story  
reached publication stan-  
dard. This month, how-  
ever, we were able to  
feature one by Beryl  
Rogers. (See page 7.)

Beryl, a Melbourne school-  
girl, wrote our first teenager  
story, which was published in  
July last year. She now be-  
comes the first of our teenage  
writers to have a second story  
accepted.

You will find answers to  
various queries you have  
made in the accompanying  
panel. Do please note our re-  
quirements carefully, though.

For instance, many teen-  
agers still send stories written  
on both sides of the paper.  
They will never be accepted.

The best setting-out for a  
typed story is double-spacing  
on white quarto-sized paper.  
Foolscap is not such a good  
size, and white is always pre-  
ferable to greens, pinks, or the

other hectic colors some have  
sent.

The following are specially  
commended for their stories:

J.K., Brighton, S.A.: Very  
good attempt. Good presen-  
tation. Theme not quite effec-  
tive.

D.W., Manjimup, W.A.:  
Promising. Some bright work.  
General treatment not up to  
standard.

K.M., Chatwood, N.S.W.:  
Well written, with good feel-  
ing of drama. Theme too  
slight and atmospheric.

**TEENAGERS** are invited to submit short short  
stories for publication in our monthly teenage  
issues.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one  
must bear the author's name, address, and age, must  
be typed or written on one side of the paper only,  
and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed  
envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case  
of return.

The story must also have a statement written and  
endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the  
story is the teenager's own original unaided work,  
and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given in the teenage issues  
on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism  
cannot be given.

Stories are judged at full adult publication stan-  
dard.

# NO MORE TEARS from SOAP IN THE EYES



## New JOHNSON'S BABY SHAMPOO

It's the quickest, easiest  
way to bring hair sparkling  
clean with none of the old  
fuss and bother.

Johnson's Baby  
Shampoo has a different  
action... and it just  
can't burn or irritate  
the eyes! It washes  
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up swollen congested parts. Get  
ManZan now for lasting relief.

**ManZan**

With special nozzle applicator 4/-  
a tube at Chemists everywhere.

## SPECIAL FOR TEENAGERS

Teenagers in the know make  
a point of following the  
special teenage section in The  
Australian Women's Weekly.  
There's helpful advice from  
Kay Melaun, delicious recipes  
by Debbie, and Candy Hardy's  
special pattern offers.



# Versatility Unlimited

The look that wins the day in spring and summer fashion is versatile — it can be a straight, lean line, semi-fitted with a lowered waist, or gently curved with a "blown-up" skirt. The party-look is one of airy lightness, crisp or floating—either way it is sure to be extraordinarily pretty.—Candy Hardy



**NOSEGAY** stripes (above) alternate with blue and white in a dress for summer days and evenings. Fashion note: The just-off-shoulder bateau neckline and tiny sleeves. Pastel - blue pumps and pink beads complete this charming ensemble.



**TWO** dresses (left) for in town or away. Both have fashion's newest look—the lowered waistline achieved by way of a wide, shaped belt. Both dresses are worn with twisted ropes of colored beads and new pastel-colored pumps.

**BLUE**, the sure sign of spring, is used in two tones, light and dark, for the one-piece (left). The dress is beltless, the waistline dropped, the skirt "full blown." The light blue hat is matched to the bodice yoke.





**MORE** spring blue (right) for a two-piece suit made in linen-like rayon finished with a crisp white collar. The suit accents the natural waistline and is worn with white wrist-length gloves and a matching hat.



**SLEEVELESS** dress with its shirt collar and crisp bow (above, left) is proof positive that black-and-white has a cool summer freshness. The coat (right) is chic and lean, buttoned in pearly-white to match the white chiffon cravat.



**TRIO** of informal party dresses (right) in the mood of a spring evening, flower-printed in soft greys, beige, and blues. All are cool, with a bare-arm look. Summer note: Muted pastels look wonderful against a tanned skin.



**NEW!**

# pin-Quick

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

A special Pin-Curl Home Permanent for  
**soft, casual curls**  
*particularly for modern, short hair styles*



**SO MUCH EASIER, QUICKER!** All you need is Pin-Quick and bobby pins . . . no unwinding . . . no curlers . . . no re-setting. When hair is dry, just brush out. **NO HELP NEEDED!**



**YOU'LL BE IN FASHION.** It's no effort at all to keep in line with today's softer, more casual hair styles. Just put up your hair in bobby pins—and follow Pin-Quick's simple directions.

## You can do it yourself with bobby pins—a perm and set all in one!

If you can put up your hair in bobby pins, you can easily give yourself a new Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick—the pin-curl home permanent specially developed for today's carefree hair styles.

### NO UNWINDING—NO RE-SETTING—DRIES IN MINUTES!

No other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl-Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style. Dries in minutes instead of hours . . . use a hair dryer, go out in the sun, or sit in front of a radiator, fire or warm oven. Magic Curl-Control makes Pin-Quick the only permanent you can quick-dry. Richard Hudnut's Magic Curl-Control sets the wave in your hair, and curls ends naturally and gracefully in the simple hair styles so fashionable today! Magic Curl-Control works to lock in and set each curl. It stays in the hair—is not rinsed out. It conditions the hair, keeps it healthier, springier and stronger.

**LOVELY FINAL RESULT!** Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh, with no unpleasant after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken-soft. Ask for new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut for soft, casual, natural-looking curls.



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Chemists and Stores everywhere sell Pin-Quick, the amazing new, simple, easy-to-do home permanent by Richard Hudnut, **12/-**

**You can help them**



**BEAUTIFUL BARNARDO CHILDREN** and their dogs. The lucky dog in the centre is "Chippy," who is a Barnardo boy himself; the other two are strays who are making an effort to have themselves adopted. You can help these children by entering our Cookery Contest. See the conditions below that may win you a prize, and enter now.

## OUR COOKERY CONTEST

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY** Cookery Contest in aid of the Barnardo Homes in Australia is winning an amazing response.

You don't have to be an expert cook to enter. Even if you have had no experience in the kitchen you can enter and stand a chance of winning one of the wonderful prizes and helping the Barnardo children.

There are five sections in the contest, and you can enter as many recipes as you like in any or all sections. The sections are:

1. Cakes and biscuits.
2. Desserts.
3. Main dish of meat or fish.
4. Buffet dishes.
5. Best entry submitted by a man in any section.

The entire proceeds from the contest will go to help the worth-while cause of the Barnardo Homes in Australia.

There are three Barnardo Homes in Australia, all in New South Wales, which house children sent out from the "parent" homes in Great Britain.

The homes, begun by Dr. Barnardo to care for orphaned and destitute children, are helping to provide Australia with the best kind of migrants she can possibly get.

These future citizens come to Australia when they are between 6 and 15 years of age.

They are cared for in the homes in Australia, educated, and finally sent out to work as young Australians.

In every State in Australia there are now men and women in all walks of life who are former Barnardo children. Many have served Australia in the armed forces.

Further details of our contest will be given in the Del Cartwright Show on Station 2CH at 12 noon each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

### These are the prizes

#### GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

for best entry in any section

A STANDARD 10 CADET car with registration and third party insurance paid for 12 months, valued at approximately £909.

#### GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

A 10-cubic-foot CROSLLEY AUTOMATIC SHELVADE refrigerator, valued at approximately £220.

#### SECTIONAL PRIZES

##### FIRST PRIZES

Section 1. An English Electric Ritemp automatic range, valued at £120.

Section 2. National of California venetian blinds, valued at £100.

Section 3. A Wilkins Servis Superheat washing machine, valued at £116.

Section 4. An H.M.V. "Intermezzo" three-speed radiogram, valued at 109 guineas.

Section 5. Wardrobe of Anthony

Squires men's clothes, to a total value of £100

#### SECOND PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.

A Hoover cylindrical vacuum-cleaner, valued at £36.

Section 5. A Sunbeam Shave-master, valued at £14.

#### THIRD PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.

A Sunbeam Mixmaster, valued at approximately £27/6/.

#### FOURTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.

A Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer unit, valued at approximately £17/10/.

#### FIFTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.

A Namco "Magician" pressure-cooker, valued at £6/18/6.

(No third, fourth, or fifth prizes will be awarded in Section 5).

#### CONSOLATION PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.

£5 worth of Revlon beauty products.

#### PROGRESS PRIZES

A £10 prize will be awarded each week.

## HOW YOU MAY ENTER

1. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

2. Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper containing a recipe entered in the contest.

3. Write clearly at the top of each sheet the section in which the recipe is entered.

4. Attach one 1/- stamp to each recipe submitted.

5. You can send in as many entries as you wish in any or

all of the five sections, but remember that each recipe must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.

6. Mark envelope containing your entry, "The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest."

7. Send your entries, with stamps attached, to—  
BOX 7052,  
G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Full proceeds from the contest will go to the Barnardo Homes.

## CONDITIONS

Members of the staff of Consolidated Press and allied companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decision.

Closing date of this contest will be September 30, 1955.



# DEBBIE MAKES SAUSAGE ROLLS

● Debbie, our teenage chef, this month shows how to make her favorite cold-weather party snack—rich and spicy sausage rolls with a puff pastry casing.



MIX 1lb. sausage meat with 2 tablespoons flour; flavor with tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley, ½ grated onion. Simmer for 8 minutes. Turn out to cool.



CUT 6oz. chilled shortening into 8oz. sifted self-raising flour. Add sufficient milk to make pliable dough, mix with a knife blade. Knead lightly, roll thinly, half at a time, cut into strips 3in. or 4in. wide with floured knife.



PLACE spoonfuls of sausage mixture, each a good inch apart, down centre of each strip. Use a teaspoon for narrow strips (small rolls), a dessertspoon for wider strips (large rolls). Leave space at sides to fold pastry over.



BRUSH one edge of pastry with milk or water. Fold dry edge of pastry on to meat, then fold moistened edge over, enclosing the meat. Press lightly with the back of a knife to keep edges together. Brush the top of each roll with milk.



PRESS back of knife blade lightly on to pastry between mounds of meat, then cut carefully right through pastry, making separate rolls. Place rolls on an ungreased oven-tray, bake in a hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.



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**\* Apricot Crumb Custard**  
1½ cups breadcrumbs or cake crumbs  
2 eggs  
1 tin "TONGALA" Evaporated Milk  
¼ cup water  
1 tablespoon sugar  
½ teaspoon vanilla  
Apricot halves  
Chopped nuts  
Beat one whole egg and 1 egg yolk with evaporated milk, water, sugar and ½ vanilla. Pour over crumbs in greased pie dish. Stand dish in tray of warm water and bake in moderate oven until set. Arrange apricot halves on top, decorate with meringue made with remaining egg white and extra sugar. Return to oven until meringue is set, sprinkle with chopped nuts, serve hot.



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A simple way to make a simple dish with a delightful difference

## KEEN'S SAUSAGES CREOLE

8 to 10 sausages  
1 onion, sliced  
1 tablespoon flour  
3 dessertspoons vinegar  
1 level dessertspoon of brown sugar  
1 tablespoon fruit chutney  
1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire sauce  
1 teaspoon KEEN'S MUSTARD  
1½ cups water  
salt and pepper

Prick sausages with fork, brown in hot fat, take out, place in saucepan. Brown onion in the fat, add to sausages. Stir flour into remaining fat and brown well. Add all other ingredients, well mixed together. Stir until boiling, pour over sausages. Cover and simmer gently half-an-hour. Serves 4 or 5.

Original recipe prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

**KEEN'S MUSTARD**

makes all the difference





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house kept the front door open behind them; but that made little difference.

The policeman at the door cupped his hands and shouted into the foetid black hole, and presently there appeared two men in dirty overalls. One came from a black cave to the right, where all I could see were stacks and piles and masses of I did not yet know what, except for bundles of crumbling newspapers; and the second man came cautiously down the stairs, lighting his way with a strong electric torch and watching his footing.

He did not touch the banister, which had once, apparently, been a handsome turned rail and was now leaning crazily out over the hall, with some of its posts dangling and the rest missing altogether. He shook his head slowly as he joined me and stepped outside for some air and a cigarette.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Wycherly," he said. "Mr. Cullom said you'd probably be here today." Cullom was Seymour Holt's lawyer. "My name's Deering. My partner here is Sam Blyfeld." Each man pulled a soiled work glove from his right hand, making a disgusted face; we shook hands and Deering said, "Some mess, eh?"

"How do you know what you're doing?" I asked. Deering showed a denim cap to the back of his head and took a deep breath of the outside air. "I wish I did know," he said.

"We think we're looking for Randall Holt," said Blyfeld. "Any clues?"

Both men shook their heads. Deering answered, "Just a hunch, but we've all got the same one. Cullom too. He's had lines out all over any place the man might be. So has the department. But if you ask me, he's right in there."

They explained why the search had to be so slow and so cautious. It was on account of the booby-traps. The rooms, in so far as they had been able to get into them, had been filled up by a consistent plan, a weird example of methodical madness. There was a groundwork of objects, beginning with the furniture which had first belonged in each room, but dressed by a wild assortment of things such as had been thrown out of a second-story window and listed in "The Times" the day I had read it all out to Gianfranco Pozzi.

Between and around on top of this mass were the bundled newspapers, tightly jammed all the way to the ceiling, and solidly from wall to wall, except for the tunnels that had been built to thread them. There was no recognisable plan about the tunnels, they existed as the only means of getting through or across the rooms; sometimes they were curved, sometimes short and straight and turned at sharp angles. Everywhere they were punctuated by booby-traps, horrible, cunning contrivances of string and wire and old automobile parts and pieces of broken furniture.

Deering and Blyfeld explained that some of the traps were just alarms, rigged up with empty tin cans and old bottles intended to rumble down and warn the brothers of intruders. But other traps, said Deering, were deadly—connected with ropes which would pull over into the tunnel half a ton of bundled newspapers and block it entirely.

"Does anybody know why all the newspapers?" I asked. I had been wondering how that had started.

"Sure," said Blyfeld. "Old Randall wasn't such a mystery around the neighborhood here. Some of those folks out there used to know him. They say he'd sit out on the stoop and he'd talk to people if he felt like it. He used to talk about his brother."

"Do you suppose he made sense?"

"Depends on what you call sense, I guess," said Deering. "Look inside here and you know the poor devil was nuts. Listen to what they say he said, and you feel quite sorry for him. Funny the way we talk as if he was dead for sure—but I bet he is."

"About the papers," said Blyfeld, "that makes you feel kind of sorry for him, but it sure shows he was cracked. He took care of old Seymour like a baby and Seymour seems to be the reason for a lot of all this. He was blind, I guess you heard that. And Randall had this one notion, stubborn as a mule. He said he was sure he was going to cure Seymour's blindness, and after he got his sight back he'd want to read all the papers so he'd know everything he'd missed in thirty-five years. Can you tie that?"

Deering looked at his watch. "We might as well call it a day," he said to Blyfeld; and to me, "Mr. Cullom says you'll be around while we're doing this on account of the things the bank is looking for. If you mean to get very far inside that place—" he gestured at the foul-smelling cavern behind us. "You'd better wear an outfit like ours. This beats anything I've ever had to do, and I've done plenty. Me for a bath, boys—a couple of baths. So long."

**N**EXT day I really joined the search. Before it ended I had been twelve whole days in that house with Deering and Blyfeld and their helpers from the police and sanitation departments. They looked for Randall Holt and I looked for anything which would induce Renata Tosi to meet the conditions of Seymour Holt's will. That, at least, was my first objective. I might have had more peace of mind since, and much more time for my own work, if I had been able to confine my interest in the Holt story to the matter of Seymour's will.

But follow if you can what was happening in my reasoning as we dug out a series of pianos—two, three, seven, fourteen finally; or trunks full of mouldering but still spectacular women's clothes; the chassis of an automobile; masses of printed and manuscript music with hair-fine scribbles on the disintegrating margins in the hand which I soon learned to know was Randall's; or a cookery notebook kept by the mother of the Holts, where there were irrelevant entries in a different hand, the meaning of which was a startling clue to some of what I learned.

What should I think of a thing they told me was a Kid-die Kar of the earliest vintage; or a nursery icebox and a baby's bathtub and I forgot how many

prams of various kinds? Why did the house contain so many market baskets, all alike, all of a certain odd, rounded shape and one of them, found inside the belly of a rusted kerosene stove, with a shred of once pink ribbon tied to its handle?

The deep tin bathtub of the early seventies was rusted through in ugly holes, and lying face down in the bottom of it there was a child's desk, to which had been affixed a heavy brass lock. The thing was covered by masses of refuse layered between old plush portieres, burst bed-pillows, and rags. A rat leaped from the mess as the men poked at it, and vanished into the rotten wall. That little desk when we broke it open held too many of Randall's secrets for their discoverer to shrug them off and go his way.

Nobody could help brooding about all this, and wondering, and putting together the immense mass of tangible evidence which proved what the lives of the Holts had been. But brooding leaves me just where I have been for a long time, preoccupied, haunted, compelled beyond my will to follow those twisted lives from their youth to their desolate age. It is not the facts, fantastic as they are, which drive and prod at my imagination; but how these human characters were the causes and the victims of the facts and of their own fates.

I am sure I know what happened to those people and how and why they became in the end what they did. I have the instinct to follow the workings of cause and effect, and also the instinct to make order. The result of all this is that I see and feel the story that I would write. This is the way it seems to me, this is what I think, what I sense, what my imagination weaves out of what I have seen . . .

Seymour thought Grand-mama must have forgotten that he was there in his favorite play-place under the round table with the twisting legs and the thick fringed plush cover which hung down to the carpet. Inside it was dark and warm and secret. Seymour could pretend this place to be whatever he chose—a robbers' cave, a railway tunnel, the coal-hole of a ship.

This afternoon it had been a mine full of gold and silver and wonderful colored jewels.

He was busy picking out diamonds, the white threads in the fancy carpet, when he heard Papa's heavy step crossing the room. It stopped beside Grand-mama's chair near the window.

"Why, John," she said, "you are home early today."

"Yes," Seymour heard a soft creak as his father sat down in the tufted armchair opposite

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Grandmama. "Yes, I suppose. I rather thought I would be in time for tea with Lily."

"She is in the drawing-room," said Grandmama's tight, cross voice. "She did not have tea with me today."

"Yes, I heard her playing. I came straight upstairs."

"Lily is too old to take piano lessons," said Grandmama.

"She loves music," said Papa.

"She can hear music at the opera like everybody else. There is no need for her to take these ridiculous lessons. It is unsuitable for a married woman; and who is this Mr. Malvern, this person who comes here?" Grandmama's voice was low, but very sharp.

"Oh, Mother, I don't think it matters. Just a music teacher."

"I thoroughly disapprove," said Grandmama. "This is not the first time I have spoken about this, John. I think you should put a stop to her nonsense."

Seymour had forgotten about his musing now. He simply sat cross-legged and listened.

"Mother," he heard Papa say in his "patient" voice. Seymour was clever about voices—he had learned how much they can say almost without words. "Mother, don't you think you are a little hard on Lily? She is so young—"

"Too young," snapped Grandmama. "And it's high time she grew up. She'll make a fool of you, John. You'll have brought it on yourself, to be sure—what can have made you do it?"

"I love her," Papa spoke slowly. "That's perfect nonsense. One doesn't marry for such a reason. You were quite old enough to know better—you had me to warn you. Now that you've got a flighty, silly creature on your hands you will have to put some sense into her."

"Lily is artistic," said Papa. "She loves music."

"Music! It's that foreign blood; that's what it is. You should never have married her."

"Mother, please! You do exaggerate so. You had nothing against Lily before; you've said so yourself. The Randalls were always our friends and one French grandmother must we go over all that again?"

"You were well enough off as you were," Seymour had to inch forward and put his head down to the fringe of the plush table-cover to hear that. He felt choked, and hot, but he would not try to go away now; he would not dare to.

"Please don't say that again, Mother. It's a pity we can't all be happy together. You love the boys."

"Very much," said Grandmama in a tone so hard that eight-year-old Seymour flinched. "That is why I think Lily might well stop being so 'artistic' and devote herself more to her responsibilities."

Seymour waited a long time before he heard Papa say, "I wonder if you know how little chance you give her."

"John!"

"It's true, Mother. I've tried to say it before. Lily hasn't got a house to run, or anything to be responsible for, not even the boys, between you and Nana."

"Nana! Did you think I would let a twenty-year-old girl choose a nurse when Seymour was born?"

"No, I don't think so. But if you don't let Lily run the house or manage her own children, what is she to do?"

"She can do as I say. She can learn from me."

"She has tried," Seymour knew from the tight feeling in his own throat that Papa must

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be trying not to say something. Seymour could hear the loud, slow breathing that Grandmama always made when she was cross.

He heard Papa cough and sat quickly. "Sooner or later we'll have to change all this, Mother. I—we—Lily and the boys and I—ought to have a house of our own."

Seymour listened even more closely. This was a surprising idea. He heard his grandmother say, "And what about your promise? You haven't forgotten it, of course, so I take it your fool of a wife has been as you again. I'll not hear of it, John."

Then Seymour had to wait a long, long time. He knew exactly how Grandmama and Papa were sitting there, stiff and angry, looking so much alike with their narrow foreheads frowning and their mouths shut tight. At last he heard Papa stand up and say, "Well, I'm going upstairs to see the boys."

"Yes," said Grandmama. "It's almost time for their supper. I must go and see whether this new cook has made their broth properly."

Seymour heard the loud rustling of her skirts as she rose from her chair. He was quite frightened. They were both going up to the day nursery, and when they found he was not there, someone would go at once to look for him. He mustn't be found here. And while he was wondering what to do, he thought quickly of Mama. Somehow she seemed in more danger than he. He had a feeling that he wanted to run and warn her. He held his breath while he listened to Grandmama and Papa leaving the room and starting up the stairs.

When they were nearly at the top, Seymour scuttled from under the table, ran across the room and down the thickly

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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carpeted stairs to the drawing-room, as fast as he could. He was very quiet. He heard the piano as he slithered down the stairs. He did not know just what he was going to say to Mama, but he knew he wanted to rush to her and throw his arms round her and whisper, "Be careful, watch out. Be careful of Grandmama."

He opened the door and slipped into the drawing-room, shutting the door behind him. He ran towards Mama at the piano. He was in a hurry to tell her. But he stopped. She was sitting there with Mr. Malvern on a chair beside her, and Seymour was startled to see that she had Randall on her lap. She was guiding Randall's right hand and nodding and smiling as his tiny fingers struck the keys.

"You see?" cried Mama, turning to Mr. Malvern. "It is true, don't you see? See how he takes to it."

Seymour wanted to cry out, "Mama!" But he could not. He stood there and watched her and that man with the bushy whiskers nodding and beaming over Randall, and it didn't seem to matter any more that he had something to tell Mama.

He gathered his feet tight together and bent his knees and jumped as high as he could in the air, coming down with a crash on his copper-toed boots. At the same time he shouted "BOO!"

Mama shrieked. Mr. Malvern jumped to his feet. Randall began to cry.

"Seymour!" cried Mama. "How you frightened me." She left her piano stool, setting Randall on his feet, and went across to Seymour.

"Boo!" he roared again. "Boo! BOO!"

Mama knelt beside him and

put her arms round him. "Hush," she said. "Stop that. Seymour: it's naughty." Randall was wailing in the corner. "You've frightened Brother. And you're very rude." Her face was sad and Seymour remembered that he was sorry for her, but he shouted, "I don't care."

Mama shook her head. "Now tell Brother you're sorry." She held out her right arm to Randall, who hung back, crying, with his finger in his mouth. "Come here, Baby," she said. "That's a good boy." She stared reproachfully at Seymour and said, "I ought to punish you."

"But you won't," cried Seymour. "You wouldn't—!" He stopped, with his mouth open. The door was flung wide and Grandmama stood there, tall and scowling, looking at Lily kneeling with her arms round the boys.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Holt. Her long face was red and angry. "Lily, why did you bring the children downstairs? It's past their supper-time. What have you done to Randall?"

Seymour watched anxiously. Mama bit her pale lips and said, "I'm sorry, Mother Holt."

"Why did you bring them down here?" Lily did not answer. She was wiping Randall's nose with her pocket handkerchief and smoothing back Seymour's hair.

"Please answer me at once!" said Mrs. Holt.

Seymour shouted, "Because she wanted to!" His grandmother strode forward, wrenched him from his mother's arm, and pushed him towards the door. "Go up-

stairs and stay in the night nursery alone until I come for you." Seymour stood still, his mouth shut tight. "Go at once!" said Grandmama.

"Go, darling," whispered Mama. Seymour marched off, with a glare at his grandmother as he passed her. She was seizing Randall by the hand, preparing to take him away upstairs. Seymour climbed the first flight slowly, peering down between the banisters into the drawing-room.

Grandmama was dragging Randall away, but she stopped at the door and said, "Lily, I think there has been enough of this nonsense about music lessons. This bringing the boys into your—your—Grandmama made her pinched-up nose at Mr. Malvern. "This is too much." She started to follow Seymour up the stairs, dragging Randall who was still wailing. Seymour hurried. Grandmama had to go slowly, because Randall's legs were so short.

John Holt had been there beside the bed for over an hour, trying to calm Lily and induce her to stop sobbing. He had never known her to cry so. He stroked the back of her neck, put his cheek down on her matted curls, and whispered another plea to try to be quiet. "You must," he said, "dearest, darling Lily, please try."

Gradually the fit-like gasping subsided. "That's better," he whispered. "That's a good girl. You're feeling better now."

But she shook her head violently. "No!" she said. She twisted herself up and looked straight at him. "Take me away, John," she said. "You must take me away. Away from her."

"Try to be quiet now," he whispered, kissing her.

She pulled herself up and sat, bracing herself with her hands. "It's no use to talk like that," she said, gasping between the words. "You promised to take me away. When will you do it, John? When?"

She watched his face. All these things he had just said, all his pleading, echoed in her mind. "Anything," he had said, begging her to stop crying. "Whatever it is, but please, darling—please, Lily—"

And now she watched his face and saw it troubled, irresolute, abashed.

She shook his head a little between her hands, and her voice turned shrill to force his attention. "Why don't you take me away, John? Why did you promise?"

"I shouldn't have."

"But why? You know we can't go on like this. Why?"

He had no answer. Lily was trembling in little starts, still breathing unevenly. "Why can't we have the house you promised me, all to ourselves?"

"—not easy to understand," she heard him mutter.

"But I have to know! You've got to tell me. Why can't we just—just leave?"

"Money," he murmured, still avoiding her eyes.

"But you're rich. Father told me so."

"Mother is. It's hers, you see. And she told me, I mean she made me—"

He felt Lily's hands stiffen against his head and then fall heavily away. He raised his eyes, prompted by uneasy shame, and saw her face turn pale, her eyes grow round and wide.

"Oh," she breathed. "Oh. You promised her first, you promised her long ago. You said you'd never leave her. You said we'd all live with her."

John! she cried in a voice of pure terror, "how could you do such a thing?"

He could not answer; he sat silent.

"You did that," she breathed. "You did that to me and those little boys." He felt her trembling; she was shaken by long, slow tremors quite different from her mindless hysteria of before. He raised his head and saw that she had begun to weep again, but in a manner altogether different, without violence and without sound.

"You knew you were doing this," she whispered. "You knew it and you lied to me and you've lied all these years. You never told the truth until now. I never knew you were cruel," she breathed, speaking the words with slow spaces between them. Amazement and revulsion began to contort her face. "Cruel—oh!" She raised the back of her left hand to her eyes as if to shut out the sight of him.

"Oh, Lily, no! No!" He tried to take her other hand but she shook him off. They both shrank as they heard a tap at the door.

"What is it?" asked John roughly.

The housemaid stood there. "If you please, sir, Mrs. Holt sends word it is past dinner-time. She is waiting in the drawing-room."

"Tell her we are sorry, Nora. Mrs. John is not well and will not be down for dinner. Ask my mother not to wait for me."

The door closed and John Holt watched Lily turn away in dull revulsion. She lay down quietly on her left side, with her back towards him. He sat confused and wretched and uncertain. What did one do, what could one do in such a situation? Without a penny of one's own, how could one buy or even rent a proper house for a family like this? He had never made money, he

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so, his mother had held that a gentleman should not. His stipend as the least of the partners of his old-fashioned law firm could not meet a fraction of what it would cost to maintain his family by himself. His mother had always managed everything, as well she might between her own ample fortune and her outright life tenure of her husband's money.

John's father had died when his son was a child. And only now, with sudden perverse surprise, did the son dare ask himself how such a state of things could have come about. Would it not have been more natural for his father to have arranged that he receive his inheritance on coming of age? Why this?

His mother had taken good care that he should never find out. All his life he had accepted her rule. Not until his marriage had he ever overstepped it and perhaps not even now, except for Lily's terrible distress, would he have had the resolution to rebel. But his mother had made the error of driving him to a choice. He made it, with a sense of purpose so unfamiliar as to feel extraordinary. He leaned forward and put his hand on Lily's shoulder.

"Lily dear," he said. She twitched away. "No, please. Listen to me, dear. I've got to tell you something."

"I won't believe it," she said, her voice like lead.

"I know I don't deserve to be believed. I've been—I was weak, Lily. But I've made up my mind now. Truly, I mean it."

"And when will we go?" she asked. "How will you get the money?"

He did not dare say that he did not know. Also he did not want to lie to her again—not that he had ever intentionally lied, but words came too easily when it was not going to be possible to implement them.

"I'll change my work," he said. This had never occurred to him before. And having said it he felt bathed in relief, for he knew that he had not blurted out something he could not live up to. "I'll get a partnership in another firm, some newer one." (The sort of firm his mother would call 'upstarts,' he thought.) "I don't have to stay with Wright and Peten-gill."

Lily turned slowly, rolling her slight body across the wide mattress until she lay on her right side, facing him. "Do you really mean it, John?"

"Oh, I do. Believe me." He bent over to touch her with his lips. "I can't bear the way I've made you suffer."

The door was flung open behind them. They both jumped, tense, Lily with a sharp gasp.

"John!" Mrs. Holt stood in the doorway, her stiff black tulle gown sharp and bulky as a monument in the gauntlet from the hall. "You are an hour late for dinner."

Lily's hand closed on his arm as if to tell him not to rise to his feet. He had not intended to do so. He said, "I am sorry, Mother. I sent word by Nora that Lily is not well."

"She was perfectly well this afternoon; quite well enough to play the piano. She can—"

"She is not well now."

"What is the matter with her?"

"I think you can see for yourself, Mother. Lily is upset."

"She has brought that on herself. You spoil her and indulge this nonsense with your pampering. There is nothing the matter with her."

John held Lily closer in his left arm and said, "In any case, she does not want any dinner. And I asked you not to wait for me."

"I will decide when I wish to dine."

"Very well, Mother, but I am not coming down this evening. Nora can bring me up a cup of soup or something."

"I give the orders in my house, John."

## Continuing . . . . My Brother's Keeper

[from page 41]

He felt Lily cringe against his shoulder. "Just as you say, Mother. It doesn't matter; I am not hungry at all. Please don't wait dinner for me any longer."

Mrs. Holt turned as if to leave the room, but stopped again. He had known that she would. She said: "I want to see you in the library, John."

"Not this evening, Mother, please. I don't want to leave Lily."

Even in shadow he could see the angry tightening of his mother's jaw. "I am shocked," she said in her hardest, coldest tone. "Shocked at your disloyalty. To me and to your home."

"It is all very regrettable, Mother, but it cannot be much of a surprise. Only this afternoon I tried to tell you that we will have to go away and live in a house of our own. I have promised Lily that we shall."

"You have promised? On the strength of what, may I ask?" The old woman's scorn should have confounded him, but instead he found himself stimu-

lated by the surprising thought that she sounded rather ridiculous. Perhaps it was true, as he had often heard and read and never dared to prove, that one strong assertion could dispel the power of a bully. His mother did not wait for his answer, as if to show by her contempt that she knew he could not have one. She only said, "Let Lily find out what your promises are worth," and shut the door behind her.

The traditional menu might vary from one house to another, but within each sacred enclave it was almost certain to remain unchanged every Sunday of the year. The Hols ate a thick soup and roast beef with mashed potatoes and a sweet chosen expressly for the children, since this was the only meal of the week which they ate with their elders. Lily, who loathed all milk puddings, had suffered through years of caramel custard or floating island, which she was not permitted to refuse; Mrs. Holt commanded that she set an example to

home before the sermon. They sat, heads up, hands folded, no fidgeting, inhumanly controlled. Church over, there followed the lengthy round of greeting the rector at the door and one's friends in the porch and on the pavement as the families stood waiting in their bulky finery for their carriages to roll up one by one and carry them home to their enormous mid-day dinners.

The traditional menu might vary from one house to another, but within each sacred enclave it was almost certain to remain unchanged every Sunday of the year. The Hols ate a thick soup and roast beef with mashed potatoes and a sweet chosen expressly for the children, since this was the only meal of the week which they ate with their elders. Lily, who loathed all milk puddings, had suffered through years of caramel custard or floating island, which she was not permitted to refuse; Mrs. Holt commanded that she set an example to

ing-room to the drawing-room on the floor above. There in the doorway she bent down stiffly to offer the angle of her harsh chin to be kissed by way of dismissing the children to the nursery for their naps.

In the drawing-room, sitting over after-dinner coffee with John and his mother, in silence as oppressive as the maroon plush draperies and the inlaid ebony furniture, Lily had a frightening thought. Always on Sunday afternoons John took the boys for a walk after their naps. He had many reasons, Lily knew, for keeping affectionately to this custom; not the least must be the pleasure of an hour's freedom from the iron regimen of Mrs. Holt; perhaps from Mrs. Holt herself?

Lily would have enjoyed her own daring in pursuing such a thought, except that she had become so worried about what was to happen this afternoon. She was afraid to stay alone in the house with Mrs. Holt after John and the boys had gone out.

Once again John surprised her. He set down his coffee-cup and broke the silence to say quietly, "Mother, it is so bad underfoot today that I wonder if you would mind my taking the horses and driving out? Then Lily could go with us, too."

Lily's heart pumped hard under her tight dove-colored basque. Mrs. Holt's nostrils narrowed and she said, barely moving her lips, "This is Reilly's afternoon off."

"I know. I don't need him. I thought I could hire a buggy at the stables and drive our horses in it myself."

Lily watched Mrs. Holt anxiously. She saw the old lady wanted peremptorily to refuse; yet to do so before Lily would be to put herself in a position so unreasonably disagreeable as to be untenable even for her. She only said, "Well, I suppose . . ." and rose abruptly to leave the room. John stood up and escorted her to the door; then he returned to stand beside Lily's chair, looking down at her.

"Oh, John!" she said, clasping his hands and holding them to her breast, "how sweet of you! You understood!"

He smiled. His face wore an expression of calm and of something which Lily would later remember as a strength that she had never known in him before. She did not realise how much assurance he had gained in the brief time, not two full days, since he had faced the truths about his mother and his family and himself, and found the determination to act like a man.

"I'll walk over to the stables," he said, "and be back with the buggy in a little over half an hour. You be downstairs here, all ready with the boys."

The children, pink-cheeked from their naps and blissfully excited at the prospect of the drive, were all dressed to go out, standing at the drawing-room window watching eagerly for their father. Lily hovered behind them, feeling in her own joy and excitement like a child herself.

She looked at the tomb-shaped onyx clock on the mantel. It was fifty minutes since John had left for the stables. He should be here. Perhaps it had taken longer than he expected to arrange for the livery buggy. She was uneasy, but principally, in some gnawing way, about Mrs. Holt. This plan for the afternoon had seemed from the very first too good to be true and Lily was haunted with the fear, until now unrecognised, that somehow Mrs. Holt intended to spoil it.

Oh dear, she thought, I

## IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

• Our invitation to readers to send in Biblical quotations whose frequent use has made them part of everyday language has met with an immediate and enthusiastic response.

THE first of our weekly awards of £2/2/- goes to Mrs. L. Buckman, Roseberry Rd., Kellyville, N.S.W.

Mrs. Buckman writes: "We still speak of 'escaping by the skin of our teeth.' Job, complaining of his friends' cruelty, chapter 19, verse 20, says:

"My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Readers sending in quotations should also give the chapter, verse, and book from which they come and an example of current usage.

Address your entries to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

lated by the surprising thought that she sounded rather ridiculous. Perhaps it was true, as he had often heard and read and never dared to prove, that one strong assertion could dispel the power of a bully. His mother did not wait for his answer, as if to show by her contempt that she knew he could not have one. She only said, "Let Lily find out what your promises are worth," and shut the door behind her.

The little boys sat up stiffly at table as they had been taught to do, Seymour on Grand-mama's right and Randall, perched on a volume of the encyclopaedia, on her left. Their soft, fair hair, Seymour's straight and Randall's curly, was sleek, and a little damp from Nana's brushing, when she had washed their hands and faces and straightened their clothes and retied their full necktie bows before sending them downstairs for Sunday dinner.

From her place between Randall and John at the head of the table Lily watched the children thoughtfully and wondered whether they were too young to sense that this Sunday was different from all the others which had preceded it in the rigid ritual that had been fixed by Mrs. Holt years before John Holt could first remember.

Sunday never varied. It began with a heavy pancake breakfast, followed by the ceremonial drive to St. George's, where the family pew was the scene of a discipline military in its precision and its alert obedience to the silent commands of its head. Mrs. Holt did not hold with any such nonsense as having small children slipped out and taken

the boys, who were required to eat everything that was put before them.

How different life would be, and Lily dared to trust at last, how soon! In the short space of little more than a day she had built up a whole world in imagination, whose details were so clear to her that this morning, as she sat watching her little boys suffer in church, she had resolved suddenly to move her family from St. George's as soon as they moved from Mrs. Holt's house. They would attend her own family's church, the Ascension, which she had scarcely entered since her marriage there.

She smiled at her silent, wide-eyed little boys. Soon they would be settled in their own house, away and safe from Mrs. Holt; Lily herself would sit at the foot of her own table with her sons on either side of her and her husband at the head.

"May I carve more beef for you, Mother?" asked John.

"No, thank you," Mrs. Holt's voice was low and curt.

"Lily?"

"No, dear." She gave her husband a tender smile to tell him that she was too happy to have much appetite.

There was silence again. Nora came, with her heavy tread and her sullen face, to remove the platter in front of John and change the plates. The children watched her, their eyes round and solemn. When they had finished their caramel pudding, eagerly spooning up the last drops of brown syrup from their plates, their grandmother sat for a moment as if to reimpose the full force of her authority on her family. Then she rose from her chair with a sweep of black skirts and led the silent procession in file up the stairs from the basement din-

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To page 44



# Crumble-ettes

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sweetmeat

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Continuing

My Brother's Keeper

[from page 43]

mustn't worry. I must stop worrying. She put an arm round each of the boys and asked them, "Shall we go over to the piano and sing a song while we wait for Papa?"

Randall clapped his hands but Seymour shook his head. Then Randall, seeing his mistake, shook his curly, capped head, too. "No," they cried, "we have to wait for Papa!"

The ten minutes to the full hour had flown. Now Lily knew she had been hoping he would arrive and take them out before Mrs. Holt should find some reason for leaving the library at the second-floor back, where she sat when she was alone, to come downstairs with some purpose in mind which would prevent their going out after all. As if to confirm her fear, Lily, listening hard for the horses in the street outside, heard instead the heavy, even step of Mrs. Holt upstairs. She heard it pace from the library at the other end of the house, along the second-floor hall.

Her heart lurched sickly as the footsteps attacked the stairs, deliberately, relentlessly. Down they came, one by one, while Lily held the boys, one in each arm, and prayed almost aloud for John to hurry. She strained harder than ever to hear the first sound of the horses trotting up the street. Mrs. Holt was halfway down the stairs, then she was almost at the bottom, when Lily started with a low cry. There was a sound outside in the street, but not the trotting of horses; Lily heard a man running.

Mrs. Holt's footsteps passed before the closed door of the drawing-room and Lily peered sickly through the window to see a youth running all out of breath, as fast as possible, straight to the gate, through the yard, up the high front steps.

"What's that?" cried Randall and Seymour said, "Where's Papa?"

"Sh-sh—" Lily did not know that the children could feel her trembling in monstrous terror. "She—" She strained to listen. She heard the heavy front door opened by Mrs. Holt. She heard the breathless gasping voice of the man, a flood of something in a heavy brogue. She moved across the room with clumsy, stumbling steps, dragging the children, clutching their shoulders.

It was Seymour who reached out and opened the drawing-room door. Lily stood there, gazing at the tall black figure of Mrs. Holt, sharp and solid in the open doorway, with the panting man facing her on the threshold.

"Accident?" the cold heavy voice of Mrs. Holt was asking. "An accident?"

"Yes, mum. 'Twas that roan o' Mr. Durvea's. Bolted, it did, across the yard and Mr. Holt, mum, he tried to stop it." The man's voice wavered and broke. "Oh, Mother o' God, mum!"

"Control yourself! What happened?" Mrs. Holt's tone was like a blow in the face.

"He—he slipped, mum. There's ice round the trough, he was standin' there waitin' while we harnessed, and this roan broke out, ugly like, rearin' right up in Durvea's gig ... ye see, mum? Ye see how 'twas?"

Lily swayed on her feet, clinging to the children. "Was?" she heard Mrs. Holt say, "You mean, What do you mean? My son?"

"Och, God forgive me, mum, it's tryin' I am to tell ye—he's—he's—'twas his head, mum, got kicked. He's—"

"No!" shrieked Lily. She howled like an animal. "No, oh no. No ... No ..."

It was hot, Seymour thought, walking home from school; as

hot as July. It did not seem like May at all. The suffocating heaviness of New York's summer had already closed in like a hot lid clamped over a stew-pot, and Seymour as he trudged along was thinking of freedom and Hare Island. He could smell the good salt air in imagination, and instead of this drooping, dusty yard, his mind's eye was full of dories, dinghies, masts, barnacled rocks, and lobster-pots.

His steps lagged as he turned in along the path through the front yard, counting up the weeks and then the days until the fifteenth of June. He had better hurry these last few steps, in order to stay out of trouble. His grandmother always sat waiting for him in her red satin chair in the bay window of the library at the back of the house, but she knew to the instant when he arrived home. She had Nana or a maid posted to watch for him. The front door always swung open just as he started to climb the high stoop.

It was out of the question for him to be late, but he would have liked it today. He would have liked to go over with Tom Berry and Willy Dean to the shore of the river where he used to go walking on Sundays with Papa. Some boys teased Seymour for not being allowed to go where he pleased and play as he liked; others advised him to ignore his grandmother.

"What can she do to you?" asked Willy Dean. "Give you a licking? What do you care, she couldn't hurt much, an old lady like that. You ought to feel my Pa's right arm." The inference was that a boy of thirteen was rather fortunate to be without a father who could exercise his authority in the coal cellar or the wood shed.

"Aw, no," Seymour had to reply. "It's just that—" He could not explain. Sometimes he wanted not to be able to explain to himself. It always came round to Mama and the way it was with her and Grandmama. If Seymour were late from school Grandmama could actually find a way to blame it on Mama.

He dragged his feet, moving up the front walk. He was disgusted at the thought of the afternoon which yawned before him. While he was playing some baby game with Randall in the back yard, with Grandmama watching from her window. Tom and Willy would be wading in the rocky shallows of the river bank or fishing from Old Rory's Pier, where they were strictly forbidden to go; and when they left the river to start home they would stop at Mickie's Ice Cream Parlor on Tenth Avenue, also forbidden, and eat three-colored ice-cream out of wobbly-footed dishes with spoons that even Mama said, shuddering, were probably never washed.

Seymour climbed the high steps of the front stoop, watching the door swing open for him. But instead of Nana or Minnie standing behind it, there was Mama peering round the edge of the door with her finger to her lips. She was smiling at Seymour and bending down for his kiss and his hug. But he held back. He had the familiar sensation of creeping uneasiness which pre-saged some kind of trouble, and he said, as he laid his round schoolcap on the hall table, "Mama, you mustn't, you know that. You'd better go back to Randall."

He waved at the open door of the drawing-room, which ought to be closed, with Mama and Randall working at the piano together until Grand-

mama should give the signal for the boys to go out to play.

"I only wanted to meet you, darling," said Lily. Her high voice was more like a child's than Seymour's.

"She doesn't like it, Mama. If she doesn't hear the piano—" He thrust his head into the drawing-room and signalled Randall to play and play hard. Then he started for the stairs. Lily stood there, pouting. "But you haven't kissed me," she whined. Seymour pecked quickly at her cheek and hurried up the stairs. He did not look behind him, he knew that if he did he would see his mother standing there moping, her eyes full of tears.

As usual his grandmother was sitting straight and stiff in her chair, with her back turned to the door as Seymour opened it. She said, "Good afternoon, Seymour."

He did not miss the rasp in her voice.

"Good afternoon, Grandmama." He went round to stand before her. There was no nonsense about kisses here. Seymour was pronounced too old for such sloppiness except at bedtime and breakfast-time.

"Why did your mother open the door, Seymour?"

"I don't know, Grandmama—she just—"

"Just. Either she practises with Randall or she doesn't. Did you bring home the corrected Latin exercise, Seymour?" There had been trouble about that yesterday.

"Yes, Grandmama." He opened his school satchel, and handed her the copy-book. She can't understand a word of it, he thought. But he had to admire her for acting as if she could. She sat frowning over the pages and, nodding at the teacher's notations, gave him back the book. Then she looked at her watch while Seymour anticipated each of her actions.

"It is time for Randall to stop," she said. "You may go and tell him. Take him out and play at something quiet, in the shade of the ailanthus tree. The sun is hot today."

"Very hot," Seymour wished he dared speak as sourly as he felt.

His grandmother moved her head slightly, with the upward tilt which was the signal for dismissal. Seymour left the room, torn between relief and the prospective dullness of the hour ahead. He went down to the drawing-room and, without concern for interrupting Randall in the middle of a passage, told him it was time to go out.

Lily raised her hand to hold Seymour off. Most of the time she acted like a frightened lamb, but curiously, when she was practising with Randall, she became as determined as Mrs. Holt herself. She motioned Randall to keep on, and Seymour stood there for a moment watching the two. Randall worked willingly; his fingers, which should be stiff and grubby like any small boy's, were agile and clean, and his hands moved silkily up and down the keyboard, their backs motionless, only the fingers working with the fluid facility which was the result of talent and good teaching and hard work.

Seymour, who had no great opinion of Randall's capacities in any other respect, who often thought him a tiresome baby, had to admit that Randall already could play the piano better than anyone he had ever heard.

He stood listening to Randall and watching his mother, lightly poised on the edge of her chair, one hand raised and its forefinger flicking off the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



## New screen lovers

★ Clark Gable and Susan Hayward are teamed in hazardous romance as well as oriental adventure in the new CinemaScope drama "Soldier of Fortune," in which Gable plays the title role with customary two-fisted verve. Though both stars are Hollywood

veterans of top box-office standing, this is the first occasion on which Gable and Hayward have appeared together on the screen.

Their love story in "Soldier of Fortune," set against colorful backgrounds in Hongkong, is beset by intrigues and double-dealing.

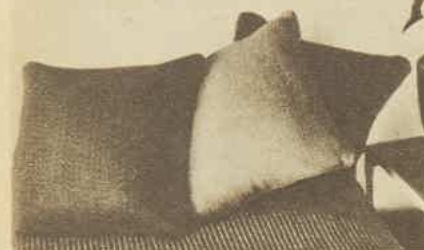


**Film Fan-Fare** CONDUCTED BY  
M. J.  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



The secret of these curtains  
is hidden here



## To hang so beautifully and draw smoothly, curtains must have Kirsch rods (cut to measure or EMPIRE packaged extension)



The beauty of these curtains lies in the way the fabric folds smoothly and evenly when the curtains are closed, and then makes a firm, even drape when the curtains are open. It is emphasised by the way the pleated Kirsch-style headings always stay firmly erect, never sag forward. And — at a touch of a concealed draw-cord the curtains glide smoothly open or closed — no tugging, no adjusting, no dirty fingermarks.

Curtains like these are only possible when they are hung from Kirsch rods, developed after forty years of research in America.

Check the advantages of Kirsch over makeshifts like dowel, and over all other curtain fittings.

### STRONGER!

Kirsch is the only oval rod, which makes it light, but immensely strong. That is why Kirsch rods do not sag in the middle. With the addition of invisibly joined sections of rod and supporting brackets, Kirsch rod can cover windows of any width at all.

### THE ONLY ROD WITH SLIDES

The slides on which the curtains

glide fit inside the rod. That's why you never scratch the perfect ivory finish of the rod. The slides do not stick or jam — curtains glide smoothly and freely.

### WITH, OR WITHOUT DRAWCORDS

Do you like to draw your curtains with just the pull of a cord, or do you prefer to draw them by hand? With Kirsch you can have it either way. No matter what type of curtain treatment you want, hang your curtains on Kirsch.

### NO PELMETS NEEDED

Modern curtains mostly do without bulky, expensive pelmets needed to hide old style curtain rods. Specially designed Kirsch hooks hold curtain headings up to cover the rod when curtains are closed. When open all you see is the neat Kirsch rod. Because:

### ALL WORKING PARTS HIDDEN

Cords and slides are hidden, brackets concealed. And the ivory colour makes the narrow rod inconspicuous against any background. Provision is made also for carrying the end of the curtain around the end of the rod.

When curtains are closed they glide surely into place at centre, overlapping to ensure privacy.

### CURTAINS ARE EASY TO TAKE DOWN

For cleaning, simply unhook curtains from the slides — no need to remove the rod — it stays in position from the day it is put up.

### MAKE CURTAINS KIRSCH STYLE

The secret of evenly draped curtains is the pleated heading at the top of the curtain.

Kirsch make a special heading hook for this type of pleat. It is made to fit the rod and hold headings erect so that curtains cannot sag over at the tops. Only Kirsch hooks will fit Kirsch rods.

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WORMAL BROTHERS INDUSTRIES



ASK FOR KIRSCH AND MAKE SURE IT'S KIRSCH YOU GET

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *Bread, Love, and Dreams*

ITALY offers a comedy of broad, peasant humor and sunny charm in "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (Titanus production).

One of the films chosen for presentation during the Italian Film Festival in Australia early this year, "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is such a delicious confection that it is almost certain to send you away from the theatre in a happy frame of mind.

Its stars are two of the brightest personalities of Europe's cinema—Vittorio De Sica, who plays an ageing hero, and Gina Lollobrigida, more beautiful than ever, wearing little make-up and the ragged clothing of a peasant girl of the Abruzzi mountain region.

Talented De Sica brings just the right touch of cheerful charm and pomp to the role of a mature major in charge of a detachment of carabinieri (national police) in a village where everybody's

business is public property.

As the story begins the major has decided that it is high time he found a wife with whom to settle down.

Looking around the village he finds two promising prospects—the flamboyant hoyden of La Lollo, and a maturely handsome woman who is the local midwife.

The snag is that the younger woman (his first choice) already has her eye on a shy young officer of the major's command.

The path of true love is bumpy, but always amusing and splendidly observed, strewn with vividly lifelike performances from a supporting cast of professional and amateur players.

English sub-titling is adequate.

In Sydney—Savoy.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," technicolor war drama, starring William Holden, Grace Kelly, Mickey Rooney. Plus "The Thief of London," comedy, starring Jack Watling, Jean Anderson, Peter Hawthorn.

CENTURY.—★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespearian romance in technicolor, starring Susan Shentall, Laurence Harvey. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama in color, starring Glenn Ford, Eleanor Parker. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "So This Is Paris," technicolor musical, starring Tony Curtis, Gloria de Haven. Plus "Veils of Bagdad," Oriental adventure in technicolor, starring Victor Mature, Mari Blanchard.

LYRIC.—★★ "The Seven Little Foys," technicolor Vista-Vision musical, starring Bob Hope, Milly Vitale. Plus "The Redhead and the Cowboy," Western, starring Glenn Ford, Edmond O'Brien, Rhonda Fleming.

MAYFAIR.—★ "Untamed," Delux CinemaScope period adventure, starring Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "Dragnet," Warnercolor thriller, starring Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson. Plus "Outlaw's Daughter," color Western, starring Jim Davis, Keely Ryan, Bill Williams.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Three Ring Circus," VistaVision technicolor musical comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Jeanne Dru, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Blackboard Jungle," MetroScope juvenile drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Bread, Love, and Dreams" ("Pain, Amore e Fantasia"), Italian language comedy, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio de Sica, Roberto Riso, Marisa Merlini. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Purple Plain," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Win Min Than. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "The Seekers," Eastmancolor period adventure starring Jack Hawkins, Glynis Johns, Laya Raki. Plus "Recoil," thriller, starring Elizabeth Sellars, Kieron Moore.

#### Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Beautiful Stranger," drama, starring Ginger Rogers, Stanley Baker, Jacques Bergerac. Plus "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," comedy, starring Diane Cilento, Felix Aylmer.

PALACE.—"Joe Louis Story," sporting biography, starring Corley Wallace, Paul Stewart, Hilda Simms. Plus "Nanderthal Man," science-fiction thriller, starring Robert Shayne, Richard Crane, Doris Merrick, Joyce Terry.

PARIS.—"White Horse Inn" ("Im Wissen Ross"), Agfa Color German language musical, starring Johanna Matz, Walter Muller. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—"The High and the Mighty," CinemaScope Warnercolor drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Stack, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day. Plus featurettes.





**1 HOSTESS** Tacey Cromwell (Anne Baxter) takes on job of raising orphan boy Nugget (Barry Curtis). She wants to marry his brother, Clint, who works as a dealer in the same saloon.

**2 FIRED** by the saloon owner, irresponsible Clint (Rock Hudson), right, moves Tacey and Nugget to Colorado. They make a small home together while Clint seeks another gambling job.



**3 BEHAVIOUR** of motherless girl Seely (Natalie Wood) does not prevent Tacey from giving her a home. Then Clint gets a respectable bank job.

## ONE DESIRE

★ A period adventure-melodrama in technicolor. "One Desire" (Universal) tells of the efforts of a glamorous saloon hostess to achieve security and respectability among narrow-minded people in a small Western town.

Co-starred in the story are Anne Baxter, as the steadfast central character, and popular Rock Hudson, portraying the gambler who eventually helps her succeed.



**4 VISITING** another town, Clint attracts wealthy Judith (Julie Adams). By a ruse Judith gets children away from Tacey.



**5 CRUSHED** and virtually forced to leave town when people hear of her past life, Tacey returns to her old job. Baffled by distorted accounts of the affair, Clint marries Judith.



**6 UNHAPPY** in her new home, Seely runs away some time later to rejoin Tacey, but is quickly taken back. There Clint tells Tacey of his mistaken marriage, but now there is nothing he can do about it.



**7 LAVISH** gambling house opened in town by Tacey, using the money she has earned as a hostess, repays her handsomely. One night a fire accidentally started by Judith suddenly threatens the neighborhood.



**8 HORRIFIED** watchers see Clint's hopeless efforts to save Judith, who is trapped in the blaze. Tacey, Clint, and the children are now free to rebuild their lives together.

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RED  
HANDS

DRYNESS CAUSED  
BY HARSH  
WASHING  
SOAPS

WIND AND  
WEATHER  
CHAPPING

COARSE  
ELBOWS

HARD SKIN ON  
PALMS AND  
FINGERS

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## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

from page 44

first beat of every measure. Seymour wondered how on earth she could keep this up, day after day. He had heard Professor Mundt say that much of Randall's progress was due to his mother's exacting supervision of his practising. It seemed to Seymour a great fuss about a lot of nonsense.

It always had seemed so; he remembered innumerable moments when sheer boredom had goaded him to interrupt the practice session by some kind of outbreak for which he might expect to be drastically punished. Since, however, all punishments were his grandmother's absolute dictation, nothing much happened if Seymour broke out in this way. Except the time he burned the piano.

He ought to yell at them now, he thought. Letting them finish their page wasn't worth the trouble there would be if Grandmama did not soon see him and Randall going out to play in the back yard. He was just opening his mouth for a real sound-off when he was saved the trouble by a long, startling roll of thunder. It was so dim in the heavily curtained drawing-room that he had not noticed the sudden darkness which had blanketed the glaring afternoon.

Hooray! he thought. He had not counted on such luck as a thunderstorm. His mother jumped up, squealing; she was afraid of storms and horses and water and fire and almost everything else. Randall stopped practising and Lily ran to Seymour and threw her arms round him and buried her face in his neck.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Seymour, I'm so frightened. Mama's so frightened."

"Pshaw," he said roughly. "It's nothing, Mama." He patted her shoulder. The rain began to fall in splashing sheets.

Inevitably the door opened and Mrs. Holt said, "You will not be able to play out of doors, boys. She stood watching Lily clinging to Seymour."

"You," she said to him, "may go down and work at your workbench."

Seymour's polite reply was smothered by a tremendous clap of thunder; lightning blazed past the windows and Lily screamed and quivered.

"Now, now," said Mrs. Holt. "Don't be stupid, Lily. Seymour, you may go."

"Oh, leave him here," wailed Lily. She was on her knees with her arms round Seymour's neck and her face buried against his shoulder. "Please leave him here!"

"Nonsense, nothing is going to hurt you," Mrs. Holt took a step forward and Seymour unconsciously held his mother closer. "I want you to take Randall upstairs to Nana, Lily, and if you cannot control yourself, at least remain in your own room until the storm is over."

Lily clung to Seymour: he felt her stiffen and hold her breath as another flash and thunderclap shook the house. Randall had slid off his piano-stool and was hovering near Lily and Seymour, also trying to comfort his mother. "Don't be frightened, Mama," he said in his small, high voice. He patted her arm. "We won't let it hurt you, will we, Seymour?"

"Never mind, Randall," said Mrs. Holt. "Nor you, Seymour. Go and do as I say."

She spoke rather more gently than usual, and Seymour wondered if she could be feeling sorry for his mother. He disentangled himself from Lily's arms and said, "Yes, Grandmama. Would you like me to take Randall upstairs first?" He knew this was a ridiculous suggestion; Randall was perfectly capable of walking up-

stairs by himself. Nine years old!

"Never mind," said Mrs. Holt.

Seymour left the room and went down the basement stair to the corner of the cellar, where his workbench had been set up close to a window-grating which gave him light from one of the high windows opening on the back yard. There was also a gas-jet directly overhead at a height that he could easily reach. Since last year he had been permitted to light the gas instead of asking somebody to do it for him. He lit it; then he took off his jacket with a whistle of relief and flung it on a canvas-covered bulk standing in the corner.

He should have hung the jacket neatly on the hook provided for it, but there was satisfaction in not doing so, or any dozens of other equally trifling things, if he could get away with it. He stood for a time eyeing the model which he was in the midst of building, the model of an imaginary ferry-boat which should be an ingenious improvement over the clumsy, bloated side-wheelers that he had seen all his life, plying the river to the Jersey shore and back.

Ever since he could remember he had had this knack for making odd and original boats out of bits of wood and tin and string and wire, and it was an established habit in the house for everybody to save such odds and ends for Seymour.

On a shelf above his bench stood a finished two-masted schooner yacht in full sail, one of the best boats he had ever made. Usually he gave his boats to Mama when they were finished and she kept them proudly in her room and treasured them. The schooner belonged to her, too, but Seymour had brought it back to his workshop because he meant to make a change in the rigging. That was intricate work, and he was not always in the mood to do it. Today he found he did not much want to go on with his new ferry-boat either.

His attention kept wandering. He thought about all sorts of things . . . whether Tom and Willy had got caught in the storm out on Old Rory's Pier . . . whether Mama was feeling better now, and whether Randall had really been sent up to Nana or allowed to stay with her . . . whether (and here he tried very hard not to think any more) he oughtn't to hang up his jacket instead of leaving it where it was. Actually he was not thinking about the jacket at all, but about the old piano underneath it, muffled in canvas. He hated it to be there and that was exactly why it was there.

"That will be your punishment," Grandmama had said. "That piano will stay there in your own corner of the house and it will stay as long as the house stays. You will keep it and never throw it out and it will have taught you something, Seymour."

It had happened a couple of years ago, a winter afternoon just before school closed for the Christmas holiday. He was still too young to walk back and forth alone, and Nana always took and fetched him. He had finished at school a Christmas present for Mama, a small album in which he had copied out in shiny white ink "The Night Before Christmas." The pages of the album were of bright red paper, and each one was elaborately decorated with pictures and snow-scenes illuminated with sticky white crystals scattered on to glue; the horns of the reindeer were carved

from tiny shivers of wood, and Santa Claus' beard was a delightful blob of real white wool, surreptitiously picked from the nap of a blanket.

Seymour was very proud of it. As soon as Nana opened the front door he made a rush for the drawing-room; he could not wait to give his present to Mama. Nana called him back; Seymour knew he should obey her and, besides, she was perfectly right when she said he should put his present away and save it to give to Mama on Christmas morning. But at the moment he did not care, not even when Nana said, "Your grandmother first, Master Seymour. Go straight upstairs to the library."

"I won't," he answered, which was a dreadful naughtiness, and ran to his mother sitting at the piano with Randall. He thrust the album at her, but she only smiled a little, shook her head, put her finger to her lips, and pointed to the ceiling to remind Seymour to go up to report to Grandmother.

Randall kept on playing. It was some kind of silly exercise which sounded like three notes struck over and over again. Seymour hated it. He hated every single thing he could see and feel and hear—the room, Mama, Randall, the piano, all of it. He stood for a moment beside Mama, but she paid no further attention to him, and presently he turned and went away, slamming the door behind him.

Then there was trouble with Grandmama for what he had done, and he was sent to spend an hour alone in the night nursery, standing in the corner with his face to the wall. He had hidden the album inside his jacket, and, standing there, he took it out and tore his beautiful present to the smallest bits he could. When that was done and the floor around him littered with shreds, he stood and listened with the sharpest care in order to place each person in the house.

Grandmama was still in the library; one always heard her heavy step along the hall when she left that room. Randall had finished practising; Seymour heard him coming into the day nursery with Nana. That meant that Mama would have gone to her own room. It was quite late in the afternoon, but not yet so nearly dark that Minnie would go through the house drawing the thickly stuffed curtains and lighting the gas chandeliers. But Seymour knew that she soon would do that and he began to think. All his life he had seen Nora or her successors lighting the gas-cocks of the chandeliers with thin wax tapers attached to the end of a long wooden pole that stood in a corner of the pantry. The tapers were kept in a drawer nearby, and so were a lot of big sulphur matches.

Everything seemed to be on Seymour's side. Nobody saw him slip through the halls and tiptoe down the flights of stairs to the pantry. Minnie was not in the pantry when he pushed the swinging door open a crack and peered in. He crept to the drawer, seized a handful of wax tapers and several matches and crammed them into the waistband of his blouse. Still unnoticed, he went to the drawing-room and silently closed the door behind him.

He laid open the lid of the square piano. Then he took a bunch of tapers, scratched a match—the most strictly forbidden of all forbidden things—lit the tapers, and flung the whole bunch, together with the rest of the matches, right into the insides of the piano.

Out of all the confusion

To page 50

## Addis Beauty Column



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# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 16 and 18. Wear a green hat, or a hat with a green feather, and you will be lucky in love or in money.	★ Postponement or neglected problems in business affairs only makes them harder to deal with in the end. Get going and clean up the odds and ends.	★ Make the best of domestic situations. If required to stay home alone, you can probably get many odd jobs finished, giving leisure for enjoyment. If a parent, be firm.	★ Let the one you love know how much you care. You can allow this in many ways. If long married, romance must be renewed from time to time.	★ A friendship born last month can be cemented now. If interested in volunteer social welfare, you may now accomplish your best work of the year.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 18 and 20. Costume jewellery, beads of any shade of blue, or odd-patterned scarf effects, or bows on the shoulder are fine.	★ Don't allow a good opportunity to slip through your fingers; be prepared for quick decisions, sudden changes, interruption of your normal routine.	★ There may be all sorts of pressures or problems taking your attention away from your tasks, or home duties, but at least one question may be settled, with help.	★ Home making is one means by which marriage partners are drawn together. Any project connected with it in which you both share will bring many hours of happiness.	★ Greener pastures are not far away. You may have been overlooking more than one bit right in your own home or neighborhood, and inexpensive pleasures.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 17 and 21. Tan gloves and handbags will be a definite advantage to you. If you are travelling for business or pleasure.	★ Those so-called short-cuts may bring loss. Steadiness and conscientious effort at your place of work hold the best guarantee for security, struggle with details.	★ A partnership or mutual exchange of services could ease restrictions on time, or pocketbook. If you take the initiative, you'll find your suggestion welcome.	★ State your opinions so that the beloved knows where you stand, but do not make an issue out of every trifling matter. This can quickly become nagging.	★ Keep social life general; if limited to one or two, you may find yourself out in the cold. Too many favors bestowed on one person can bog down a pleasant relationship.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 20 and 22. Wear that bunch of violets on your grey frock, or costume, and any business deal will turn out well.	★ Rumors you hear at your job are likely to be misleading. Should they make you feel doubtful of your future or unsure of your ability, discount them altogether.	★ If there are young children in the home, you may find yourself either housebound, or obliged to limit your outings to places where you can take them with you.	★ You may be obliged, for financial reasons, to say no to the plans of one you love. Explain frankly why; otherwise your loved ones will consider you mean.	★ Keep social conversation clear of political or financial matters to avoid dissension, and skirt around private affairs, which it would be better not to stir.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are August 19 and 20. Wear black, accented by golden ornaments, or a pair of daffodil or primrose colors, and win success.	★ An unexpected contact or proposition may help you to solve a financial crisis, but don't let up, since the whole matter is a temporary affair, unlikely to last long.	★ Quite a few of you may have the impression that home ties prevent you shining in another field, but life without your loved ones would be unthinkable. Be patient.	★ Some of you may become engaged, others set the date for the wedding. If older, you may give or receive a present from the marriage partner.	★ You are attracting favorable attention in your social group and much of your current success is based on personality assets, but you tend to be vaguely dissatisfied.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 16 and 22. Patterns which blend many colors, tartan skirts, attract favorable influences in money matters.	★ If a homemaker, impress on your loved ones the need for thrift. Self-backs may be due to poor judgment, or lack of emotional restraint. Suggest alternatives.	★ You are a born nutrition expert and a great believer in diet. This may lead you to campaign with the family in behalf of a balanced meal; encourage them to like it.	★ Do not be satisfied with second best. If you are experiencing disillusionment it would be better to break it off now, but avoid hasty friendships on the rebound.	★ Be extra careful to give no occasion for rumors, or criticism, which would develop among those who envy you, and who would gladly see you taken down.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 16 and 22. Tan, or canary-colored jumper or beret, or that sunburst flower for evening is a first choice.	★ Since your job is your mainstay, don't let others talk you into dissatisfaction or restlessness. Use what creative talent you can manage in your work.	★ The value of artistic effect is well known to you. Because you feel surroundings have a psychological influence, you may tackle your home as you would paint a picture.	★ Love, courtship, romance are sparkling. The new, exciting, unforgettable and your affections may be important. Don't be shy if you meet an intriguing stranger.	★ Ask questions in a meeting, consult your committee. Before reaching a decision, and try to share responsibility, so there can be no comeback.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are August 18 and 21. Soft misty-green in frock, or coat, is particularly fortunate, if a pink rosebud sets it off.	★ Independence is important to you, but it won't help your career if you argue with the boss, or with fellow workers. Take stock of your position and adapt yourself.	★ If the housework just slides, it will be because you are occupied with a new activity, devoting to it your remarkable powers of concentration and tenacity.	★ Since you are in the limelight socially and romantically, it would be well to look, act, and speak your very best. Make up your mind that he is going to be proud of you.	★ Assess pressure in connection with the goal towards which you are working. Clinch matters now, for after this week the more important social interests recede.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 19 and 21. If you go travelling, or if you're meeting new people, a dainty white collar will bring good luck.	★ The possibility of achieving your goal in connection with work and salary is more promising than for some time, but you cannot afford to relax your efforts.	★ You are an excellent host, or hostess, as well as a popular guest. People enjoy themselves at your house and are always glad to come again.	★ You may be visited, or called up, by someone you met recently. An unexpected invitation from a comparative stranger might perhaps lead to love.	★ Making a mystery out of what you want will only annoy people. Who are too busy to waste time trying to figure it out. Be straightforward and matter-of-fact.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 17 and 20. A touch of mauve, or better still, a jumper or frock of mauve will smooth all difficulties.	★ Collect whatever is coming to you, and do not fail to count your change in any business transaction. Be sure your receipts for money paid are correct and easily located.	★ Health may require that you take more rest. You are anxious for perfection and worry over domestic trifles, which no one else notices. Cut a few corners.	★ If you issue an ultimatum, the beloved may just walk out on you. You want him, or her, to be perfect, but you'll have to take human nature as it is.	★ Go out of your way to be kind to a new acquaintance who can introduce you to pleasant activity. You will spend time and money on hobbies.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are August 19 and 22. Navy blue for day wear, sage, or pastel blue, for evening, are favorable to social life.	★ Although you may find restrictions on your cash resources, trying, you really can make them an asset, because you can keep out of an unbounded enterprise.	★ Change appeals to you and if you can't change your place of residence you can shift furniture and ornaments. If so doing you may discover a better arrangement.	★ There can be minor conflicts between heart and mind, work and play. If young and preparing for a career, you cannot spend all your time with the one you love.	★ Do not attempt to maintain a rigid schedule of work and play, because the most valuable opportunities will come quickly, without warning. Enjoy them.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 16 and 21. Almost any color, the paler the better, is excellent if accompanied by white, and will help you romantically.	★ As a result of a conference among associates, you may put a number of new ideas to work. These are likely to be largely experimental; be guided by results.	★ If househunting you may have a stroke of luck. If buying a piece of household equipment, there may be an unexpected opportunity. If renovating, do it yourself.	★ Your intuition is rarely at fault. You would be wise to let it guide you as, present. You can sense when you have said enough, when to leave the beloved alone.	★ If you act on impulse, or go out on a limb in regard to some organization with which you are connected, you'll find you've stretched talents and energy thin.



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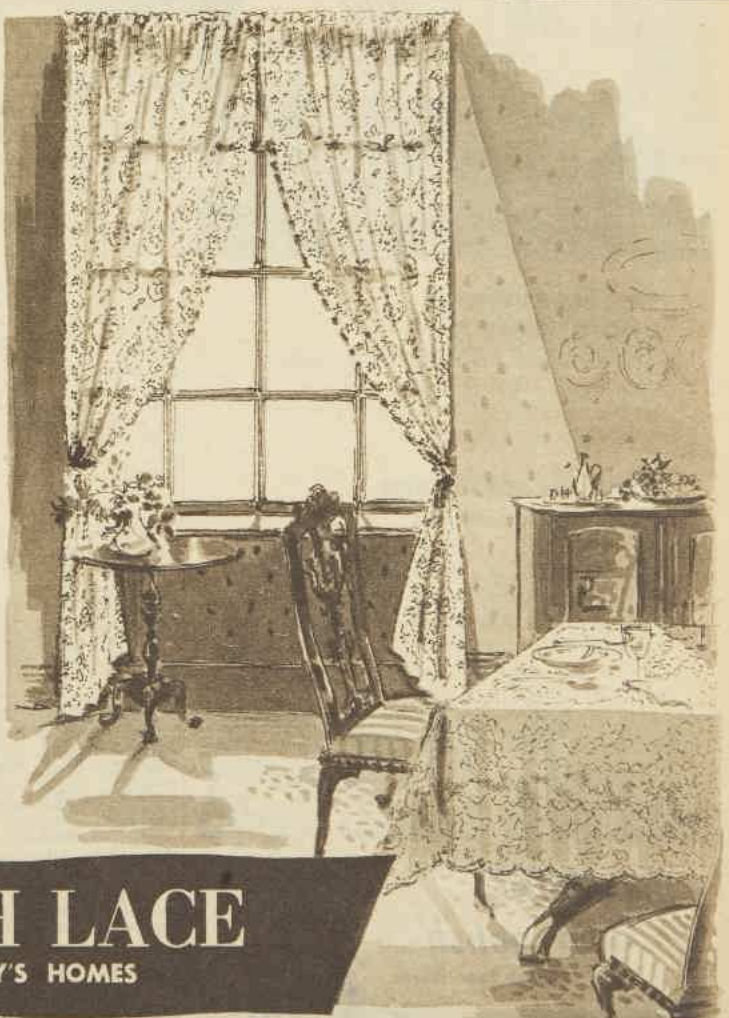
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afterwards, Grandma's cries and wails. Randall's terrified screaming, the yelping prayers of the servants to Holy Mary and all the saints, the sickening, acrid smell of burning varnish and felt, Grandmama's most awful voice, the lowest-pitched but loudest she ever used, Reilly slinging buckets of water into the smouldering piano, the wreck of the drawing-room, Seymour remembered most vividly the way it had ended, with Grandmama standing before the marble chimney-piece, whose plush drapery hung crazily awry, dripping pink water on the hearth.

The servants had been dismissed and there was nobody in the room but Grandmama and Mama and the boys. Lily was whimpering and trying to edge towards the door, with Randall's hand clutched in hers.

"No," said Grandmama, in that voice like something out of the Bible. "You are to stay here, Lily. Randall, too." Randall only looked up at her with great blue eyes swimming with

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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bewilderment. Seymour stood as far from her as he could, off in the corner by the windows, staring at the toes of his boots.

"Now, why," she intoned at Seymour, "did you do this wicked, this unspeakably evil thing?"

There was silence. Seymour stared stubbornly at his feet, pressing his lips together and grinding his back teeth.

"Answer me!"

Seymour began to feel very queer, as if his head were swelling up and likely to snap from his neck and sail away like a freed balloon. He swallowed, he drew long breaths through his nose, and he did not say a word.

Then Mama said in a trembling whisper, "Answer Grandmama, Seymour."

For Mama's sake he would have spoken if he could think of anything to say. They were all watching him, he felt their eyes piercing and boring and

trying to take him apart. He licked his lips thickly several times and then pinched them shut again.

"Please," he heard his mother gasp, and he knew she was trying to hold off Grandmama.

He raised his head and stared at the sodden wall—why had they got the whole room in such a mess, anyway?—and said through his teeth, "I don't know."

"That is no answer," said Grandmama. "You will answer my question. Why did you try to burn up the piano?"

Seymour kept his head bent and made it clear to all of them that this was neither shame nor abasement; it was defiance. He said nothing more. He heard his mother try again to plead with him, then Grandmama snapped, "That will do, Lily. I am here." To Seymour she said, "You will tell me at once why you did this thing. You will give me your reason."

He jerked his head up and opened his mouth and shouted, "I DON'T KNOW."

He saw his grandmother's long, wrinkled face harden into a shape he had never seen before, a jagged oblong like the faces of the stone animals carved on the buildings of the zoo. She seemed to have turned the color of stone, too; she looked a strange shade of grey.

Seymour was desperately frightened and he had known the feeling in varying degrees before. But for the first time he also felt something else, a sharp sensation like a knife-thrust through the sick lump of fear settled in his gorge. This was a sense of unexpected triumph, the last thing in the world he could have looked for today. If he stuck to his guns and refused to answer her question he could win hands down over Grandmama no matter what she resorted to in the effort to make him speak. Let her beat him, which she almost never had, for she was proud of her principle that she could train and mould children by force of will and character alone, without resorting to physical punishment.

"This insolence," she said, "is going to cost you dearer than all your shocking mischief. I will have your answer, Seymour, and you will remain in total disgrace until you have given it. Nobody will speak to you or notice you or act as if you were in the house. You will sit with your hands folded on a straight chair in the night nursery and you will sit there exactly as long as you fail to answer my question."

"He—he—" whispered Lily.

Grandmama turned to her and said, "Go upstairs, Lily. Go away and take Randall with you."

Seymour watched them go. He ought to feel more frightened than before to find himself alone with Grandmama, but instead he found he did not care very much. He listened indifferently while she said, "I am going to have your answer, Seymour, your reason for destroying Randall's piano."

"It wasn't Randall's," he muttered. "It was Mama's." "Do not contradict me. All this will be taken account of in your punishment. It was Randall's and he is to have a new one, a better one. The best piano that can be bought."

Seymour stood looking at Grandmama with dull interest. What was it to him if she bought another piano or a dozen pianos? He could not care about any of it any more.

"And you are going to pay

for it," said Grandmama. Seymour stared as if to point out the silliness of ordering him to buy a piano on his allowance of five cents a week.

"That is insolence, too," she said. "I see the expression on your face. I tell you you will buy Randall a new piano, and when you are older you will see what I meant. Money has no meaning to you now. One day it will. You will find out when—"

"It was Mama's piano!" cried Seymour. To interrupt Grandmama was a terrible thing, and he did it without even hesitating. "I'll buy Mama a new piano!"

"Go upstairs!" said his grandmother in a thundering bellow. "Do as I said. Sit on that straight cane chair in the corner of the night nursery, and if you move a muscle I will be there to deal with you."

He started to walk stiffly from the room.

"And," she said, "in case you think buying Randall a new piano with money that has no meaning is not much of a punishment, you may think about the piano you have just destroyed. It is going to re-

That day, when Seymour burnt the piano, Lily for the one time in her life forced the courage to try to intercede with Mrs. Holt. Seymour had been sitting upstairs for hours, sulky and defiant in his refusal to give a reason for what he had done. Between the intervals when the old woman had gone up to interrogate him, Lily had been hovering outside the night nursery, hoping to help him, but too frightened to disobey the order that forbade her to speak to him.

She knocked on the library door and entered, trembling, to face her mother-in-law. Mrs. Holt was sitting stiffly in her chair by the fire, staring at the coals. She raised her bushy eyebrows as Lily appeared, but her manner was rather less harsh than usual as she said, "Well?"

Lily swallowed apprehensively and tried to keep her voice calm. "I thought," she said. "I wanted—"

"Sit down."

Timidly she took the other red satin chair across the hearth. She was about to speak, but Mrs. Holt anticipated her. She said, "I sup-



pose you want to talk to me about Seymour?"

Lily nodded, with her eyes cast down. She said, "You know, it really was my piano, Mother Holt. He was very naughty, but—"

"I know it was your piano. Have you the money to buy another for Randall?"

Lily shook her head; her lips trembled, and she said, "I wish I had. If it would make any difference with you about Seymour."

"Not the least difference, Lily. He must be punished. I can perfectly well buy another piano. But I wonder whether I can root this terrible streak of temper and destructiveness out of Seymour." She spoke thoughtfully.

Lily looked up, drawing a long breath and praying for courage. "Are you sure this is the way to do it?" she asked. Her heart beat wildly. Oh, she thought, how I hope I don't set her off. "Is it possible you could be too strict with him?" She was frightened at her own temerity and afraid it would desert her.

To her great surprise the old woman, instead of hushing out at her, said slowly, "In the circumstances I don't think so." She paused as if considering something; then she said, "Seymour has too many qualities like my husband."

"Oh," Lily had never before heard John Holt's father mentioned. "John never spoke to me about his father."

"He scarcely knew him. My husband died when John was six years old. And I had no wish to keep his memory alive."

Lily had never known Mrs.

could she have thought her human enough to venture a confidence. Many questions passed through her mind, but she did not dare ask them.

Her silence appeared to placate the old woman. They sat in a phenomenal moment of comity, which they had never once shared; and, though Lily was a silly and unreasoning creature, she grasped, beyond her fears and her anxiety for Seymour, that the old woman perhaps unconsciously was invoking her understanding if not her sympathy. It had never occurred to her that this rigid, bitter character could ever have been pliant enough to suffer hurts such as she habitually meted out.

"My husband," said Mrs. Holt slowly, looking into the fire, "was a dissolute, passionate, violent-tempered rotter. I did not know it when I married him. I found out afterwards."

"Did you," asked Lily softly, "were you—?"

Mrs. Holt sighed. It was like the silly fool to think in such terms.

"Of course I was in love with him," she answered brusquely. "I was young once, too. And nobody remembers it now, but I was thought handsome and clever. It was supposed to be a very good match."

"He—I suppose he was well off?"

"Very. Rich, splendid to look at. I expected a good life." She paused and knit her brows. "Within six months of our marriage I scarcely ever saw him. He was always away, racing or gambling, always with men like himself and the women they consort with. There is nothing," she said, her craggy face contorted, "that I do not know about such men and what they do to their wives and children. He was away on a debauch for a whole week when my son was born."

Lily sat forward, dumb with surprise. It was not the story which amazed her so much as Mrs. Holt's startling capitulation to the impulse to tell it. Once having breached her reserve, the old woman went on talking.

"So perhaps you can understand," she said, "that the single purpose of my life has been to make of my own son, and now your two, men who could not resemble a hair of my husband's head. For that one needs authority—and my husband was in no position to deny it."

So that, thought Lily, is why he had to leave her all his money and nothing directly to John. I wonder if he could have known what the result would be. She did not know what to say. She had it on the tip of her tongue to ask whether John or either of her own boys had ever given Mrs. Holt real reason to suppose they could resemble her husband. Merely these outbreaks of Seymour's temper? And surely Randall, that angelic, sweet-natured little boy.

She thought of her John, and said mildly, "You couldn't have worried about John. He was so good, so gentle—"

"Because he never had a chance to be otherwise."

Lily wondered. The old woman went on. "It would have been better had he not married. I never meant him to."

"I know that. I've always known you didn't like me."

"I should not have liked better any wife of John's."

"But I loved him so much," said Lily, as if such a reason could at this date have softened her mother-in-law. Mrs. Holt's face tightened. She was beginning to regret already having talked so freely to Lily. Perhaps it had been a mistake. But, having done it, she would leave matters as they were.

"You may go upstairs to Seymour," she said, looking

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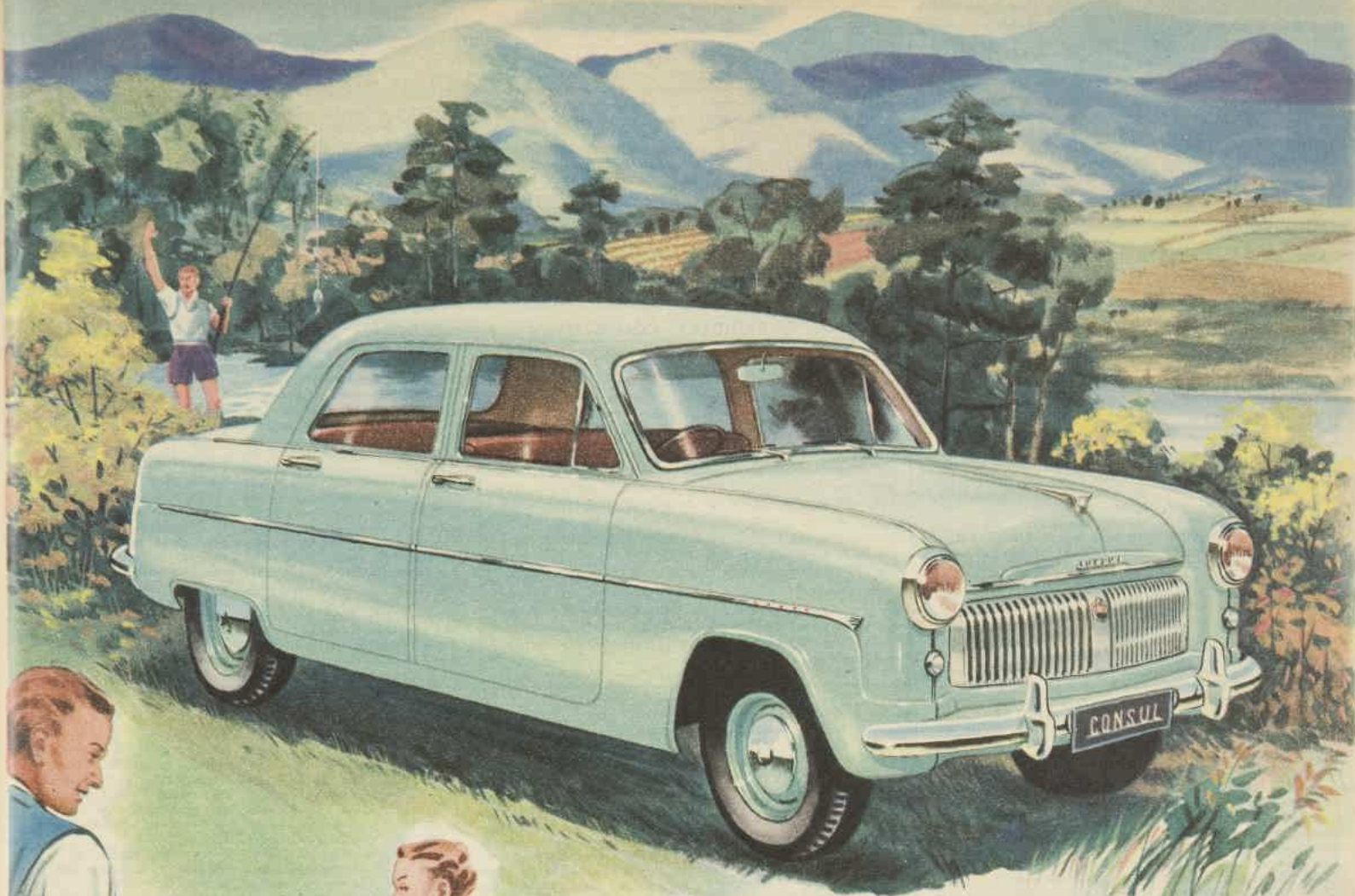
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away, and put him to bed. I know why he burnt the piano; I thought it necessary to make him say."

"I truly don't believe he can, Mother Holt. He won't do such a dreadful thing again."

"If he does he will go through with his punishment."

When Randall was left in the drawing-room with Mama and Grandmama he listened with delight to the heavy drumming of the rain outside. It meant that he would not have to go out this afternoon, and it might even mean, with luck, that he could stay in Mama's room for a while instead of in the day nursery. This might take a little doing. For a moment he wished Seymour were here to help; they had their own understandings about how to manage certain things. But then he thought, no; when it has to do with Mama, Seymour can be almost as bad as Grandmama.

Mama was still trembling and whimpering on account of the thunderstorm, and, instead of continuing to pat her shoulder and comfort her, Randall walked over quietly to the piano and put his music away. He was very neat. Everything was arranged just so in the music cabinet and he kept it that way without supervision. He did all this with grave attentiveness as if he were unaware that Grandmama was watching him. Then he said, his innocent blue eyes very childlike, "What do you wish me to do now, Grandmama?"

"Why—" Randall felt a ripple of satisfaction; this was a good sign. It came only when one asked Grandmama for orders instead of having them thrust at one. "Have you finished your French for tomorrow?"

"Not quite." As a matter of fact, he had not only read and translated it; he had memorised it, just as he made all his best efforts for any of his work supervised by Mama. Grandmama had long since given up the empty gesture of teaching French words to the boys, because there was no denying that Lily had been

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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brought up to speak it well. Let her teach it to Randall, along with music, a soft, unmanly thing he had inherited from her. Seymour was of different fibre; one could expect to make something of him.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Holt to Randall, "you might as well finish your fable for tomorrow. Lily, you are quite all right now, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, Mother Holt," Lily spoke with eager brightness which deceived neither her son nor the old woman. "I feel quite well, I'm sorry, I—I'm so sorry—"

Mrs. Holt shook her head as if to dismiss the subject and proceeded heavily from the room. "I shall be waiting for you and Seymour punctually at five-thirty in the library," she said to Randall. That was the half-hour when she read them the Bible every evening before their supper.

"Yes, Grandmama," said Randall demurely, following the two billowing, rustling sets of skirts up the stairs. Mrs. Holt disappeared into the library and Lily continued to the next floor, followed by Randall. Each knew that the other, but for the old woman there behind the door she had just closed, would have broken into a run and flown up the stairs to the refuge that they could scarcely wait to reach. But they moved sedately.

Lily's room was the large double one at the third floor front, which she had shared with her husband, and which to the very last detail she kept exactly as it had been when he was alive. She slipped inside the room now, and Randall behind her, as if they had been conspirators; the door was no sooner shut behind them than they ran into each other's arms swiftly and fervently like lovers who had been kept apart for days. Lily held Randall close to her bosom and stroked his fair curls and kissed his temples and his eyelids, and Randall kissed her pale cheeks and hugged her and whispered, "Dear Mama, please

try to forget about her, don't think about her."

"Yes, yes," she whispered. "Oh, Randall, dearest, what would I do without you!"

For a time they made a show of going through Randall's lesson. But soon they put the book aside and Randall curled up close to her, with his head on her shoulder. Sometimes she sang to him in these stolen moments and sometimes she talked, dwelling on

the daguerreotypes and sketches, the souvenirs, the notes, the invitations to balls and other parties, the flowers pressed in mica envelopes, which marked the thrilling time between one's debut and one's marriage. Randall liked best the early albums which told how beautiful and gay and charming Mama had been, and what lovely parties she had gone to when she was young.

"But," he asked, "why is it that you only went to parties until you were married? Don't married people go to parties?"

### £2000 EMBROIDERY COMPETITION

#### Demand for entry forms

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her few treasured memories of happiness, which Randall knew well how to evoke. He knew that she loved him to open one or another of the drawers, cupboards, or boxes, where she kept every token of memory which had ever come into her possession.

Today he had taken down from a shelf an album which was one of a series of what Lily in her girlhood had called her "memory books." All her friends had kept such books, velvet-colored volumes with blank pages of slotted cardboard, into which they slipped

"Why, yes, darling, of course."

"But you never go now. You never have parties here."

"Well, you see, I am a widow, and without Papa—"

Randall could not remember clearly the days when Papa had been alive, but he was quite sure there had been no parties then, either. "Were there?" he asked. "Did you and Papa go to parties then, or give them here?"

"No—not exactly."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, Grandmama

... we didn't like to go out and leave her alone."

"Will I go to parties when I am older?"

Lily laughed. "I should hope so. Young men have the best time of all, they say. And you will have more wonderful things to do than most boys; you will be going to Europe to study—"

"You always say so, Mama, but how can you be sure?"

"What do you mean, darling?"

Of course I am sure! Lily opened her eyes wide and held Randall by the shoulders. "You must go, Professor Mundt says so, too. You must go to Vienna, he says, when you are older, that is the only place, and you will have lessons with some great teacher, perhaps Leschetizky, and hear all the wonderful concerts and operas and make lots of lovely friends and—"

"But—" Randall had a worried pucker on his forehead. "What about you, Mama? Aren't you going with me?"

"Of course! We'll have a flat or a little house somewhere with a garden and—"

Randall nodded eagerly; none of this was new, they had talked about it many times before. This time, however, he asked a new question. "What about Brother?" he blurted, in such a way that Lily saw he had been making up his mind for a long time to say this. Randall had a way of calling Seymour "Brother" at certain moments and with a kind of secret emphasis; he said "Brother" only to Seymour himself or to Lily, never in the presence of his grandmother.

Lily paused and weighed Randall's question, and he saw a vague look come into her eyes as he watched her face anxiously.

"Oh," she said, "why—why he won't want to go, darling. I mean, that is, he—Grandmama would never let him go." "But this will be when I am big," said Randall. "Is Grandmama"—Lily watched him nervously—"is she going to live forever, Mama?"

"Sh—" Her face turned pink in a sudden blush. She glanced quickly at the door. "We mustn't, you oughtn't . . ."

"That's not naughty," whis-

pered Seymour. she's very old and she is. Don't you ever think about that, Mama?"

"Oh, darling." How could she cry, "If you only knew!"

Randall jumped lightly away from her as they heard a tap on the door and Lily, closing the album before them, cried brightly, "Come in!"

It was Seymour.

Lily delightedly patted the divan on her right and when Seymour sat down there, hung an arm about each boy and hugged them both. Seymour submitted with a show of patience, eyeing the closed album on the small table before them.

"Up to that stuff again," he said. "Don't you ever get tired of thinking about the same old things? Old pictures and dead flowers and stuff."

"It's no worse than all that rubbish of yours in the cellar," said Randall.

"Why, darling!" Lily's face was quite shocked. "What a thing to say!"

"I don't care," said Seymour. "If he's too stupid to see what I do with things—"

"Sh. Stop squabbling, boys. Let's have a few happy minutes together while we can." Lily drew the children close to her, hugging each by the shoulder until their cheeks were resting against hers. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," she sighed, "if only we were always—"

They all jumped a little. They had heard Mrs. Holt's voice downstairs: the library door must be open and Mrs. Holt giving some order to Minnie, for whom she had rung. Lily's eyes, together with Seymour's cool grey ones, and Randall's wondering blue globes, turned to the crystal clock ticking fustily on her bedside table. It said twenty minutes past five.

"We have ten minutes," said Lily anxiously.

Seymour shook his head, drawing away while she tried to hold him closer.

"Mnh, mnh," he sounded, with his lips closed. "She wants to know if we're upstairs getting washed." He pulled

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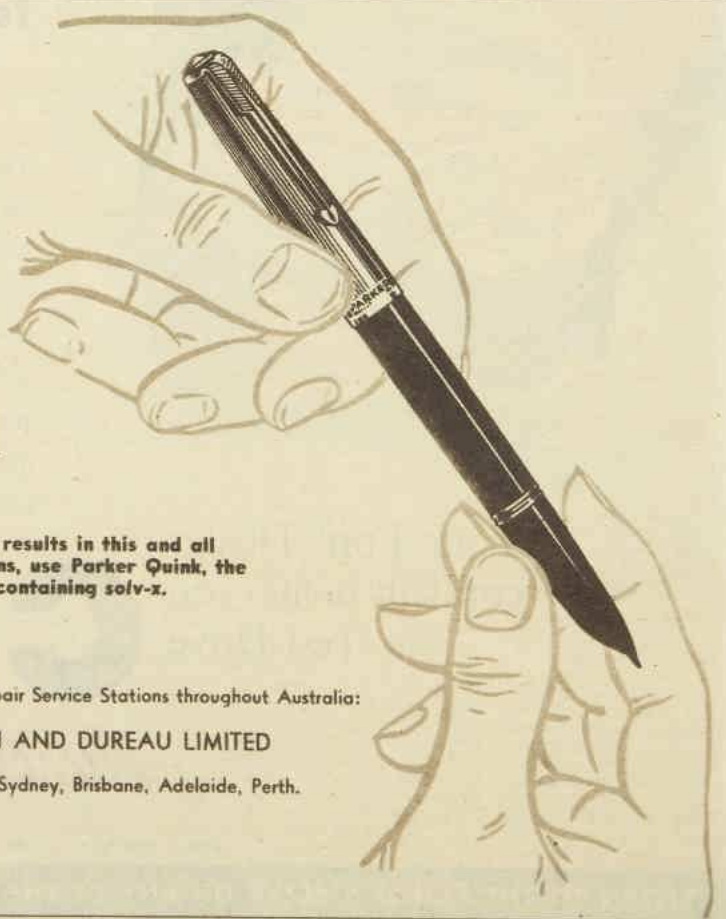


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and stood up. "Come on, Ran."

"Oh, dear," Lily hugged Randall closer and looked up at Seymour with babyish, pleading expression. Seymour's face was quite stern, he wore that look which Lily could never quite believe, setting his little-boy face in severe lines utterly unrelated to his soft skin and fine hair.

"It's no use, Mama. Do you want to get us into trouble?"

Lily sighed and let Randall go. He stood up and then threw his arms quickly round her neck and gave her a hug and a kiss.

"I told you to come on, Ran," said Seymour, watching them. "He's too old to be babied like that, Mama." Lily looked at Seymour with her most docile expression, and Randall said, "He's not Grand-mama. You don't have to obey him, too."

"I—I'd rather, darling. He's only trying to keep us out of trouble, don't you see?"

"Well," said Randall with prim deliberateness. "I guess I do. I'm coming, Brother," he said, as Seymour started toward the door.

Seymour had just won the Saturday afternoon Class A race, his sixth straight victory, bringing him within two weeks of the Season Cup. He was full of happiness and excitement as he brought his boat in to its mooring. He came about, dropped the mainsail, and slid round in one smooth manoeuvre as Randall up forward neatly hooked the dinghy. Seymour could never have enough of sailing, especially after he had waited years for the supreme job of owning his own boat. But Randall if anything was the more proud.

He grinned at Seymour with overflowing admiration. "You really are a sailor."

"Oh, I guess it's the boat. And you're a good hand."

They were trying to outdo each other in generosity. It had been a fine race. Seymour had only received his boat two months ago, in June, as a grand cumulative present to celebrate several major events: his eighteenth birthday last winter, his graduation with honors from school, and his behaving with good grace about his grandmother's insistence that he go to Columbia next autumn and live at home, instead of going away to The Massachusetts Institute as he had hoped.

"I guess it's worth the price," he said to Randall, throwing him a sweater and adding, "Put that on, Kid." He motioned with his chin across the harbor to their lawn, where they could see Mrs. Holt standing bulky and black-clad as always, with her telescope to her eye.

Continuing . . .

"I had the cold," said Randall wearily. "Weeks ago."

"I know. But you think I want a harangue about you this evening?"

"I thought you were going to the Milburns' beach party this evening."

"I am—I hope. That's why I don't want any trouble beforehand."

Randall pulled the sweater over his head and went on with his work.

"What's it like on those beach parties, Brother?" His fine fingers were making short work of the mainsail stops and his face was wistful.

"It's fun. You'll be old enough to go pretty soon. Grand things to eat and sitting around a big driftwood fire. And toasting marshmallows later and singing, and tonight there's going to be a moon."

Randall knew, too, what else Seymour was anticipating, but you didn't talk about that. It was part of the reason why Seymour seemed so changed lately and so far away. They had finished making everything shipshape; they dropped into the dinghy and cast off, and Randall asked to row in. Seymour said, "Better not. You know."

It was Mama they had to consider now; she was always trying to make Randall promise not to row and get his hands calloused. They shot across the harbor and Randall said, "Look, Brother, there's Dorothy Bayliss waving at you."

He watched Seymour's face and the careful, blank expression which came over it. Seymour looked over his shoulder and saw that his grandmother had left her lookout post; then he waved quickly and casually towards the Bayliss place and bent to his oars again.

"I guess she's trying to congratulate you about the race," said Randall. "You'll see her at the party, won't you?"

"I suppose."

"Everybody says she's the prettiest girl on the Island."

"Aw—" Seymour thought better of what he had been about to say. If he tried to shut Randall up, the kid would only harp more on the subject. "There are lots of others."

Randall knew better than to say anything more about this now. They had reached home anyway and there was no more time to talk. They climbed the slope to the sprawling "cottage" of brown, weathered shingles, where Mrs. Holt had spent her summers ever since her husband had built the house when she was a bride. Hare Island was a thoroughly conservative place, dull and unprogressive.

This was the reason for the one seeming inconsistency in

# My Brother's Keeper

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Mrs. Holt's rigidity: the vast difference for the boys between their New York winters and their Hare Island summers. They were allowed in summer the only freedom they ever knew, because their grandmother supposed that they could not come to harm or fall under bad influences on an island miles out at sea, tightly colonised by people she had always known.

Lily was less sure than her mother-in-law of Hare Island's impermeability to life and the outside world. She was still young enough to see Seymour as she was sure he appeared to his contemporaries, superbly handsome with a fascinating tendency to silence made provocative by his finely modelled features and deep grey eyes. What Seymour felt or even more rarely, said, was worth waiting to learn.

Sitting now at tea with her mother-in-law as the boys surged up the porch steps outside, Lily had to restrain the impulse to rush out and throw her arms about them and make the fuss which Seymour's victory deserved. Instead she waited until they came in, bronzed and panting, and flung themselves upon the bread-and-butter and cake.

"It's too wonderful," cried Lily, wishing she dared run over and hug Seymour. "Tell us all about it."

"Oh—not much out of the usual," he said, with his mouth full. "Thank you, Grand-mama." He took the cup of tea she had poured out for him. "Some of them had a little trouble at the Cat and Kittens."

"But Seymour did it this way!" Randall illustrated with his hands the series of quick tacks that had brought their boat through ahead. "And Mr. Jarrett was awfully nice, he hailed us and saluted Seymour."

"Edwin Jarrett is a fine man," said Mrs. Holt. "A sportsman," said Seymour.

Mrs. Holt raised her eyebrows as if to remind Seymour that her pronouncement was intended to be the last word. Lily had nothing to add to the conversation, she sat smiling brightly at the boys and surreptitiously glancing at the mantel clock. It was after five, and Seymour, she knew, was supposed to be at the post office at six, where the party were to meet to ride out in hay-waggons to Barren Beach. Whenever Seymour was about to go out to enjoy one of the privileges which his age and his good behaviour had wrested

from the reluctant old woman, Lily suffered torments of suspense until he was safely out of the house. But to her relief, he was dismissed from tea in time to go upstairs to change his clothes.

"Eleven-thirty sharp, Seymour," the old lady admonished him when he came in again to say goodbye.

"Yes, Grandmama."

"And stop the clock when you come in." That was her way of policing him, an infuriating humiliation of the sort it was impossible to keep secret from his friends.

"Good-night, then." His grandmother tilted towards him the angle of her chin. He kissed it, kissed his mother's cheek, who breathed, "Have a good time, darling," and gave Randall an affectionate slap on the shoulder. Then, holding his breath, he was out safe and free on the front porch, and down the steps in a bound.

He took his bicycle from the shed, carefully secured his trousers with spring clips, and sped down the road, conscious of the glorious flavor of liberty. When he whizzed into the post office square the three big hay-waggons were there, filling with the laughing, chattering party. His friends hailed him with calls and shouts of congratulation, and several of them cried from their perches, "Here, Seymour! We've saved a place for you!"

But he knew that there would be a place next to Dorothy Bayliss, without any remark about it.

He sprang into the waggon where she was seated, shyly smiling at him, and dismissed with modesty the chorus of congratulations on the race today.

"It really was wonderful," said Dorothy softly. "I was out with Papa in the judges' boat and saw it all."

Seymour looked at her small, pretty hands folded in her ruffled pale blue lap. He would have liked to take one of them and hold it just for a minute, but that was unthinkable. Dorothy looked at him and her bright face turned pink in a sudden blush. Seymour leaned over and said something to George Parsons about a tennis game tomorrow; and while George was reminding him, to his discomfort, that Seymour could not play tennis on Sunday but would Monday do, the last of the guests swarmed into the waggons and in a chorus of shouts the big teams hauled off for the two-mile ride to Barren Beach.

The clambake had been under preparation all day, and when the waggons stopped on the bluff high above the long shingle of Barren Beach, the delicious smell of driftwood smoke, broiling lobsters, and steaming clams rose on the rich salt air. There was a sharp descent down a stony trail from the top of the bluff to the beach, and Seymour, in a private understanding with Dorothy, left her to go down with somebody else while he went to help Mrs. Milburn and carry some of her wraps and rugs. Dorothy would save a place for him at supper.

This was laid on long white canvas cloths spread on the sand, round which the thirty-odd guests sat on cushions and steamer rugs. Seymour found his place and sat down cross-legged beside Dorothy, with John Borden on her other side and Edith Lincoln beyond Borden. Seymour knew that all this had been previously arranged by Dorothy and Edith, her best friend. John Borden was Edith's special beau and

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Dorothy needn't pay much attention to him.

Seymour felt afloat on a tide of happiness. What a day!

He tried to join in laughter and talk, but all he wanted was to look at Dorothy.

"Why do we never have fun like this in the winter?" he said.

"I don't know. New York parties are stiff. And you don't seem to—" Dorothy paused, a little embarrassed.

"I know." It was unnecessary to bring in Mrs. Holt. Seymour had scarcely ever been allowed to go to parties in town.

"But next winter will be different, won't it?" Dorothy smiled shyly. "Will you come to my coming-out party?"

"I should think so! After all, I'll be at college."

"It will be fun, won't it?"

"I hope so. Of course that's not why I'm going there."

"I didn't mean that. I meant me—coming out."

"Will you like it so much?" Seymour spoke uneasily. "Will you—" he paused.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." How could he say he hoped she would not like it too much, not allow herself to be distracted by too many beaux.

When the food was finished, the canvas cloths were rolled up and the fire down the beach was renewed with great beams and chunks of driftwood. The party moved to settle themselves in a broad semicircle round the landward side of the fire. Someone started a song and soon by threes and fours the others joined in, until the whole party was singing.

Seymour had moved as close to Dorothy as he dared and was holding her hand before the hour of singing by the driftwood fire had spun itself out. It was time to start home. There were sighs, here and there, a giggle as some girl was swung to her feet, calls of "Where's my sweater?" and "Let me help you," and "I'll carry that," as they moved slowly and regretfully up the beach to the path where kerosene lanterns had been placed to light the way. They climbed

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up the bluff and got into the hay-waggons again and settled down for the ride back. The moon had risen and was high now, startling white, and the sandy road looked like a trail of cream poured out between the dull, dry green of the dunes on either side.

Seymour settled Dorothy in the wagon and then contrived, with boldness of which he himself was afraid, to let his arm fall behind her and around her shoulders as he took his place beside her. He held his breath, he was unsure of himself and now anxious lest she take offence. But she did nothing. She sat quietly with her hands in her lap, and under cover of the bustle made by the others climbing into the wagon, Seymour breathed more easily. He leaned back, and when he summoned the courage to look at her, she smiled with gentle uncertainty.

"You are sweet," he whispered, and doubted if she heard him. The wagon was starting in a chorus of cheers and then there was the long, pleasantly jolting ride in the brilliant moonlight, with everybody else, he knew, feeling just as he and Dorothy did; and finally the arrival back at the post-office square. The clock under the white steeple of the church across the way said twenty minutes past eleven.

Seymour's heart sank. There was no possibility that he could walk to her house with Dorothy and him—if got home inside of ten minutes. He scowled and bit his lip. Dorothy said, "You'd better not try." It made the ignominy all the worse for her to know his dilemma. "I can walk home with John and Edith," she said.

Seymour felt his face burning; he swallowed and turned his head sharply, defiant and decided. "Nonsense," he said. "Of course I'm going to take you home."

They took a footpath across the stretch of dunes that lay between the post-office and the broad harbor ringed with cot-

tages where their homes lay perhaps a third of a mile apart. As they walked slowly, with Seymour wheeling his bicycle, their friends in groups and couples moved before and behind them, turning off with calls of "Good night!" until Seymour found himself almost alone with Dorothy, since the Bayliss house was farthest out towards the edge of the harbor.

Seymour knew that Mrs. Bayliss would be waiting for Dorothy. His moment of Magic was so limited that as they moved past a clump of bay

"A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something."

—Wilson Mizner

shrubs he stooped in their shadow, laid down his bicycle, and stood looking at Dorothy in the moonlight. She seemed surprised. Her lips were parted and her eyebrows raised as if to ask a question. But it was Seymour who spoke, and when he did he felt a fool. He only said, "Dorothy."

She was silent. He took her hand slowly between his two and held it for a moment and said, "You see . . ." Then he had nothing more to say.

"I've had a lovely time," she said.

"So have I." He wanted to draw her closer and he felt the nerveless yielding of her hand and arm, but he had not the courage.

"Don't make yourself late, Seymour," she whispered. Now instead of shame that she should know the mortifications of his existence, he felt a plunging relief. He wanted her to understand, and she did.

"It—" he spoke with hesita-

tion and then blurted, "It won't always be like this, Dorothy."

"Of course not."

"And sometimes I want to ask you—ask—"

"What?"

"If you—you don't mind—well, waiting. I know I can't be much fun the ways things are. But some day—"

"I know."

"Yes, but in the meantime, you're going to be meeting lots of new people and you know how much trouble I have in New York. It's hard enough here, but in the winter, well—"

"But, Seymour," she said, and her low voice throbbed in his ears. "The others, the new ones, they wouldn't—" He stared at her small delicate features etched in the moonlight and saw the deep blush which swept over them while she hesitated. "They wouldn't matter," she whispered.

He stood clinging to her hand, surprised to find that he was trembling. For a moment he could not speak. Then he swallowed and said, "Dorothy—you mean that I do?"

She bent her head and if she answered he could not hear.

"Oh," he said softly, "I didn't dare hope. Because I feel, I've felt for such a long time—" he paused and something made him say, "You didn't think me silly? Did you just—understand?"

Again she nodded shyly without speaking. Seymour's hands held her forearms and drew her back into the shadow of the shrubbery. They stood close together. Seymour so much taller that he bent down to see her face and to look into her eyes which for the first time looked straight into his, wide and tender with what she had not the words to say.

"Oh," he said, "Dorothy. Do you mean you would, do you think some day . . . all that waiting . . . you wouldn't mind?"

She shook her head slowly, looking at him. Then she raised her face and Seymour touched her lips with his own.

His arms moved to go round her and for an instant he could feel her, warm and trembling a little, as he held her. But she drew away, whispering, "We must go. Mother's waiting for me, too."

"I know it. I—oh, Dorothy, do you really mean it?"

Once more he felt her lips, delicate, shy, velvety, as he imagined a butterfly's wing must be. She turned her head and Seymour, though he longed to embrace her with all the strength which suddenly flared through him, gently let her go.

Then he seized his bicycle and pedalled home furiously, not only because he was so late, but because his blood was racing and driving him along. He could not really believe it yet; Dorothy was his girl, he had kissed her, she liked him better than anybody else, and she expected to keep on doing so. It was too good to be true, but it was true, and with this to live for a chap could endure even the maddening troubles of his existence.

He let himself in at the side door which had been left unlocked for him and tiptoed across the hall and the sitting-room to the fireplace. The moonlight was so brilliant that it was unnecessary to light a candle. Seymour stood looking at the mantel clock, listening to its reproachful ticking while he also listened with all the acuteness of his years of practice for any other sound in the house. There was none, and the clock said fourteen minutes past twelve.

Seymour opened the glass face of the clock and took the pendulum in his fingers and stopped it. He stood there hesitating, then he put out his hand, trying to ignore the pounding of his own pulse, and slowly set the stopped clock back. When, with his mechanical fingers he had placed both hands of the clock, they said two minutes past eleven-thirty.

When Seymour came down to breakfast on the required stroke of eight, his grandmother and Randall were already seated at the table. Mrs. Holt in her usual black sat behind

the silver coffee pot at the head of the table, facing the door. Seymour walked to his chair and, standing behind it, inclined his head and said, "Good morning, Grandmother." This salutation had been substituted, as a mark of his superior age, for the morning kiss which he had dreaded all his life.

His grandmother did not answer his greeting, so Seymour took his place and stared at his oatmeal with loathing. How could he choke down such stuff when he was stranding with uneasiness? At that moment he heard his mother's light step running down the stairs and into the dining-room. She came in crying, "Good morning, Mother Holt. Good morning, boys."

Automatically the brothers stood up and Randall held out his mother's chair. They both kissed her quickly and went back to their places. Mrs. Holt had not said a word nor looked up. Lily glanced at her for a moment, then at Seymour, and then he saw the color drain from his mother's face. She sat back, nervously wiping her lips and trying not to look again at Seymour.

The rest of the breakfast appeared, but Seymour could not have eaten a mouthful: his brain was already moving round and round in the circle which was not to be a very long day's treadmill. The old woman knew, but how could she know, except she had been wide awake last night and lain there without making a sound, watching, by her bedside clock, to trap him?

He suppressed a sigh. He had had enough years' experience to know that there was nothing better to do than to face it squarely. Raising his courage more to face humiliation before his mother and Randall than for the coming ordeal, he said, "May I speak to you before church, Grandmother?"

"You are not going to church," she said, in a thick tone eloquent of ill-suppressed rage.

Never had she said such a

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## Are you in the know?



When shaking hands do you . . .

- ☐ Remove your gloves ☐ Keep them on ☐ Say "Pardon my glove"

Do you scramble to take off your glove or apologise for it? Thumbs down! A lady's gloves should stay put — till she's seated in the theatre or at the restaurant table. To stay hand in glove with confidence on "trying" days — choose Kotex. It's more absorbent than ever these days. Flat-pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, chafe-free edges stay comfortable all day long. You've never known such comfort, especially now that Kotex has extra absorbency. To-day, Kotex is the most absorbent napkin ever offered in Australia. You'll notice the difference yourself, the very first packet you buy. For perfect poise add a Kotex belt . . . fits snugly, has a wonderful reserve of stretch when you bend.



If his competition calls you, what to do?

- ☐ Be brief ☐ Linger on the line ☐ Sorry, wrong number?

Burn up the line for hours, and your date will smoulder! Don't think you're impressing him! Be brief, or next time you're waiting for his call, don't ask for whom the bell rings — it's not for you. Be brief when you choose sanitary napkins, too — just say "Kotex please." Or what about saying, "Kotex Double Pack." That way you get two dozen napkins in the one pack for 5/5 — easy to carry, easy on the memory and you save money.



Do we have to remind you, too?

Most women need reminding to buy a new Kotex belt before the old one starts to go. Make a resolution now to buy one next time you buy Kotex. Five styles to choose from.



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- ☐ Halter ☐ Camisole ☐ Little Boy

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More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.



thing before. Lily sat back, with quick tears of terror in her eyes, and Randall gazed at the old woman in horrified bewilderment. What could she mean?

"You are not going out at all, anywhere," said Mrs. Holt, "until we leave for New York tomorrow."

Seymour's cup clattered into its saucer and he knew that his face must have turned brick-red. It burnt so that his eyeballs stung. He could ask her what she meant, but he knew what she meant. Memory upon memory broke over him in sickening waves, every sharp and scathing thing she had ever said about his mother, every scornful remark about his father's disastrous marriage. He need not even remember the early and indelible impressions of the things he had overheard; he knew. She had her spy, or spies; how or by what means he would never be able to find out; but if she had been every moment of last evening there beside himself and Dorothy Bayliss, she could not be more aware.

He had never known real anger of this kind before. For all his violent temper and the savage, destructive things it had driven him to do, he had never sensed what he felt now, a righteous rage so enormous that it swept down his lifelong habit of cowed, hypocritical deference. Without knowing it, he was on his feet, saying, "You are contemptible! A sneaking, spying — you've spied on me! You vile old woman!"

He did not know what he was saying, against the pandemonium of Lily's squealing sobs and Randall's heartbroken wail, "But the Cup! The Season Cup! He can't miss the Labor Day Race!"

"Silence!" bellowed Mrs. Holt.

"Silence is what you'll have,"

## Continuing . . . . My Brother's Keeper

[from page 55]

retorted Seymour. "I was going to grovel before you and confess like a child about the clock. Now I'm not. Nobody else would ever find himself in such a position. You'll have your silence. Move us back to your prison in New York. I can't do anything about that. But silence is all you'll ever get from me, if you beat me to death for it."

He picked up his cup and saucer and flung them across the room, where they smashed on the hearth. Then he kicked back his chair with a crash and strode from the room.

For the ninth time Randall started again at the red mark where the second theme of the Larghetto began. This was deceptively simple, actually very difficult and more demanding of expressiveness than the rest of the wonderfully poetic movement. Randall was working hard to have it ready for the Students' Concert the day before Thanksgiving. For several years he had played at each of these concerts, but this was his first concerto, to be played with a small orchestra of real Philharmonic players. Randall had chosen the concerto himself and begged for it in spite of Professor Mundt's doubts.

Yet Randall was having trouble. He tried to make the wistful, transparent melody reflect the mood of sad anxiety which permeated the house and surrounded his mother and himself like a mist. But with every reason to make it possible; with no real technical difficulty, music that he adored, and the desire to draw all he felt from the yearning theme, he could not bring it alive. He laid his arms on the edge of the music rack and put his head down on them and

sat there wishing he were not too old to cry.

He heard the door open and close, and he looked up and found Seymour standing near him. The room, except for the gas-mantle lamp by the piano, was quite dark, and Randall realised that it must be past six, over an hour later than Seymour usually arrived home after his trip by the Hudson River Railroad from the

Seymour had become something of a mockery. Watching the deadlock between the two, Randall felt as if he could divine better than Seymour the vindictive lengths to which their grandmother might still go. It was all very well to admire Seymour passionately, as Randall did, for having the



University. Seymour said, "What's the matter, kid?"

Randall gestured at the music. "Oh — nothing! It's hard. Say, aren't you home awfully late?"

Seymour shrugged. Randall knew he had been calling at the Bayliss', which was the only motive urgent enough to induce Seymour to defy this year's rule that he be home on the stroke of five o'clock every day.

The old woman's control of

courage to hold to his vow. But the price of this might be beyond computing; and it would not be exacted of Seymour alone. Randall was thinking of this as he sat at his piano looking up at his brother's handsome but gloomy and troubled face.

"Where's Mama?" asked Seymour, dropping into one of the fussy, tufted parlor chairs.

Randall indicated upstairs with a tilt of his head. "You

know." She was almost always lying down these afternoons, with the blinds drawn and a cold compress over her eyes.

"Has She—" They had their own way of pronouncing the pronoun when they spoke about their grandmother. They never called her now by any other name between themselves.

"Not that I know of, not today. Mama just said she didn't feel well when I came in from school, and I didn't need her here."

"She isn't really ill all the time," Seymour said. "She hasn't got headaches like she says."

"Of course not. She only does it to keep out of the way. She's awfully unhappy, Brother."

"I know she is. So are you. So am I. But will you tell me if it was any better before? Now I've got the old bully checkmated, at least."

Once more Randall tried to find the courage to warn Seymour that this might not be so true, or so simple. He was in the house more hours of the day than Seymour, even though he spent that time shut up at the piano, and he was uneasy every moment. "It's something queer," he said slowly. "Something going on."

"What?" "I can't tell, that's the trouble. I have a feeling She — She does something to Mama when we're out."

"What can She do? Mama always stays in her room while you're at school, she always did. She never goes there, that's why. Mama started shutting herself up like that."

"Maybe I'm all wrong," said Randall, with hopefulness which did not deceive Seymour. The boy was really worried. Now Seymour found himself uneasy even beyond his own

anxieties which Randall did not know about.

"Maybe you're not wrong, too," he said. "If you mean — well, I haven't exactly admitted it to myself either, but there is a difference in Mama. I know what you mean."

Randall nodded, pulling down the corners of his mouth. "And a difference in Her, too. She's sort of, I don't know — secret. Locked away. I wouldn't care if I didn't think it meant some kind of trouble. She used to make me go and do all that reporting to her in the library the way we always had to, and now she doesn't send for me so much."

"Well, what are you kicking about?" Seymour laughed with an acid rasp. "Haven't I done you a favor? I wish somebody'd done as much for me four years ago!"

"Maybe She's going to die," said Randall coolly. It took nerve to say the words, and he felt pleased with himself.

"What else should She do by now?" Seymour got to his feet and looked at the old tombstone clock. "Dinner in a quarter of an hour. Come on, wash your hands, Master Randall, and change your collar, now." He spoke in the fussy, nasal brogue of old Nana, gone years ago, whom he had always liked to mimic. The brothers laughed and went away upstairs.

After dinner, when Seymour was trying to study in his own room, the calculus which was usually not difficult for him turned intolerably hard. He was doing brilliantly at Columbia; the Dean said few freshmen showed such aptitude for mathematics and engineering. There was already every likelihood that Seymour could finish his undergraduate course in three years. After some graduate work in special engineering he would be ready

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# You couldn't call these darlings dear!

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## Actually grows lovelier with use!





*CALOCASIA ANTIQUORUM* or taro, a native of the East Indies, flourishes in a sheltered, moist position about 3ft. from a fence. The plant is commonly called elephant's ears and is highly decorative both in the garden and for use indoors.

## Tropical plants

● Tropical plants known as elephant's ears, coco-yams, dasheens, or tannias can be grown perfectly wherever the soil is rich and moist, and the site is protected from frosts and cold winds.

**T**HERE are two distinct forms of elephant's ears.

The foliage of *calocasia esculenta* (known to most Pacific islanders as taro, eddo, or dasheen, and grown largely for its edible tubers) produces enormous shield-shaped leaves often measuring 3ft. long.

The variety *calocasia antiquorum* is an ornamental species with large leaves, some showing margins and veinings of purple.

The tubers are usually planted in Australia in warm spring weather, and if transplanting is followed by sound watering or heavy rains the plants grow quickly.

When the tubers are set out about 2ft. apart facing north-east, they make very ornamental beds.

The *alocasia* is related closely to *calocasia* and the *caladium*. Their large, hanging green leaves are veined, spotted, and marbled with striking colorings, and sometimes show a metallic gloss.

While they do well out of doors in the Australian tropics and semi-tropics, they can also be grown in warm coastal areas where the aspect is favorable and frost-free.

About 40 species are known, and with the hybrids which have been developed more than 100 varieties are now grown. They fall into two divisions — evergreen and herbaceous, the latter having a resting period during which it loses its leaves.

When active growth begins towards the end of September, abundant water is needed.

The evergreen varieties require good fibrous soil with some small charcoal well mixed in. The herbaceous varieties require good fibrous loam and some old, rotted cow manure. Good drainage is necessary if the plants are grown in pots or tubs.

Propagation is by suckers or cuttings of the roots, as the plants rarely flower or set seed in the cooler parts of Australia.

Many of the varieties obtainable in Australia are merely green leaves.

If these plants are grown in conservatories, heated glass-houses, or glassed-in verandahs, they should be planted in large, very deep tubs or pots. Several inches of broken crocks or stones should be placed at the bottom.

Good-quality loam of a fibrous nature is required, together with the addition of rotted cow manure and leafmould.

Deep water containers should be placed under the tubs or pots, and during the period of active growth they must be partly filled every day or so.

Liquid manure is also necessary once the plants produce their fleshy stems and big leaves.

If they are grown outdoors, the soil for these gross feeders should be dug over to a good depth. If it is heavy, it should be broken up well to at least two spade depths with a crowbar or mattock. Add sand or lumpy charcoal for drainage.

If elephant's ears are to be grown in very light, sandy soil, take the sand out to a depth

of about 15in. for the full length of the area to be planted. Fill this with rotted compost, old cow manure, straw, horse manure, or mix in some poultry manure with mixed farm yard manure. Gradually add sand and turn over with a fork or spade until thoroughly mixed.

Vegetable matter, if decayed, should also be added. In time, this will help to feed the tubers and make for vigorous growth and sturdy stems. Do not expect to obtain yams, taros, or dasheen tubers in the cool parts of Australia, for they rarely form.

Most of their sap and strength goes into the thick, fleshy stems and huge, ornamental leaves. Gardeners can look in vain for the tasty roots, which, when grown in the hotter portions of the Commonwealth, resemble sweet potatoes in flavor, or at least a good-flavored artichoke.

If given a position that is warm, moist, and partly shaded, these handsome plants provide fine masses of restful greenery, with tinges of whatever color the particular variety selected will provide. Their greatest weakness is the harborage they provide for snails, but regular baiting with metaldehyde (sold under various proprietary names) will put an end to them. The plants are usually disease-free.



*MIXED BOWL* of leaves makes a good winter's decoration indoors when flowers are scarce. Elephant's ears give variety to the arrangement.



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## How you feel to-day

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## how you slept last night

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to start work as a naval architect, the one thing he had wanted all his life to do. And he had seen clearly for a long time past that nobody could have stronger motives than he for wanting to be independent.

He supposed there was a good deal of money tied up in the family, but little as he knew of the details he knew that his grandmother would use every possible device to keep him financially in her power whether she were alive or dead. He must make for himself the means to break away.

The figures swam and wriggled on the page before him. Seymour pushed away the textbook and, with his elbow, dashed to the floor his notebook, with its engraving-like notations and drawings in his small, fine hand. He sat with his head between his hands.

Eight or ten weeks ago it had all looked quite simple. Beyond his inflexible intention to keep to the one declaration that he had vowed in his rage, from which he could not back down, he was prepared to be as reasonable as possible. He knew that if he stayed out of the house at hours outside his college day, his mother and Randall would have to take the punishment. So he had seen almost nothing of Dorothy. He had resigned himself to that. He knew the situation could not continue forever. What troubled him most was that he never seemed to have a chance to explain to Dorothy, or to talk to her alone; he had never said a word about the precipitate departure from Hare Island.

On his few calls at the Bayliss house, he had not once found Dorothy alone. Either her mother was receiving callers and Dorothy as the debutante daughter must assist; or some of Dorothy's own friends were there in a chattering, fluttering bevy, full of excitement about the season's parties which were beginning at Thanksgiving.

This afternoon was only the fourth time he had seen Dorothy since last August. Now when he could not study, when he was restless and probed by a twisting sense of imminent

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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trouble, he thought back over every moment of the half-hour he had spent in Mrs. Bayliss' drawing-room; then he began to compare today with his previous visits; and something cold and sickening clutched at his throat as he forced himself to admit, with puzzled pain, that Dorothy was changed. Not only was she changed, with a constraint which he had at first and now, he thought mistakenly, taken for shyness; she was more changed each time he saw her. Seymour drew a long breath and found himself mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

At the moment he had not immediately remembered her words of last summer, when she had asked him to promise to come to her ball, and had said how much fun it would be, and how she was looking forward to the parties this winter. But now it broke over him in a chilling wave. He had not heard her say a word about the party since; and he realised with a shock that he was not going to be invited to it. Tumbling in the wake of this came a flood of other and graver realisations.

Dorothy was not being shy, and she was not trying to withdraw from a moment's sentimental yielding. Something more serious was happening. Seymour sat his desk, staring at nothing, hours after he had heard Randall go to his room and turn in for the night.

Next afternoon he presented himself again at the Bayliss house, and was ushered by an expressionless parlourmaid into a drawing-room unoccupied by anybody. The second parlor was also empty.

"Mrs. Bayliss is having tea upstairs in the library, sir," said the maid. "I will announce you."

When she returned presently, Seymour followed her upstairs and passed the door she held open. Mrs. Bayliss was seated on one side of the library fire, and facing her, with his back to the door, Dorothy's father. Seymour realised with

a start that this was Saturday. He had lost track of everything since last night, and had not expected to find Mr. Bayliss at home from his office.

Dorothy sat in a low chair between them, pale and with trembling lips. Seymour saw that she had been crying, and there rose above his own apprehension a surge of longing to comfort and reassure her. But nothing could be more futile, more impossible. He shook hands with Dorothy's parents and then with her,



"Please send Billie home with the rest of the groceries when you deliver them, Mr. Higgins. I have to get dinner and I haven't a moment to lose."

startled that her small fingers were icy cold.

"No, thank you, very much," he said, as Mrs. Bayliss motioned him to a chair and began to pour tea for him. "No tea, thank you."

He remained standing, looking with a sinking heart from the gentle face of Dorothy's mother, clearly troubled, to Allan Bayliss, who had known his father well and Seymour all his life. Dorothy had bent her head, a mild, resigned gesture which hurt him with a present pang. He waited only long enough to sense that the answer to the question he had come to ask could be had only

from Dorothy's father, or by way of his permission.

"I hadn't expected to see you, sir," he said. "But perhaps it's just as well. I wanted to ask if I might speak to Dorothy."

Allan Bayliss looked at his wife and then at Seymour, with an expression which was at once stern and full of regretful affection.

"I'm not surprised, Seymour. I know, I understand why you are here." He looked at Dorothy for a moment, sitting with her hands twisted round her fine handkerchief. "Don't you think, dear, it would be better if you and Mother go and leave Seymour and me here by ourselves?"

She started to rise from her chair; then she sat up straight and Seymour's eyes smarted as she said, her lovely, soft voice dark with forced courage, "Seymour asked to speak to me, Father. I can—I will—" She choked. Her mother reached over and grasped the girl's hand and Seymour swallowed and said, "Dorothy, I'm awfully grateful, but I think your father is right. Please go."

"Won't you sit down, Seymour?" asked Allan Bayliss when the door was closed. "Do you smoke, have you a pipe?"

"No thanks, sir," Seymour smiled lamely. "I've never smoked." But he sat down slowly in the chair facing Dorothy's father.

"I—this had to come, of course," said Mr. Bayliss. "But I wish I could spare you, my boy. And the worst of it is I've got to ask for your understanding with every word I say."

"I don't think it will be very difficult to understand, sir," said Seymour. In a streak of awareness as if a closed door had been flung open, he sensed what was coming.

"You have courage," said Bayliss. "You have many other qualities that I admire and—let's be completely frank here—that Dorothy would find it natural to love. You are both

very young, but not too young to fall in love." He leaned forward and said, gently shaking his head. "That's what I've told Dorothy absolutely must not happen."

"But—but—I—we—" Seymour was trying to find a way to tell his feelings in a word of truth.

"Not yet," said Bayliss. "I saw exactly what was happening last summer. I was weighing then how I would feel if things took a serious turn. I talked to Dorothy after that evening, that night you brought her home. She told me everything that passed between you. There was no harm in that, none whatever."

"I'm glad you feel that way, sir."

Bayliss smiled sadly. "I did. I do. But the very next day I was forced to consider what Dorothy would be up against if I should let things take their course, let her see as much of you as you both would like." He paused and gave Seymour a look of complete frankness.

Seymour waited a moment and said, "You can imagine how I felt."

"I can imagine, indeed. Your grandmother did a shocking thing, a thing which reflected not only upon you, but upon my daughter. Naturally nobody at Hare Island or any friends of ours could misunderstand. Unfortunately we all know her too well. And that's the crux of the matter, Seymour."

Seymour sat silent, wretched, and not confronted with anything he had not really known before. Bayliss did not speak for some time. Then he said slowly, "I want you to be perfectly clear about it. My objection is your grandmother. So long as that woman is alive, I will not let my girl have any chance to—to become attached to you. Nothing. No meetings with you at all, except on the most distant possible basis."

Seymour said slowly, "My grandmother is over eighty years old."

"I know that, my boy. I follow you. But even after she is dead, I would still want time. Time to see what your

grandmother's attitude is. I put it frankly. Your father was a friend of mine, you know, he was only six years older than I. I have seen your grandmother's handiwork ever since I can remember—and I am not going to let my girl risk her whole life in such a danger."

He paused and Seymour saw that he was weighing something else; then he said thoughtfully, "I remember Lily Randall, too, when she married your father. I was at their wedding. She was—she was rather like Dorothy."

Seymour put his head between his hands. For the first time in his life he saw himself not as of the moment, not as of the years of childhood past, but as of the future; and his future seemed now a fearful and impenetrable space of endless darkness. Had he been deluding himself that by seizing the initiative, defying the old woman, he could hope to escape a fate which this kindly and admirable man clearly feared for him? Why, Seymour asked himself in silence, why is this so? Can I not begin to live even when she is dead? No matter how I try?

He raised his head slowly, unashamed of his wet eyes and unafraid of Allan Bayliss, who in dealing him an extreme hurt had shown him more kindness than he had ever in all his life known.

"So there is really no hope for me at all?" he asked, struggling to hold his voice level.

"How can I see into the future, my boy? I only know that I care more for my daughter and her happiness than anything in this world. I am trying to do the right thing, and it isn't—it hasn't been, easy. Nor for Dorothy either." He saw Seymour bite his pale lips. "She is a good girl and not a silly one. It is very seldom a girl will let herself be advised before it is too late."

"You are right," said Seymour. Bayliss thought his voice imposing in its control.

"I am very deeply impressed by you," said Bayliss slowly. "You have been more than

To page 60

# "TELL ME ANOTHER"

## says KLEENEX 9" 1'6 2'- 3'6



**YOU CAN BANK ON THIS**  
HANDLING NOTES AND COINS ALL DAY, I WAS ALWAYS WIPING MY HANDS. NOW I SAVE ON HANKIES. USE KLEENEX INSTEAD. CHALK-FINGERED TEACHERS ALSO NOTE!

Mr. G. Cunningham, Christchurch, N.Z.

**DON'T  
COTTON  
ONTO  
THIS**



NO MORE COTTON-WOOL DOWN THE DRAIN. I USE KLEENEX FOR FASTER REMOVAL OF NAIL POLISH AND MAKE-UP.

Miss M. Godfrey, Thornbury, Victoria.

## THE BIG BLOW!

KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFTER ON YOUR TENDER NOSE THAN ANY HANKIE. YET THEY CAN STAND UP TO THE STRONGEST BLOW. DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET OR HANDBAG—USE KLEENEX.



## BACHELOR DINNER

THE BIGGEST WASH-UP IS EASY IF YOU FIRST WIPE GREASE OFF SAUCEPANS AND DISHES WITH KLEENEX.



ON SALE EVERYWHERE

KL5-5-36



DOCTORS PROVE



PALMOLIVE CAN BRING YOU

# *a lovelier complexion* IN 14 DAYS!

It's hard to believe—but true . . . the very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to *bring out beauty while it cleans your skin*. And, in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger-looking.

## **Not just a promise but a proved beauty plan**

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

REGULAR BATH SIZE SUPERBATH

**YOU, TOO,** can look  
for these complexion improve-  
ments in 14 days



Fresher, brighter com-  
plexion.



Less oiliness!



Added softness and  
smoothness.



Fewer tiny blemishes—  
incipient blackheads!



Complexion cleaner,  
more radiant.



*Skin Specialists agree:*

Milder cleansing is  
better for your complexion



USE PALMOLIVE . . . IT'S SO MILD — SO GENTLE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA



# Peggy Sage

IN 20  
FASHION-RIGHT  
COLOURS



Glamorous, glowing colours to compliment your clothes match your every mood. Peggy Sage Nail Polish has a smooth, unchippable quality with a gem-like crystallin finish that lasts and lasts. The world's smartest women always use

Peggy Sage

A136

## How

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear woollens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

## to beat

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as Dr. Moench's Menthoids, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Menthoids are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny doses. Although Menthoids contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three Menthoids every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers, who have been taking Menthoids for twenty years, have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require

## Rheumatism

replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in Menthoids, and, as a 7/6 flask of Menthoids contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is within the reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

## GOT A FASHION PROBLEM?

If you're a girl with a fashion worry, why not write in to Betty Keep? She's got a wonderful way with fashion problems, and answers your letters every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

## FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm. Nixoderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

manly about this. I cannot tell you how much I regret what I have had to do. I wish I could retract somehow—but, my dear boy, I can't."

"I understand."

"That's what I told Dorothy. That's what I said she ought to count on when I advised her to write you that note."

"Note?" asked Seymour.

"Dorothy wrote to me, Mr. Bayliss."

"Why, yes." They stared at each other. "A week ago, I should think, when the invitations to her party were mailed." Seymour was gripping the arms of his chair. Bayliss saw his white knuckles. "We had to talk about this then, of course. It had to be made clear once and for all. I believed it would be easier for you not to be asked to the ball, and I told Dorothy it would be better and more honest if she should write and explain. Once and for all," he said again.

"So—so—" Seymour was almost choking. "So naturally she didn't expect to see me yesterday." He rose quickly to his feet. Bayliss rose also. They stood for a moment on the hearth, exchanging a look of grave and appalled understanding. "You see what happened, sir," said Seymour. He put out his hand. "I'm afraid it only proves how right you are."

Bayliss wrung his hand. Seymour said, "Goodbye, sir. I can't stay any longer."

Bayliss gripped his hand hard again, and when Seymour had left the room, shook his head slowly and stood staring sadly at the fire.

Seymour rang the doorbell at home with a long, angry peal. He pushed past the maid who opened it, went straight upstairs, and flung open the door of the library without knocking. His grandmother was sitting as usual in her ugly red satin chair. He closed the door roughly behind him.

"I want the note from Dorothy Bayliss that you intercepted," he said, in a tone ringing with fury.

"I burnt it," said the old woman. She might have been telling him the time.

"I expected that. I really came here to tell you I know what you have done. I told you last summer you are contemptible. If I had a worse word I'd use it now."

His grandmother laughed. Seymour's ears buzzed with the sound, augmented by his anger. "Words," she said, in her heavy, hatefully resonant voice. "Those are cheap and you make a fool of yourself spending them. You are a fool, anyway."

"Yes. Ever to have let myself be bullied by you. That's all over. From now on I'm going to do exactly as I choose."

"More words. Don't waste them, Seymour. You are absolutely dependent and haven't any choice."

"Oh, yes I have. I can move out of here tonight and get a job somewhere."

"And your education?"

"That would only be another thing you'd ruined, depriving me of that along with everything else."

"Oh, you ought to have your education." He could not tell whether she meant to be sardonic or, in some inscrutable way, reasonable.

"Then I'll have it on my terms. I'd say I would go away to Boston, to the Massachusetts Institute, except I can't leave my mother and Randall alone in the house with you. So you'll pay for it here. You'll give me a latch-key and an allowance, and if you refuse I will move out and go to work instead."

"Leaving your idiot of a mother and that piano-thumping milkop here."

## Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

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"Whatever they are, it's your fault."

"They haven't got the stuff you have," said the old woman amazingly. Seymour knew now that if he had treated her in this way years ago he could have saved himself and the others untold misery. "You may amount to something if you don't throw yourself away on some snip like that Bayliss girl."

"Don't mention her name, you wicked old woman. You may as well know that the Baylisses, like the rest of us, are marking time until you die. If I don't see Dorothy Bayliss meanwhile, that's because you don't know how decent people feel. And next summer at Hare Island—"

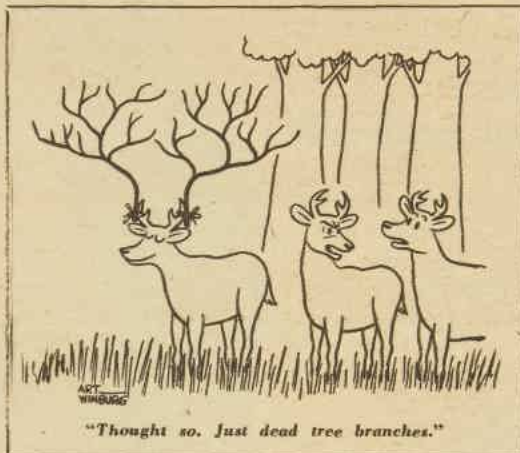
His grandmother interrupted him with a rough "Bah! Hare Island. I've sold the Hare Island house and put the money in the irrevocable trusts where you can't touch it."

Seymour stood with his mouth open, slowly grasping what she had said. Then he asked, wrinkling his forehead, "And my boat?"

"Your boat? I told you you

observing with a shocked sense of no surprise at all her body twisted and crooked like her face, the hands and feet awry with everything high on the left side and dragged down on the right. He stood up straight for a moment, watching her. Then he walked to the bell and rang it. When the maid came he said coldly, "My grandmother has had a stroke. Run and fetch Dr. Wharton." He remembered that the maid was new. He called after her, "Dr. Prentice Wharton. Three houses west, on this side of the street."

Mrs. Holt died on Christmas Eve, leaving a will which was read to Seymour and Randall and their mother following the funeral the day after Christmas. In the most ingenious possible way, and to the utmost extent of the law, the old woman had tied up all the money, her own and her husband's by means of which she had imprisoned her son John, in two trusts.



"Thought so. Just dead tree branches."

are a fool. A minor has no title to property."

"You monster!" Seymour's voice broke out wildly. All the hurt and humiliation of this heartbreaking day came to a head in a scream of protest about his boat. For his real loss, for Dorothy, he could struggle to grieve like a man, in courage and silence. This was different.

"You are the vilest person in the whole world. What harm did I do you with that boat? The only—" he paused and drew in his breath with a great gulp, fighting not to burst into a sob and give her the satisfaction of seeing him suffer. She sat staring coldly down her nose, as if nothing unusual were happening at all.

Seymour's fists closed and he stood over her in her chair.

"You are a monster, I said so. What's the matter with you? Why have you got this mania for wrecking people's lives? Why is every good and decent feeling poisoned when you touch it? Everybody hates you. Everybody is afraid of you—only I'm not any more. Everything I ever felt for you is one big hate. I hate you and I want you to die. I hope you die. Why don't you die?" he roared, leaning over her and shouting into her face. "Why don't you die?"

To his amazement, something happened to the face. One side of it went up, twisting and curling like a piece of flizzled paper, right up into the fringe of white hair round her narrow forehead; and the other side went down, dragged and going sidewise, into her jowl. Her eyes behind their spectacles moved off into two crazy, unrelated stares.

Seymour backed slowly away,

Meanwhile the house here in Chelsea was incorporated into the two trusts on a basis which forbade its sale; and at this point Seymour exclaimed, "But that's madness. The neighborhood is running down so fast, it changes week by week."

The lawyer who was reading the will gave Seymour a look which could be interpreted as an opinion that the whole will was madness, but he continued to read. Seymour's Trustees were the bank and this lawyer and another legal figure, a retired judge who could be expected to be more inflexible than Mrs. Holt herself. But in Randall's case the will held a surprise. After Seymour was twenty-one he was to become one of Randall's Trustees, his power limited to determining questions relating to Randall's education.

The brothers stared at each other in astonishment.

"Now what," said Seymour, "do you suppose she meant by that?"

"I don't know," said Randall, "but it's a good thing for me."

Their mother said nothing. She had been ignored in the will. She sat in a corner of the room with her hands crossed in her lap, pale and effaced and paying little attention.

Neither she nor the boys had manifested the least sorrow as a hypocritical concession to the indifferent, transient servants or the few old family connections who had called out of a sense of duty or convention. They were wearing mourning because it had not occurred to them not to do so. They would observe the conventional period of mourning retirement for the same reason. But Seymour had already said, "Will you tell me what we are retiring from? How can you withdraw from withdrawal? Nobody ever invited us anywhere."

"Well," said Lily vaguely, "of course now they wouldn't, anyway."

"They will," said Seymour with a grim face. "As soon as this business is behind us."

He found that the only provision for his mother was a letter of instruction written by his grandmother to the Trustees, to pay the bills for Lily Holt's absolute necessities and a preposterously small annual sum for her clothes, out of the incomes of the trusts. The house was to be run on the same basis. Things were intended to be as nearly as possible what they had been in his grandmother's lifetime.

Seymour shut his jaw with a snap. "I'll change all that," he said to Randall, and when Randall asked how, he answered, "You wait and see."

He intended to start at once with changes sharp enough to jolt his mother and Randall out of the routine of years, which they were continuing to follow sheerly from habit. He dismissed the servants and then asked his mother to engage a new staff. She turned pale and murmured, "Oh, dear. Please, I, why must I—"

"Mama," he said, "I'm only asking you to do something in your own interest—and ours. We want people here who never had anything to do with Her."

"But, Seymour, I don't know how to find servants."

"You simply go to an agency and tell them what you want and then sit there and talk to the people they've got. At least I suppose that's the way it's done."

"Oh, dear," said Lily.

"And when you do get a new cook," added Seymour, "I wish you'd make sure there isn't a way in the world she can find out what Grandma's meals used to be. No more Irish stew on Monday. No more pancakes or roast beef on Sunday. No more codfish on Friday. No more porridge for breakfast—ever again."

"Hoo-ray!" called Randall from the stairs on his way down to practise.

But it proved one thing for Seymour to give orders and quite another for his mother to carry them out. She could not carry them out, and her efforts to do so kept the house in a turmoil. For a long time Seymour was very patient. He did not need Randall's rather timid advice to go slowly and give Mama a chance to get used to keeping house. He wanted to give her every chance and he made all sorts of suggestions which he thought would help her.

"Why don't we do over the library?" he asked her. "Change everything around and fix it up so you can use it for a sitting-room. You've never

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from page 60

had a corner of the house for your own except—

"Oh, no!" cried Lily. "Not the library. I wouldn't sit in that room for anything in the world!" She wrung her hands. "But it would all be different," said Seymour patiently. "That's what I meant. Different curtains and chairs—we can shift the house all around. And get rid of those awful red satin armchairs," he added, scowling. The things invoked the old woman at every glance. "Not the library," whined Lily. "Please."

"Very well." He controlled his irritation and his momentary impulse to snap at his mother. "Very well. I'll use the room myself. I don't see why I should study in my bedroom."

At least they were thoroughly enjoying the sheer luxury of Mrs. Holt's absence. They observed the first weeks of mourning with punctiliousness directly out of proportion to their real feelings; as Randall said, his blue eyes wide with ingenuous sincerity, "You know, we oughtn't to feel so pleased and relieved. Everybody thinks we're shut up here, really mourning Grandmama."

"Don't you believe it," said Seymour. "Everybody" to him was personified by the Bayliss family. He was waiting only for the right moment, which instinct would mark, to go and call at the Bayliss' and see how matters stood there now. "Everybody who knows us knows exactly how we feel. They'd be fools if they didn't."

He chose, finally, a Thursday afternoon the week after Lent began. The debutante parties would be over. Dorothy had had more than three months of such gaiety that even in his isolation Seymour knew she was ranked the prettiest and

most popular debutante of the season.

He found Mrs. Bayliss alone in her drawing-room. She greeted him cordially, at the same time saying, "Dorothy is at the Sewing Circle this afternoon. All the girls, you know—"

Seymour wished he had known. But how should he remember that the Lenten Sewing Circle met on Thursday afternoons?

"How is Mr. Bayliss?" he asked. He felt awkward, if not a fool; he might as well have inquired outright for the measure of Mr. Bayliss' feelings now.

"Quite well, thank you."

Seymour drank his tea nervously, grateful that Mrs. Bayliss found small matters about which to chat. He took his leave as soon as he could, and was only faintly comforted when Mrs. Bayliss said kindly, "It was nice to see you, Seymour."

"Please—please give my regards to Dorothy," he said.

"Of course. And mine to your mother." She smiled and he bowed and went away. It had been nearly completely unsatisfactory, but Seymour was still not sure of the real state of affairs. Sitting in the Twenty-third Street horse-car he stared out at the dirty, mired slush of late February, the carriages lined up at the entrances of the department stores, the vans and drays with their great steaming horses, the hurrying crowds on the pavements. Everything and everybody in sight seemed to have more purpose and be more alive than he.

About a fortnight later, Seymour entered his mother's

room to find her nervously ruffling the pages of a blank book. She closed it with a little gasp as he came near enough to see anything written in it.

"It's my housekeeping notebook," she said, a bit breathlessly. "Sit down, darling."

Seymour stood for a moment eyeing the room and wondering quite where to sit down. This clutter, this thing of furniture piled with small objects and boxes, or strewn ribbons, bits of lace, hat-trimmings, and unfinished scraps of knitting, had become much more noticeable in the past year or two. Mama's room had always been full of stuff like this, but it had been kept in a certain amount of order. Now it appeared as if the system, whatever it had been, had worn out and burst its seams.

Seymour pushed a pile of old photographs from one end of the divan and sat down.

"I'm glad you're really doing the housekeeping," he said with a smile. "It's not so very bad, is it?"

"Oh, yes!" Lily's mouth trembled, and she said, "I do try so hard to please you. That's why I—" she patted the closed notebook on her knee. "I copy recipes out of magazines and try to think of things to eat."

"Well, isn't the cook any help at that?"

Lily sighed. Then she said, "Oh, cooks are so cold-blooded, Seymour. When I—sort of ask her—what it would be nice to have, she just stands there and says, 'That's for yourself to say, mum.' It makes me feel—well, I think she's laughing at me, Seymour." Lily's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, nonsense. You're just not used to her. We're getting

do something for me, Mama."

She said timidly, "Yes?"

"I wish you would write a note to Mrs. Bayliss and invite her and Mr. Bayliss and Dorothy here for Sunday supper next week."

Lily shrank down in her chair as if Seymour had said something to make her afraid. "Oh," she said weakly, "please—please not."

Seymour's jaw set. He said coldly, "Mama, this is silly of you. We can't go on like this all the time."

To his annoyance, she began to cry. "I—can't," she sobbed. "It's too soon. I—I mean—" "You're a little unused to it," said Seymour, in the gentlest tone he could. "I know that. But Mama, really you ought to see—it's not only that we have a right to be like other people—we've got all that lost time to make up for. And besides this makes a great difference to me."

"Don't make me do it now, Seymour, please. I can't." She put up her handkerchief to her face and sat there weeping. He stood up and said curtly, "Very well, then, we'll have to wait awhile. But remember I asked you, and somehow or other you'll have to get used to the idea. I mean it." He went away.

On Easter Monday Mr. and Mrs. Bayliss announced the engagement of Dorothy to Paul Parsons, the elder son of the Dorsey Parsons of Washington Square and Hare Island. The wedding took place in June at Grace Church. The groom was a rich young banker, seven years older than the bride, and the match was thought most suitable. Seymour, enclosing his mother's card with his own, sent a dozen salad plates from Tiffany's.

To be continued

## Flight From Suspense

from page 5

than a quarter of a mile to go she pushed the stick forward slightly and the nose dipped.

"I'll throw them out!" Hesta shouted. "For heaven's sake, get it up!"

With her foot Hesta pushed her two large travelling cases across the floor of the plane. First one vanished, then the other, turning over and over and dwindling into the merest specks.

She watched them vanish—evening gowns, cocktail dresses, underwear, jewellery, the best that Paris and London and New York could provide, the trophies of two marriages and the bait for a third.

"That's better," Joy said, as though sensing the other woman's thoughts. And she pulled back the stick, letting the little plane climb easily above the crest of the mountain, up, up, up into the clear sky.

"What I don't understand," Sir Arthur Reynolds said to his wife as they drove between the airfield and their home, "is what Hesta meant when she said I was trying to get rid of you as well!"

"She must have imagined that you didn't love her any more, either," Joy said. She nestled into his shoulder, exquisitely comfortable. She had made a safe landing at a small French airfield and news of Arthur's safety was waiting for her.

Hesta had caught a train to Paris, and Joy had gone back into the mountains with a jeep

to pick Arthur up. They had flown home in two hours exactly.

"Love her?" Arthur said. "I never loved her! She was my secretary—you know that!" He looked down at Joy but could only see the tip of her nose over her fur collar.

"To a woman like Hesta," Joy said, "a career is only the vehicle for her love-life."

"What d'you mean—either!" Arthur exclaimed, suddenly remembering. "Don't tell me you think I don't love you?"

"Oh, no," Joy said. "Hesta said it, didn't she? It's the first assumption a woman like that has to make—that a man is not in love with his wife."

To the danger of the public, Arthur bent his head swiftly and kissed the tip of her nose. "What silly things women imagine," he said.

"M-m-m-m," Joy said. "Still, y'know," Arthur said, "have to compensate her for those whatits. Shame they had to go overboard."

"A terrible shame," Joy murmured, comfortably. The headlights caught a familiar stretch of holly hedge and then a gateway, and suddenly they were home.

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## Win the VELVET SOAP

Win VELVET'S weight in gold!

FIRST PRIZE



The cash value of a bar of pure gold equal in weight to an economy-sized bar of Velvet—£625. Owing to currency regulations, the actual bar of gold cannot be awarded.

## "WORTH ITS WEIGHT in GOLD CONTEST"

10 GOLD SWISS WATCHES  
10 ONOTO GOLD  
PEN AND PENCIL SETS

If you use Velvet Soap you've already found it worth its weight in gold for washing clothes and dishes, and in caring for your hands. Now, it's possible to make an economy-sized bar of Velvet worth its weight in gold in the cash sense of the word! And that's £625!

### ALL THE PRIZES ARE GOLD!

SIMPLE RULES FOR THIS EXCITING CONTEST

- Below are three well-known Velvet Soap phrases, each with one missing word, shown by a dotted line. Contestants should supply the missing word.
- Next, contestants should complete, in not more than 50 words, the sentence beginning: "I've found Velvet is worth its weight in gold because . . ." (Contestants will find it much easier to write their answer if they read Aunt Jenny's hints below.)
- Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish, each on a separate sheet of paper with their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by a Velvet Soap wrapper.\*
- When complete, entries must be posted to Velvet Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than the 19th September. (No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed or lost in transit.)

- All prize winners will be notified by mail and the first prize winner will be announced over "Give It A Go," on Monday, 3rd October, and "You're On Clover," on Friday, 7th October.
- Entries will be selected for their sincerity, neatness and aptness of thought.
- The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Contest.
- All entries will remain the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to publish or broadcast the whole or portion of these entries as they see fit.
- Employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., its Associated Companies, its Advertising Agency and their families may not compete in this Contest.
- \*Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of that State.

ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER  
CONTESTANTS SHOULD FILL  
IN THE MISSING WORD IN  
EACH VELVET PHRASE.

- Good . . . . . Velvet.
- Velvet is as kind to your clothes as it is to your . . . . .
- Velvet suds are . . . . . soapy.

AUNT JENNY GIVES  
YOU THESE HINTS

It's like striking gold when you find out about Velvet because . . .

- \* Velvet-washed clothes last longer.
- \* Velvet is so pure it's the kindest of all soaps to your hands.
- \* Velvet gets dishes and glassware sparkling, shining-clean.



# Proven effective Formula gives POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING AND BRONCHIAL CONGESTION

## NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR acts 3 ways to STOP Coughing!

The successful treatment of coughs and bronchial congestion depends on three important factors. These are the expectorant, sedative and decongestant action of certain drugs. NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Cough Elixir is a proven, effective, dependable medicine which acts in three ways to "break" stubborn coughs, especially when the coughs are accompanied by heavy chest congestion.

The medication penetrates into the congested bronchial tubes, cuts away phlegm, soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest, brings soothing relief from irritating coughing.

Nyal "DECONGESTANT" Cough Elixir contains these active ingredients:

**Phenylephrine**—to relieve congestion which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier.

**Codeine**—to stop irritating coughing.

**Potassium Guaiacolate**

**Squill**

**Ammonium Chloride**

**Eucalyptus**

**Menthol**

**Creosote**—an internal antiseptic.

**Honey** To soothe sore, inflamed tissues

**Glycerin** of throat and chest.

For the safe, sure treatment of coughs, bronchitis and stubborn bronchial congestion — NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Cough Elixir, 6 oz. 5/6 Family Size, 9/6



### STOPS IRRITATING COUGHING

Tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs accompanying colds, flu, bronchitis are quickly stopped by this modern cough formulation.

### LOOSENS PHLEGM

The gentle expectorant action of Nyal "DECONGESTANT" Cough Elixir liquefies and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation.

### REDUCES CONGESTION

Through the Phenylephrine in this well-balanced formula, NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Cough Elixir shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, promotes free breathing. The only cough formulation to contain this invaluable ingredient.

## Special formula for Infants too!

This proven effective medicine is also available in a special form for infants and young children—Nyal Decongestant BABY Cough Elixir. Acts quickly. Brings soothing relief from constant coughing. Can safely be given to babies from six months. 3 oz. 3/6 6 oz. 5/6.



5/6

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Here's a toothpaste that really cleans your teeth. Made to the latest American formula, Nyal Toothpaste contains a highly-activated cleansing agent designed to safely remove film and food deposits. Actually makes teeth whiter in 10 days. Clean, refreshing flavour.



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NYAL COLD SORE CREAM • LOTION

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start at her neckline, rise rapidly to her smooth cheeks. He waited for the long, unreasonable womanly argument. But it never came.

"I like it here," was all she said. It disarmed him completely.

Mark realised his mouth was wide open seconds after the door-latch clicked on the oak-stained production-line door.

It was growing dark when he finished unloading the station wagon, and already the pattering hermit blood in his veins had jelled.

After a hasty dinner and a night's sleep to the accompaniment of a billion crickets he was as enthusiastic over the project as ever. His strategy was going to be simple. He'd ignore his neighbor completely.

All day he hammered loose shingles into place, dabbed paint around inside, and set up a work-cornice.

Dusk found him whipping his fly rod at the white water that led to his secret trout pool. He was feeling much happier, and then he saw that his secret had become practically public domain.

He couldn't mistake the trim figure topped by the chestnut hair that was knee deep in still water laying a fly expertly over the rippling glaze.

Mark Carey hadn't thrown rocks since he was a youngster, and it was with an effort he resisted the impulse now. He rounded the pool on the opposite side of the stream and stood parallel to Pat.

He laid his fly where the water entered the pool and worked it across the surface. Immediately he watched her turn and cast her lure. The water broke in a bubbling churn and multi-colored speckles caught the light of the late sun. One of the biggest "brookies" Mark had ever seen taken there had gobbled her fly and was hooked deep.

Though burning inwardly, he ignored the expert play and the work with the net, but it was with difficulty that he turned away from the sight of the glistening trout when she held it up for her own inspection.

## Continuing . . . She Spoiled Everything

(from page 3)

"The pool is all yours," she yelled across the hiss of the ripples to him.

Mark's collar suddenly grew too tight for him. "Don't be so noble," he yelled back.

"I'm not. I've caught my limit."

Mark could hardly control his wrist. He treed the fly on the sure back cast. He wasn't sure, but he thought he heard giggling when he had to climb the big pine to retrieve it.

Just about dark he walked with empty bag and dragging gait back to his cabin. He discovered that salt pork is a poor substitute for trout.

Every chance he got that week, Mark haunted the pool. His hand-tied Mickey Finn streamer was totally ignored, his black gnat shunned completely. In desperation he ran the entire gamut of lures. The results were the same.

By the weekend his frustration wouldn't allow him to touch the rod and he spent a miserable session at his drawing board. Around noon he had to quit because the tantalising odor of trout, probably being fried to a golden brown, came wafting to him from Pat's cabin. He finally couldn't stand it and had to drive into the village for a trout dinner.

Early the following week he found his art work bending further and further towards the macabre. Trout fishermen became the exclusive butt of his humor. His lip seemed to have a tendency to curl sardonically as he applied the India ink to his roughs.

Even at that it wasn't until near the end of the second week that he mustered enough courage to attempt the pool again. He approached it with caution, saw that he was absolutely alone, and made his way to the water's edge.

He was stripping line from the reel for the cast when he noticed the white sheet of paper on the tree. It was eye level to him and fastened to the bark of the pine with pins.

At first he thought it was a "No Fishing" notice, but closer scrutiny showed it to be

one of his more recent cartoons.

It was one where the trout fisherman, who looked very much like a dragon, was casting her line into the creel of a fisherman across a pool. Someone had written "You're just jealous" across the face of the cartoon, and it took no stretch of the imagination for Mark to guess who that was. He sat down and, with soft pencil, sketched a caricature of his beautiful neighbor.

He had her wading from the stream with trout bulging every pocket. He captioned it,



"THE TROUT HOG," and added, "Next week's cartoon?" He pinned it back on the pine.

The next hour spent on the stream he could have utilised more profitably painting shutters, for the trout avoided his flies like they had three different kinds of the plague.

The caricature was gone when he again fished near the old pine tree. In its place was a note that read simply, "Truce?" The pins were gone and the note was fastened to the bark with a trout fly.

Mark grinned, then examined the fly closely. He'd never seen a duplicate of it. It had swept-back, mottled wings with a yellow body. No actual insect would dare look like that except on Halloween.

He stripped his own fly from the leader and tied the newly acquired one in its place. He

tried it for action. It handled nicely. At the pool he worked it out to the middle and let it float, twitched it, and tried it again.

The water suddenly boiled beneath the fly and Mark saw it gulped up and disappear. There was a wilder beat to his pulse as Mark landed his first trout in two weeks. He broke its neck and dropped it into his bag. He estimated it at two pounds.

Two others followed in quick succession before actual hunger drove him hurrying towards his cabin and frying-pan.

He was turning his trout over to brown when he heard the knock on his door. It sounded over the crackle of the wood fire, but he didn't dare leave the frying-pan.

"Come in," he yelled.

Pat, in plaid skirt and red, tight sweater, stood awkwardly just inside the cabin door. Mark smiled across at her, watched her walk towards him and look into the frying-pan. "Monsters," she said. A whiff of perfume got all mixed up with the odor of frying fish and flattened it. It did something to Mark. Momentarily he forgot his pots and pans.

"How did you ever catch such beauties?" she asked.

Mark's smile grew. "With my pencil and paper," he said. "Agreed," Pat answered. Their laughter mingled.

"Stay for dinner," Mark said. "You've earned it."

"That's really why I'm here," she said. "I was hoping you'd ask."

"You?" Mark queried. "Hungry?" He carried the platter of trout to the table.

"Me," she assured him. "Hungry." She rushed on quickly. "I put off going into town for supplies until the last minute. Then when I tried to start my jeep—there was nary a flicker of life."

Mark laughed and mouthed another fillet. He saw the puzzled look come to her pretty face.

"I'm laughing because if I hadn't caught these trout in the nick of time I wouldn't be having dinner right now. I've been so busy trying to figure a way to outfish you that I'm down to two thin slices of salt pork and one mouse-gnawed potato."

Her laugh was clear and bell-like and she reached across for one of the trout. They were too busy with the meal to talk much.

Later, Mark told her she even looked pretty with sud up to her elbows, and between swipes with the dishcloth at the week's accumulated dainties Pat explained about the fantastic trout fly.

"Out of this world is right, I suppose," she admitted. "I used to tie hundreds of flies between shows while we were on tour with the road show. It relaxed me. But somehow, every time I tied a fly it reminded me of back here—this cabin."

"This cabin?" Mark asked incredulously.

She nodded and smiled up at him. "When Uncle Durus wrote me that he had sold it to some 'whacky' picture drawer I was so angry I quit the show and came straight home."

"Then you're a Malrooney?" Mark asked.

"Through and through. My getting angry and coming back was just what Uncle Durus wanted. He out-thought me—and that made me angrier. So instead of living at the house I had my prefabricated job built on the next lot."

Mark saw the Malrooney smile clearly now, and reaching out he took her by the hand. He guided her to the corner of the cluttered cabin. He sat her across the drawing board from himself.

"I want to draw you this—this new way," he told her. "No trousers, no boots, and no trout. And I'm sorry about the dragon cartoon." He sharpened a stick of charcoal. "You're a beautiful girl, Malrooney."

He felt her hand reach out and cover his. "Forgiven for

the dragon cartoon just for that," she said. "And I'd like to help you."

Mark looked up sharply. "How?"

"With your cartoons. I picked up some very good gag material while on tour."

"Give me a 'frinstance,'" he said dubiously.

"Well, there was this one about the tree surgeon—"

Mark began to shudder uncontrollably. "Wait," he shouted. "Don't. Pat, please."

But already he was too late and unable to prevent the reincarnation of the bewhiskered gag. He closed his eyes tightly and waited for the death knell.

"—who was out on a limb."

Mark sat very still, then without knowing why he began laughing very loudly. He stood up, rounded the drawing board, and after placing his two hands on her shoulders kissed her, very hard and very, very long. It was the only woman silencer he knew that worked.

It pleased her, but the opiate was short-lived. "I have several others," she began.

"Never mind," Mark said quickly. "Not just now, anyway." He stared at her and could visualise the alterations being made to his career. But they weren't unpleasant to visualise.

"You're just what I needed," he told her. "You're marvellous, and what's more I love you."

"Mark, really?"

"Yeah, maybe it's because you tie the craziest mixed-up trout flies in the world or because you're beautiful and—"

But she must have known the silencing trick worked both ways. She pulled him down by the necktie so she could kiss him better. But Mark Carey didn't struggle enough to even tighten the slipknot a little.

But he was careful to kiss her hard enough to set her ears ringing so she couldn't hear her jeep distributor cap being dropped into the waste-paper basket.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



# Curries...

By  
**LEILA C. HOWARD**  
OUR FOOD AND  
COOKERY  
EXPERT



● Crusty French bread, individual salads, and a hearty dish of curried chicken and fluffy white rice make a just-right menu for an informal buffet party.

● If curry is your choice for the main dish when you are entertaining buffet-style, take your pick of the dishes suggested below.

**A** DISH of curry is easy to prepare and serve. It is manageable with a fork, and it can be kept hot for a long time without spoiling.

This makes it a good dish not only for entertaining but for weekends, too, when meals often become buffet affairs.

Fluffy boiled rice, chutney, chopped nuts, coarse coconut, pineapple, and sliced dill pickle (arranged in small dishes for self-service) are popular accompaniments for curry.

All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

## CHICKEN CURRY

One boiling chicken, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 onions, 1 pt. stock, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 1oz. desiccated coconut, 1 bayleaf, 3 cloves of garlic, 1 large apple, salt and pepper to taste,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  orange, 2 tablespoons cream, boiled rice, chutney.

Cut prepared chicken into pieces, dry thoroughly. Coat with flour and brown lightly

on all sides in a small amount of butter in a heavy pan. Remove from pan, add chopped onion, cook until soft and yellow but not brown. Stir in stock, curry powder, coconut, bayleaf, finely minced garlic, peeled, diced apple, salt and pepper to taste. Add unpeeled lemon half and orange half. When boiling, return chicken to pan and simmer gently until chicken is tender. Remove lemon and orange, add cream, and serve hot with plain boiled rice and chutney.

## CURRIED SALMON

Three cups cooked rice, 3 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons curry powder, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fish stock (or prepared chicken noodle soup), salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk, 1 large tin salmon, chopped salted peanuts, 1 sliced hard-boiled egg.

Press drained rice into large patty-tins or small cups and heat in pan of boiling water on top of stove or in the oven. Meanwhile, melt butter, add flour and curry powder, and

cook 3 or 4 minutes. Stir in milk, fish-stock or soup, salt and pepper. Continue stirring until boiling. Fold in lemon juice, evaporated milk, and flaked fish. Turn rice moulds out on to serving-platter, forming a ring. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, fill centre with fish, garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

## CURRIED EGGS

Six hard-boiled eggs, 1 small onion, 1 apple,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery, salt to taste,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, squeeze lemon juice.

Shell eggs, cut into thick slices or lengthwise into quarters, then into eighths. Peel and chop onion and apple, blanch and chop almonds. Saute apple, onion, and almonds 5 minutes in hot butter. Add chicken stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the milk, celery, and salt to taste. Simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Stir in flour and curry powder blended smoothly with balance of milk. Stir until mixture boils again, simmer 3 minutes. Add eggs and lemon juice, serve hot with toast triangles plain or buttered.

## MADRAS CURRY

One and a half dessertspoons curry powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, 2 onions, clove of crushed garlic, 2 tablespoons good fat,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round or topside steak,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 banana.

Moisten curry powder with cold water, set aside  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, then add to melted fat with

chopped onions and crushed garlic. Stir continuously and cook until mixture becomes dark brown and starts to stick to the bottom of the pan. Add meat cut in tin. cubes, and cook gently 10 minutes or until meat is browned. Add hot water, salt, and lemon juice. Stir until boiling. Slice banana thickly on top of meat, cover and cook on an asbestos mat 1 hour or until liquid has reduced to a thick gravy. Serve hot with rice.

## CREAMED FISH IN CURRIED RICE RING

Half cup rice, 2 cups boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1lb. flaked cooked fish (or use tinned fish cutlets drained from liquor and flaked), 1 pint white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Wash rice thoroughly, drop into the 2 cups of boiling water and cook quickly for 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, salt, onion, green pepper, butter, and curry powder. Cook quickly until rice absorbs all the liquid. Meanwhile, combine fish, white sauce, lemon juice, and Worcestershire sauce. Form hot rice into an oval shape on a hot platter, hollowing the centre slightly. Fill with creamed fish mixture, serve at once.

Continued on page 66



## THE VERDICT



It's obvious from the very first bite. You see **CREAM OF TARTAR** is the only rising ingredient to do these four things: \* Preserve the wholesome flavour of butter and eggs; \* Give lighter, more even texture; \* Bring out true colour; \* Keep food fresh days longer. Next time, ask for Self Raising Flour containing **CREAM OF TARTAR** and judge the difference yourself. Buy the large size packet or bag and save money!

## SAVORIES WIN £5

• Salmon and chutney give a piquant flavor to pastry savories which win this week's prize.

**COOKED** flaked fish, either smoked or fresh, may be used instead of salmon for the salmon and chutney savories.

Apricot stuffed veal roll, which wins a consolation prize, is a good dish for weekend dinner—the tangy flavor of the apricots is a good foil for the bland flavor of the veal.

All spoon measurements are level.

### SALMON AND CHUTNEY SAVORIES

Two ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 large tin cooking salmon, ½ cup fruit chutney, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1/3rd cup mayonnaise, 1 egg.

Roll pastry thinly, cut into 2½ in. to 3 in. squares. Flake salmon, removing bone, add chutney, green pepper, onion, and mayonnaise. Place a teaspoonful of mixture on to pastry square, bring four corners to the centre and pinch together with fingers dipped in beaten egg. Brush top with egg, place on oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Webb, Louis St., Annerley, Brisbane.

### APRICOT STUFFED VEAL ROLL

One fillet veal (about 4lb.), ½ lb. dried apricots (soaked overnight), 2 cups dry mashed potato, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 small chopped onion, pinch herbs, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, flour.

Mix chopped apricots, potato, celery, onion, herbs, and parsley, season with salt and pepper. Cut pocket in steak, fill with stuffing, sew up with coarse thread. Coat with flour. Brown in hot fat, cover and bake in moderate oven, allow 35 minutes per pound and baste frequently. Serve with baked vegetables and gravy.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Burleigh, 27 Robin St., Launceston, Tas.

### FAMILY DISH

**PORK SAUSAGES** team with ox kidney to make this week's family dish. It serves four or five and costs four shillings and sixpence.

### SAUSAGE AND KIDNEY CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds pork sausages, 1 ox kidney, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, ½ pint stock or water, ½ cup cooked spaghetti, chopped parsley.

Prick sausages, cover with water, bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Drain, skin, and slice. Soak kidney, remove skin, and chop. Coat meats with seasoned flour, brown in hot fat. Remove; add onion and balance of flour to pan, brown lightly. Add diced carrot, chopped celery, and stock or water. Stir until boiling. Place in casserole with meats, cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Before serving, fold in spaghetti. Serve sprinkled with parsley.



**IDEA WORTH TRYING:** Individual-size meat loaves topped with sweet fruit chutney or jellied cranberry sauce are delicious for family dinners and guest luncheons. Hot buttered cauliflower and carrot straws are a fine accompaniment.

### Tony's luxury dish

## BANANAS WALESKA

"I HAVE noticed, not only in Australia but in every country I have been to, how few people consider this rich and healthy fruit when they are planning dessert," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"Here is a way of preparing a banana that will please everybody."

You will need:

Five or six bananas, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ pint whipped cream, ½ glass port wine.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add salt and blend in the egg-yolk and milk. Gradually work in the sifted flour, keeping out 2 tablespoons for the rolling process. Knead lightly on a board and leave in the refrigerator a couple of hours to become firm. Heat oven to moderate and butter the baking-sheet. Peel the bananas, cut in halves crosswise. Divide the dough into pieces, depending upon the number of bananas. Use the left-over flour and roll each piece of dough large enough to coat a piece of banana. Wrap around the bananas and press the edges together firmly. Twist each end into a small knot, place on baking-sheet and bake until delicately golden, about 30 to 45 minutes. Whip cream, add the glass of port wine, serve with the bananas, which must be very hot.

## CURRIES . . . perfect for buffets

from page 65

### CURRIED EGGS, MUSHROOMS, AND CHEESE

Six hard-boiled eggs, ½ lb. mushrooms, 1½ cups white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more or less according to taste), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, breadcrumbs, extra 1 tablespoon butter.

Shell eggs, cut in quarters lengthwise, saute peeled chopped mushrooms in extra butter, add to freshly made hot sauce. Fold in cheese, curry powder, and Worcestershire sauce. When thoroughly hot, add eggs and pour into a greased ovenware dish or into individual casseroles. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs and dot with butter.

Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top.

### CURRIED PRAWNS

One-third cup coarsely shredded coconut, 1 cup water, 2lb. prawns, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cooked rice, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Place coconut in saucepan, add water, simmer 20 minutes. Melt butter or substitute, add onion, cook slowly until light brown, add flour, coconut and liquid, curry powder, and milk. Stir until boiling. Add shelled, chopped prawns and salt. Simmer 15 minutes, add lemon juice. Serve hot with cooked rice and garnish with lemon and parsley.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955

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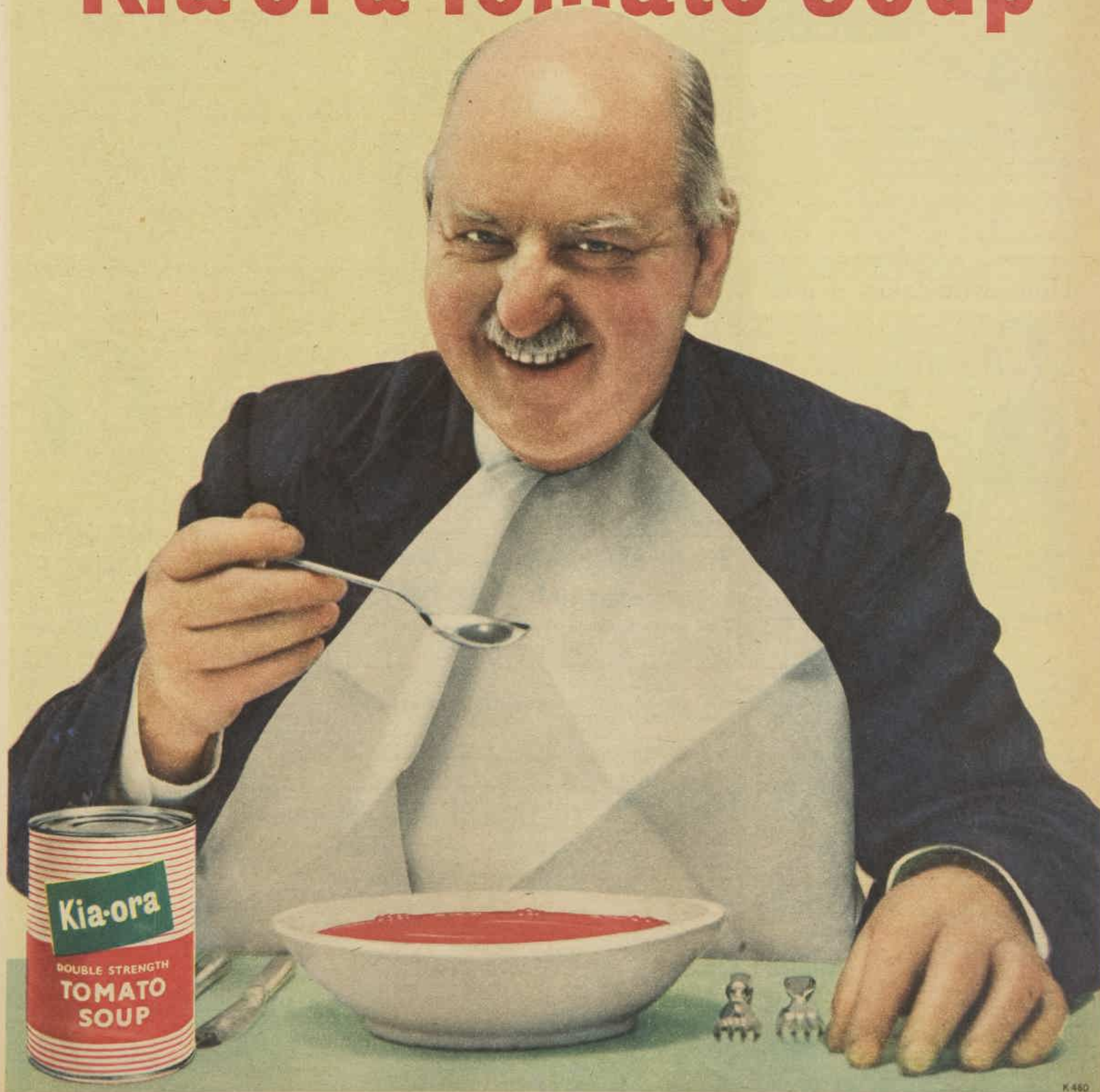


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That's high praise, from Dad—and the way to win it, Mother, is always to serve Kia-ora Tomato Soup. Kia-ora Tomato Soup is **double-strength** for economy and flavour. It is made from the finest sun-ripened tomatoes, blended with rich, golden table butter, full-cream milk, cane sugar, salt and selected spices. No other soup has the rich true-tomato flavour of Kia-ora **double-strength**

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## Kia-ora Tomato Soup





# Colourful VENETIANS make the home!



No other item of furnishing and interior decoration adds so much colour and congenial comfort to your home at such low cost! Controlled light and ventilation all the year round... a range of colours to suit all decorative schemes... and with the versatile "concave" slat there's long-lasting beauty and durability for many years to come. Concave slats are easy to clean and always look attractive.

INTERIOR DECORATION PICTORIAL

**FREE** 16 BIG PAGES OF PICTURES

MAIL COUPON NOW

There's a host of ideas showing conventional and contemporary interior decorating schemes and colour treatments for every room in the home.

AUTHORISED BY THE VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA IN THE INTERESTS OF BETTER LIVING.

See "Venetians," Suite 313, 140 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Please send my copy of "Interior Decoration Pictorial."

NAME

ADDRESS

WW 2

## Housewife takes a job



### IT'S WORTH WATCHING THE WAY SHE HANDLES A WINDOW DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of 9 The Strand, Penhurst, who is a housewife and a demonstrator for a big Sydney store, decided to fit in a job, as well as running a home, to help buy a new car. Interviewed at work, pretty Mrs. Kennedy says, "In my job my hands are always in the limelight and they must be well groomed. I do all my own laundry and, of course, there is the eternal washing up, but I use Persil. I think this is the most gentle washing powder of all for a woman's hands. Persil is a marvellous washer, too—I wouldn't use anything else."

P. 125, WW67g

## MAKE YOURSELF SOMETHING NEW!

Every week you'll find a series of attractive patterns in The Australian Women's Weekly... there's sure to be something you'll want to make. Look out for them!

## STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down. That dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood. Lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Doan's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

# Stools from empty drums



**BEDROOM STOOL (left) and an outdoor or kitchen stool (above) which were made from empty four-gallon drums. Fitted with weather-proof covered cushions, these stools would be splendid low-cost and practical items for a week-end or a barbecue setting.**

• Attractive, low-cost stools made from empty four-gallon oil or kerosene drums is this week's prize-winning entry in our Homemakers' Contest.

**MRS. M. INGRAM,** 5 Edgecombe Ave., Normanhurst, N.S.W., wins £3/3/- for this entry.

"We made most attractive stools for kitchen, bedroom, and outdoor use from empty drums," she writes.

"The drums were turned upside-down, with the screw-top firmly replaced. A 2in.-thick, 10in. circular rubber cushion was bought for each drum, and these were fitted with tailored slip-covers with piped tops and fitted with zip fasteners on the underside.

"After the drums were painted suitable colors, the cushions were placed on top, where the lip of the drum held them firmly in place.

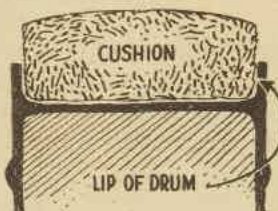
"For a bedroom stool, simply gather a frill of material and sew to the cushion so that the sides of the tin are covered."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- will go to the reader who sends in the most useful

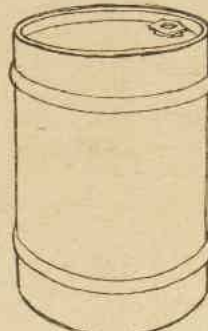
Something New From Something Old idea.

If you or a member of your family has made something that would interest and help other readers, send in the idea with a full description of what it was like and explaining how you remade it.

Address your entry or entries for the contest to The Editor, Homemaker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



**LIP** on the underside of a drum, which will hold a 10in. cushion firmly in position. The removable zip-fastened, washable cover is recommended for the rubber cushion.



**TYPE** of drum used to make the frilled bedroom stool and the cushion-covered painted stool shown above.

## Exercises to restore pre-natal figure

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**EXERCISE** to restore tone to over-stretched abdominal muscles is a most important part of a mother's post-natal care.

The strengthening and tightening of the abdominal muscles brings the figure back to normal, restores good posture, and also helps in the establishment of a full breast-milk supply.

With a doctor's consent, special exercises to speed up the return to normal activity can be begun the day after a baby is born, and should be continued daily for at least six to eight weeks.

These exercises should include some that will increase blood circulation in the pelvis and lower limbs, where perhaps pressure has slowed it down during the last few months of pregnancy.

In most maternity hospitals physiotherapists teach these exercises.

A leaflet describing some post-natal exercises and also giving helpful hints on other aspects of post-natal care can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mother-

craft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

### Layette Patterns

**EXPECTANT** mothers who are not quite sure of the clothes to get for a new baby will welcome our recommended layette patterns.

The list of garments for which patterns are given includes two nightgowns, a carrying-coat, two dresses, a petticoat, matinee jacket, cotton shirt, bonnet, romper-suit, and two pairs of pilchers.

An illustrated instruction sheet giving details of cutting and making the garments is included with each set of patterns. It simplifies layette making for the most inexperienced sewer.

The layette patterns are available from our Mothercraft Service Bureau. Price 3/6, postage free.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

**PLACE** old jar rubbers under flower-pots on a windowsill. This prevents them from slipping.

**IF** a glass stopper is hard to remove, let a few drops of glycerine soak between stopper and neck of bottle.

**STAIR** carpeting should be laid with the pile running downwards, not upwards.

**PIANO** keys can be kept white by rubbing with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit and polishing with a silk cloth. Always avoid using water on piano keys.

**CAR** polish applied to an enamelled refrigerator will keep it sparkling bright and also preserve the finish.

**NEVER** iron the elastic sections of foundation garments. To iron the cloth sections of brassieres, fold along the seams and press each section following the line of the cut.

**FISH** knives and forks with mother-of-pearl or ivory handles should never be washed in very hot water. Blades or prongs only should be immersed, as heat loosens and discolors the handles.

Beauty Expert's advice on an

## INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair—and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.



Cream away ugly under-arm hair in summer.



Show girls cream away ugly hair.

Large Economy (double size), 4/11

Medium Size, 3/-

Slightly more in some country districts.

Ever since grandma was a girl...



... she's known the value of genuine **PHILIPS**



PL1454

## Household Tasks

Make gentle hands rough and harsh. Protect them with NIVEA, containing Eucerite, which replaces vital skin elements, soothing your hands.

## Skin needs NIVEA



★ NIVEA Creme is available in tins or tubes, or for those who prefer a liquid, as NIVEA Skin Oil. From Chemists & Stores, everywhere.



# Fashion PATTERNS

**PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS**  
F2497.—Beginners' pattern for small boy's overalls with iron-on transfer. Sizes 2, 3, 4, and 5 to 6 years. Requires 1yd. 36in. material. Price, 2/6. Transfer, 2/- extra.

## SPARKLING DRINK ends stomach upsets



refreshes you  
while it does you good!

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset, but gives quick, positive relief from acid indigestion, flatulence and heartburn. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid action. When someone over-eats—or eats something that doesn't "agree"—Eno helps to put things right again. And Eno is so exhilarating and refreshing to drink! It does you good just to see it sparkle in the glass! In 11 seconds it makes you feel better. Not just your stomach, your mouth, too!



# ENO

SPARKLING ANTACID  
'FRUIT SALT'

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered Trade Marks.

## nylon underwear for men



Here's underwear with all the virtues of fine British nylon. Underwear that pleases equally the man who wears it (it's so light and comfortable), and the woman who washes it (so quickly and easily—and no ironing's needed!). What's more, it leads a long life without darning, and packs into no space at all.

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BY I. & R. MORLEY LTD.

Trade enquiries to: C. J. Gerrard, 47, York Street, Sydney.  
H. T. Watford, 232, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



Brasso keeps all brass  
and copper shining  
like the sun.

F3808.—One-piece with fashion's newest look—a higher, rounder, more-controlled bustline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

F3809.—One-piece with a sleek, fitted midriff and graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast, and ½yd. of braid edging. Price, 3/9.

F3810.—Three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. net, 5yds. 6in. lace, 3yds. 4in. lace, plus 2yds. ½in. lace. Price complete, 4/9.

F3426.—One-piece with cool, collarless neckline and gently swaying skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. braid edging. Price, 3/9.

F3810

F3809

F3808

F3426

F3148.—Small girl's one-piece frock with flower embroidery trim. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in., for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/-. Transfer, 1/6 extra.

F3148

F2497

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645, Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 866, G.P.O., Auckland.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 957.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in spotted hairoord finished with a white collar and matching cuffs. The color choice includes red, blue, green, and pink, all printed with a white spot. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37½, 36in. and 38in. bust, 38½. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 958.—DUCHESS SET

Attractive heart-shaped duchesse set obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in lemon, blue, pink, and green. Price, 9/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 959.—BABY'S PILLOWSLIP

The slip is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white linen and organdie in white, blue, pink, and lemon. Size 11in. x 18in. 14in. 11½. Postage and registration, 1/- extra. Organdie, 6/11. Postage, 5d. extra.

No. 960.—LUNCHEON SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with the traditional willow pattern design. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Nine-piece set including 1 centre mat 11in. x 17in., 4 plate mats 10in. x 12in., and 4 cup and saucer mats 8in. x 5in. Price, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre mat, 8 plate mats and 6 cup and saucer mats. Price, 23/6. Postage, 2/- extra. Serviettes 11in. x 11in. 7/11 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 961.—CHILD'S DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in pink and blue velvet. The lace trim is not supplied. Sizes: length, 18in. for 2 years, 32½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 34½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 22in. for 6 years, 36½, postage and registration, 2/- extra; 24in. for 8 years, 37½, postage and registration, 2/- extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

957

961

958

959

960





GOWN

A Jacques Fath creation  
as shown by Madame Pellerin,  
Sydney, in her Winter  
Collection.

## A simple Blue Thread that inspires Confidence

You can have complete confidence in Modess. New, improved absorbency from the wider napkin and the full length Safety Shield indicated by the Blue Thread makes protection doubly sure... and when you buy Modess ask also for a Modess All-Elastic Belt.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician,  
and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on a  
world sea cruise with their  
friend, Sir Harry, one of the  
world's richest men. Unaware  
of the adventure in store for  
them, they dine ashore with  
Sir Harry at one of the ports

of call. During the dinner a  
stranger takes Sir Harry aside  
and shows him a mysterious  
photograph. Sir Harry can  
hardly believe his eyes. Ex-  
cusing himself to Narda and  
Mandrake, he rushes off to  
see the original of the snap.  
NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED





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for smartness



for price



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The magazine  
children love

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ON SALE

**EVERY THURSDAY**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 17, 1955



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out  
ready to make



"ALENA": Pretty scooped-neck summer floral is obtainable in navy and white cotton.  
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 56/5; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 56/5; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"YMA": Brief-sleeved low-necked blouse obtainable in white and colored lawn. The color choice includes blue, pink, lemon, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 44/5; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/5; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

"JOCELYN": Smart summer skirt designed with all-round fullness is obtainable in excellent-wearing check denim. The color choice includes green and white, blue and white, brown and white, burgundy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 56/11. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 36/11. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 69.

Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney

\* Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



You'll never be solo with ROLO

"Soprano Maria Gonsolo  
Developed the strangest tremolo  
When asked what was brewing,  
She answered, still chewing,  
'One cannot sing solo with ROLO!'"

**1/-**  
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**MacRobertson**  
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caramel poured  
into milk  
chocolate cups.

On every cut and scratch use

**'DETTOL'**  
THE EFFICIENT ANTISEPTIC

CLEAN — SAFE — GERMICIDAL  
DOESN'T PAIN — DOESN'T STAIN

Obtainable from all chemists

THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

**VENCATACHELLUM**  
JUST ASK FOR "VENCAT"

MADE IN INDIA

HAS YOUR CHILD GOT WORMS?

IT SEEMS TO US...

It seems to us that everybody likes Dorothy Drain's column. "It Seems to Me." And you can read it every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS



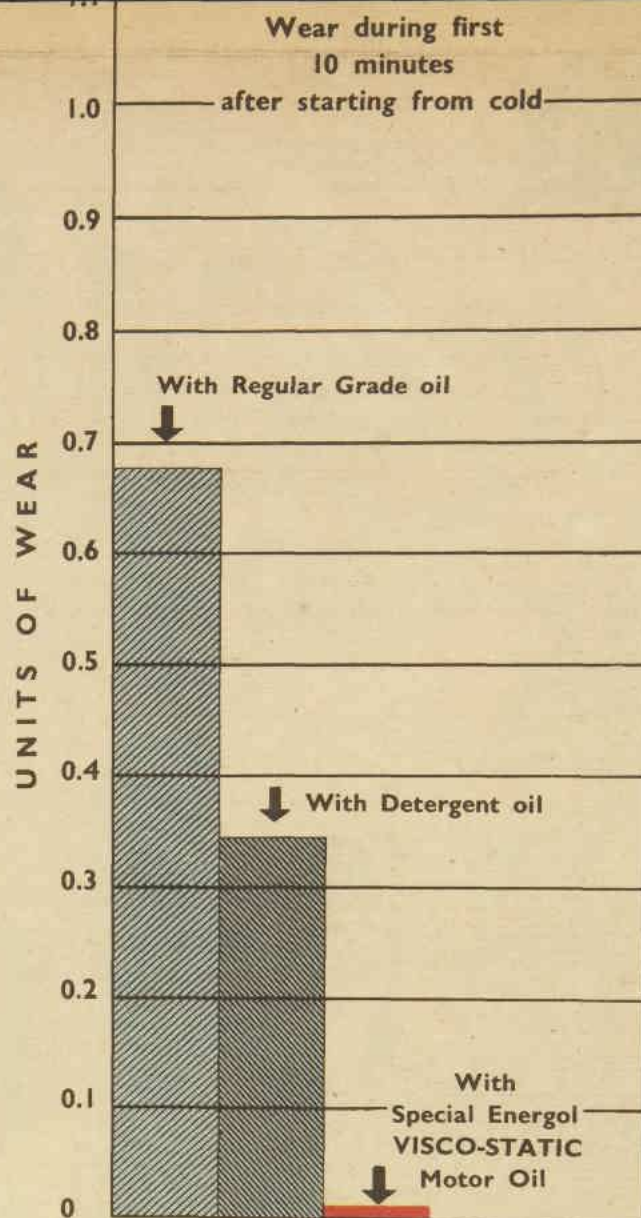
# The Tale of Two Motorists on a Cold and Frosty Morning



Now, here's a motorist with *nothing* to smile about. Starting his car these bitter mornings is a nightmare. Regular grade or ordinary detergent oils just *can't* do the job that VISCO-STATIC does because there is only *one* VISCO-STATIC . . . only VISCO-STATIC'S special properties reduce instant drag, safeguard your battery and set entirely new standards for easy, cold-weather starting.

Here's a happy, smiling motorist. And no wonder. Now he's using Special Energol VISCO-STATIC Motor Oil it's as easy starting his car these cold and frosty mornings as it was during the summer. The instant lubrication of VISCO-STATIC sees to that. Saves his battery . . . and engine wear, too. (See graph at right).

Special Energol VISCO-STATIC Motor Oil keeps new engines new, adds years of life to a good used engine and saves you pounds on rebores and engine replacement. It is, however, recommended only for new or well-conditioned engines. Start to-morrow morning with VISCO-STATIC . . . and you'll be smiling too.



Comparison of wear obtained with Regular Grade oil, Detergent oil and Special Energol VISCO-STATIC motor oil

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ENERGOL  
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MOTOR OIL**

Sold only in or from sealed containers.



Special Energol VISCO-STATIC Motor Oil and a complete range of ENERGOL premium grade automotive oils and ENERGREASES available where you see these pumps.

